June 13, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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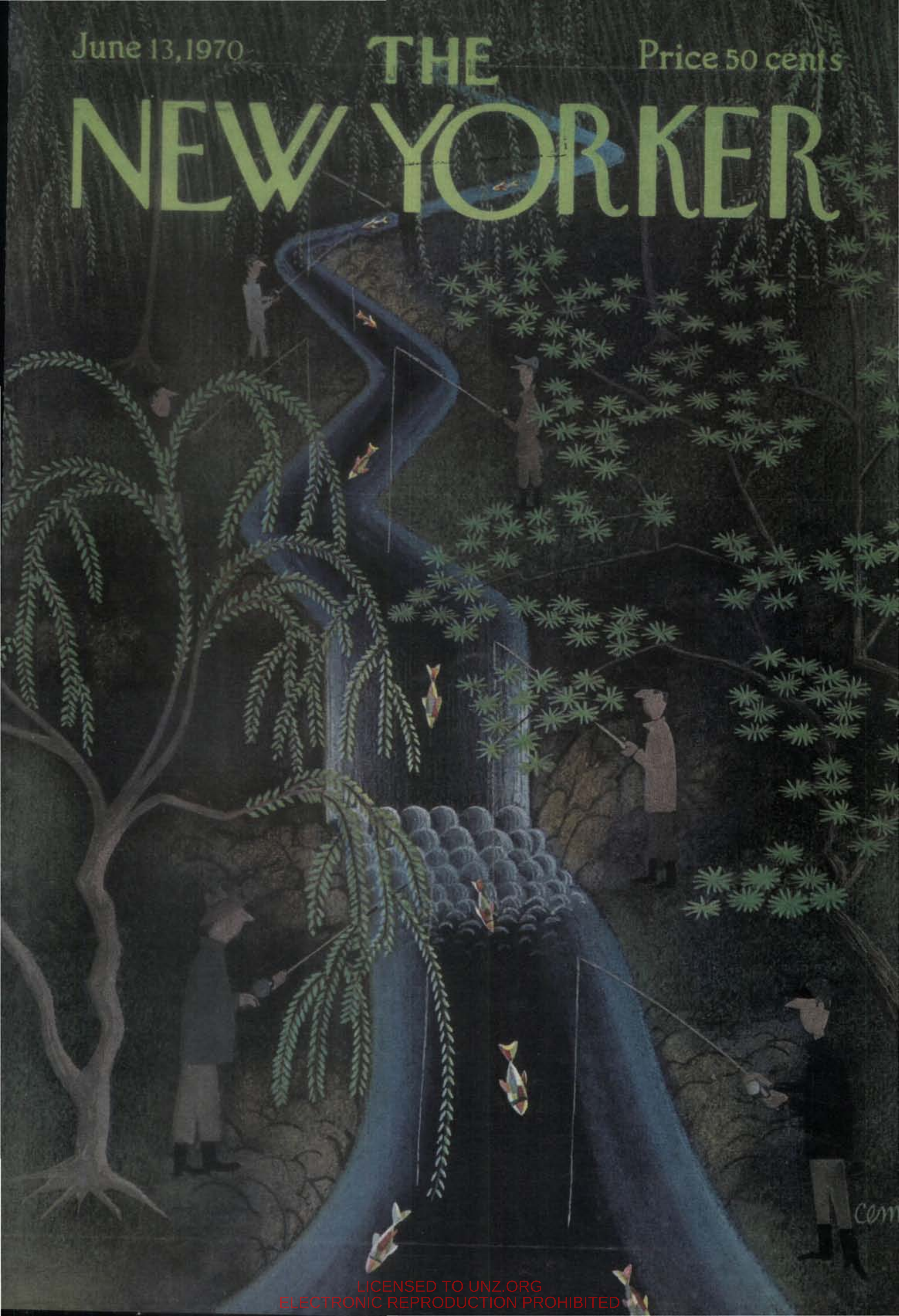

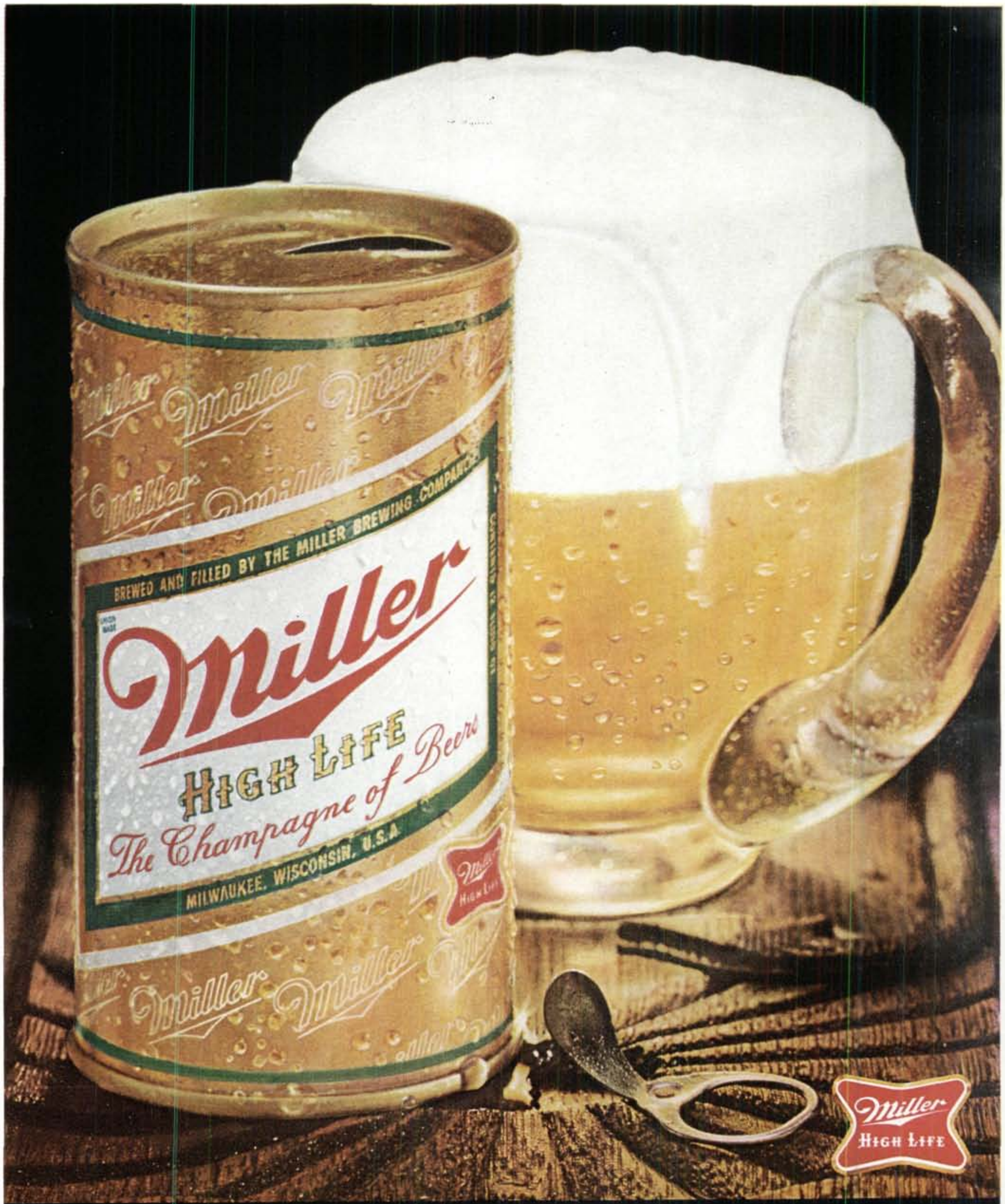
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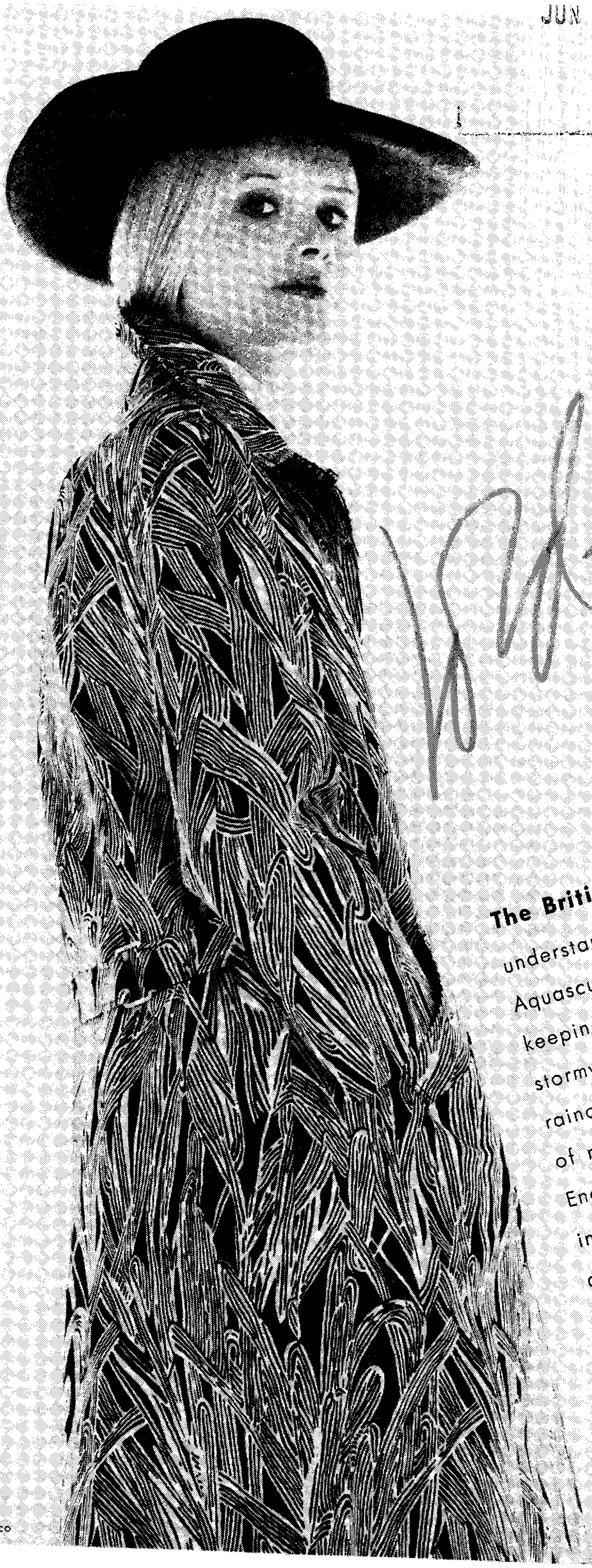

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Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AWAKE AND SING!—A satisfactory revival after thirty-five years of Clifford Odets' masterpiece—a moving and funny play that is much less dated than you might expect. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BORSTAL BOY—An eloquent, touching adaptation, by Frank McMahon, of Brendan Behan's account of his life in an English reform school. Wonderfully acted by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes, of the Abbey Theatre. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

CHICAGO 70—A prankish takeoff on our recent conspiracy trial, as originally improvised by the Toronto Workshop Company. There are a few bright spots, but they are all but lost in the general witlessness and complacency. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CHILD'S PLAY—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

COLETTE—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is ably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

DARK OF THE MOON—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, June 14.)

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OPEN THEATRE—Final performances of a three-week repertory of three plays. Beckett's **ENDGAME**: Wednesday, June 10. . . . ¶ Jean-Claude van Itallie's **THE SERPENT**: Thursday, June 11. . . . **TERMINAL**, a collaborative piece by the group: Friday through Sunday, June 12-14. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. 228-4321. Evenings at 8:30.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A deplorable revival of **BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK**, an old play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 27.) . . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **AMPHITRYON**, another go-round of the old legend, with two light-footed acts and a clumpy third act. Peter Hacks is the playwright, and Ralph Manheim the translator from the German. Funny performances by Harold Gould and James Ray, among others. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 20.)

ROOM SERVICE—A furious farce, full of fun and fustian. Ron Leibman and an ideal supporting cast in a fine revival of the 1937 hit. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

SLOW DANCE ON THE KILLING GROUND—George Voskovec, Billy Dee Williams, and Madeline Miller are the entire cast of this revival of William Hanley's play. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT**: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at

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Charles Revson

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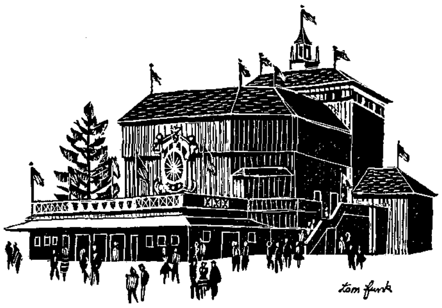
'Ultima' II
by Charles Revson

EVLON 1970

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursdays, Fridays, and Tuesday, June 16, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except June 17—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)... **FORTY CARATS:** June Allyson and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

AKOKAWE—A loosely knit but quite entertaining evening of words, music, and dancing out of Africa, as assembled by the Nigerian actor Afolabi Ajayi. Perhaps the show's greatest attraction is a dynamic young beauty from Tanzania named Amandina Lihamba. This is the Negro Ensemble Company's final production of the season. (St. Mark's Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

APPLAUSE—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE BOY FRIEND—Sandy Wilson's breezy musical of nearly twenty years ago, which pretends to have been written forty years ago. With Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COCO—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COMPANY—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JOY—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to agreeable samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PURLIE—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

WHISPERS ON THE WIND—A chipper little musical that tells a familiar story with surprising freshness—a boy grows up in a small Midwestern town (Act I) and then seeks a foothold in this city (Act II). The agreeable score and words are by Lor Crane and John B. Kuntz, respectively. Three actors and two actresses deftly play and sing any number of roles. With David Cryer, Nancy Dussault, and Mary Louise Wilson. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. It lay behind him, a bowl of bitter waters. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Fergus' song: I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open: she wanted to hear my music. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** And a happy Bloomsday to you, too. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Charles West plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12, at 8:15; Saturday, June 13, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, June 14, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, July 12—Tuesday, June 16, at 7:30: "Brahms Quintet," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," "Les Noces," and "Etudes." ...¶ Wednesday, June 17, at 8:15: "Theme and Variations," "The Eternal Idol," "Les Noces," and a new production of "Gaieté Parisienne."...¶ Thursday, June 18, at 8:15: "Pulcinella Variations," "Fall River Legend," and "Gaieté Parisienne."...¶ Friday, June 19, at 8:15: A new production of "Petrouchka," "Fancy Free," and "Etudes." ...¶ Saturday, June 20, at 2:15: "Petrouchka," "Fancy Free," and "Gaieté Parisienne." ...¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Pillar of Fire," and "Gaieté Parisienne." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

JEAN LÉON DESTINÉ—With his Afro-Haitian dance company in a benefit performance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, June 13, at 8:30.)

MARTHA GRAHAM CENTER OF CONTEMPORARY DANCE—A program (postponed from May 28) of three new works by Bertram Ross and one early Graham work, "El Penitente," danced by a company headed by, among others, Mr. Ross and Mary Hinkson. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, June 17, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

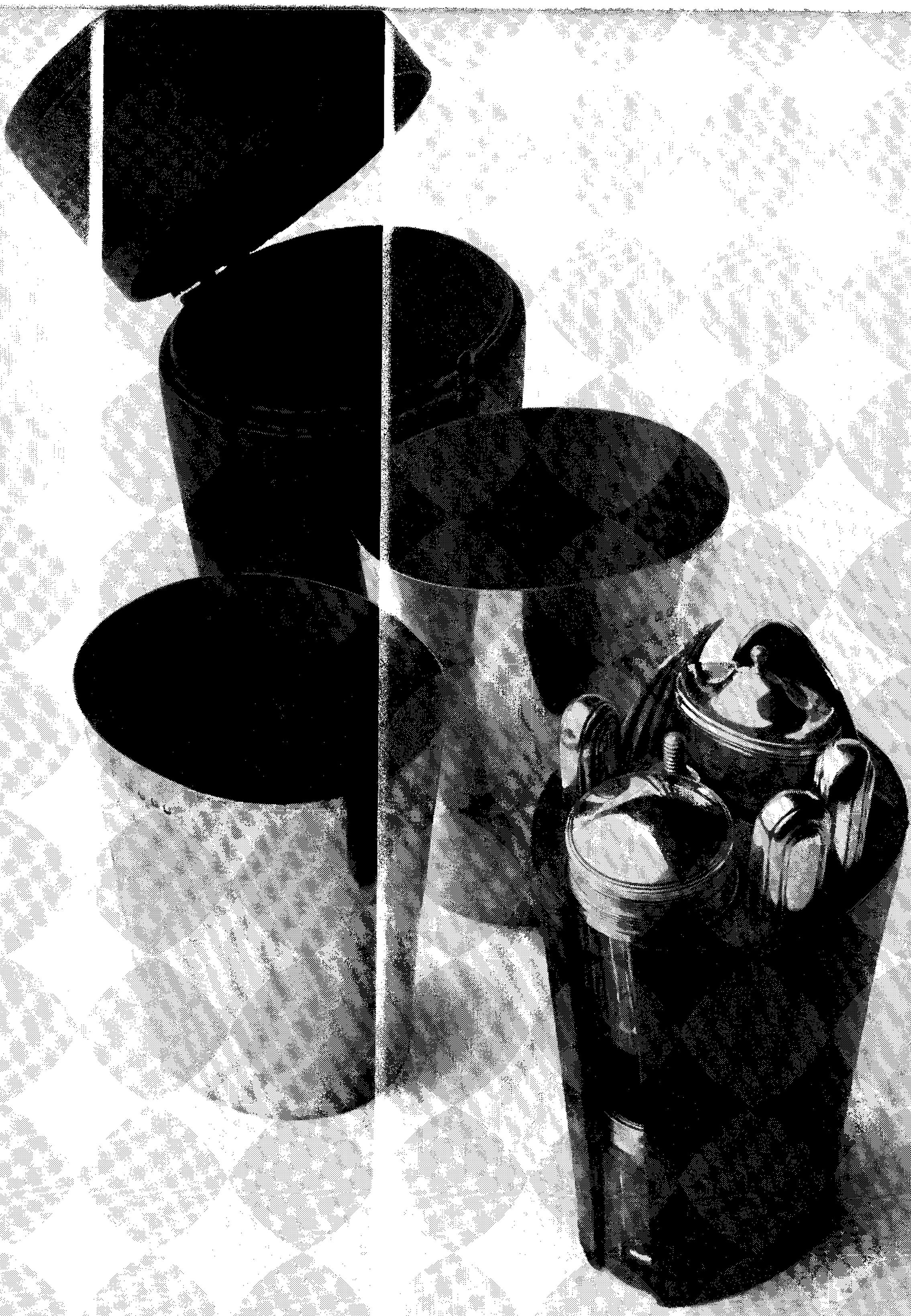
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folks, both long- and short-haired, sit on wooden benches and sip coffee. Its present occupants are singer Tom Paxton and the folk team of Brewer and Shipley. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Monday, June 15, will be the last night for B. and S. Tuesdays are anomalous, with visitors taking the regulars' places.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come, and frequently return, to sit and talk and copiously dine. From eleven to three, subdued jazz comes from electric guitar, bass, and electric piano. Dinner is served until one.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mir-



When it took a day from London to Ascot, you wouldn't set foot in a coach without one.

Your corkscrew, nutmeg grater, spice pots, beakers and cutlery in gilt fired sterling. Canteen, 1801. How fitting, how peripatetic, and now how rare. In original shagreen case. Just one of the great gimcracks and hand-me-ups we've collected for your collecting. At Field's in Chicago, Antique Silver on One. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Dark, casual, comfortable, and a home for the instrument that gives it its name. Chuck Wayne's guitar is backed by a bass player. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Sub-Mason-Dixon dining.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The reliable Zoot Sims quartet plays six nights a week, with Al Cohn sitting in Fridays and Saturdays. In addition, Fridays through Sundays, Anita O'Day—who mixes now with remember when—sings along. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, under slow siege, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played by a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band (Vic Dickenson, Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Ralph Sutton, et al.) end their series of Old Home Weeks and Old Home Music on Saturday, June 13.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. On Tuesday, June 16, Hank Mobley's quintet will arrive. Mondays are reserved for jam sessions.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Billy Taylor trio performs for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Dick Gregory takes turns with an attractive and soulful singer named Esther Marrow. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at ten; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-forty-five, and one-forty-five. Monday nights are given over to Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Percussive phenomena dominate the room as the Elvin Jones quartet (George Coleman and Frank Foster on tenor sax and Wilbur Little on bass) plays. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—*Ce n'est pas français, mais ce n'est pas mauvais.* It's above a restaurant named Sam's, and the trappings are reminiscent of "Casablanca." The record-spinner has multifarious selections to choose from. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to 45s from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Dancing, to live and recorded sounds, starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Sugar Creek will rock through Sunday, June 14, and on Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, Ten Wheel Drive will join in. Children of God start Wednesday, June 17. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Service, food, and ambience all foster a serene enjoyment. The recorded music allows various kinds of dancing, from eleven until three, but only on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Above the garish square, an ornamented place to dance to records as well as to solidly swinging live groups. The waitresses are apt to get carried away by the music, but don't knock it. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Windows look out on the Park, a mirrored ball strews light-flecks on the floor, and the tables look like animals. A lot of energetic dancing to records, from ten until three or four each night. Sundays through Wednesdays, a rock band called Chartreuse alternates with the discs. Late dinners are served. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Manhattan-on-the-Nile might look something like this, with Egyptian statuary and lots of what passes for hip diversion. Some of the latter comes from loud recorded music, some from a group named Gentlemen. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is reliable discothèque stuff.

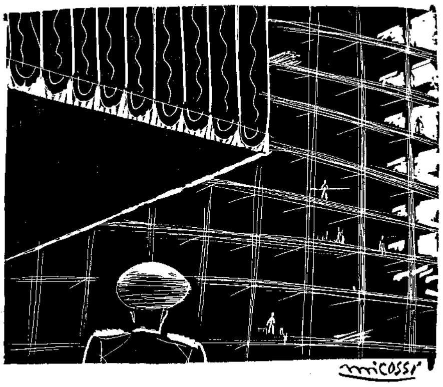
Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, live musicians do. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records continue without surcease, and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are mirrored.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, whose band is in the restaurant, has never believed in getting far away from Park Avenue, and the denizens here feel the same way. All quiet Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—the foxtrot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The bill of fare is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is two-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Come into the garden, Maude, to sit, and sup, and dance under the spreading chestnut trees. Music from seven-thirty or so, except on Mondays, and everyone indoors (including the music) if it rains.



CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, has good ideas about several matters of national concern, and quite a few of the solutions it offers are entertaining. The cast, though, operates on the premise that experience is not necessary. Nine-thirty and midnight, but not on Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Mediterranean (and subterranean) clearing house, predominantly Israeli because of Avram Grobard, stentor, tenor, and amusing housemaster. Plenty of other music, as well as song from Mike Burstein, a local boy who makes good use of his quinquelingual tongue. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box is not the bosky dell of Fillmore East, and B. B. King—powerhouse voice (he colors it blue) and powerhouse guitar notwithstanding—sometimes seems lost in this particular great big city. And Carla Thomas, his co-worker, sometimes seems overridden by formalism as *she* sings. Anyway, good luck to these worthies. On Monday, June 15, the Dells, all rhythm-and-blues, take over the lease. The dance music is made by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an organization perfect at minding it's p's and cues, to say nothing of the proprieties. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—It's Boys Town of Spain (senior division, though) when Los Chavales de España, those inveterate romancers, deploy onstage. Their arias must all be taken with a grain of schmalz. Two deals every night is the house rule. On Thursday, June 18, they turn the place over to Amalia Rodrigues, whose Portuguese fado singing is simply beyond compare. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Juan Jimenez and the voice of José Sordilla. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—A real Copa show, with perpetual-motion song by the Temptations, our most persuasive Motowners, and split-level humor (sound effects as much as words) by a neat brace of amusers named Edmonds & Curley. Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and two, Sundays through Thursdays at eight and midnight. On Thursday, June 11, a new setup: Gary

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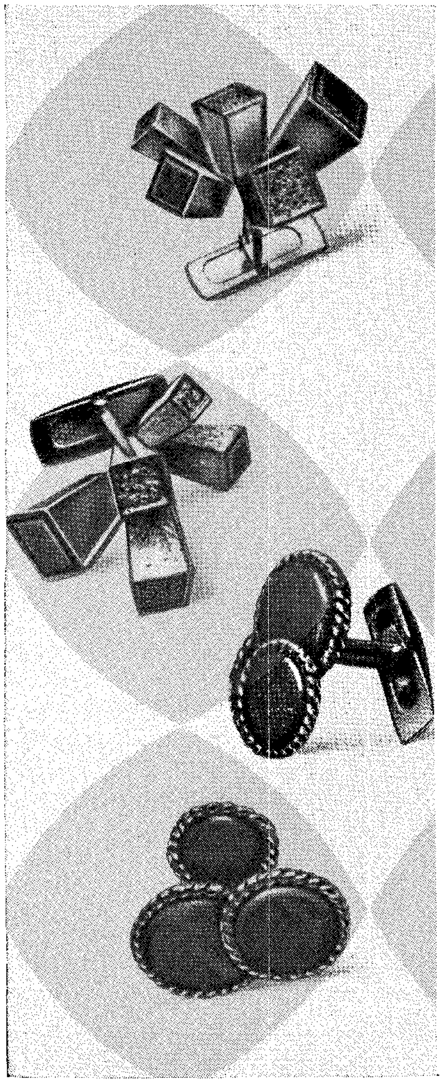

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Puckett & Union Gap, who roll (and rock) with their own punches. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where music begins at ten, you can almost see the stars over the Nevada desert when the lights go down.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Dakota Staton, with the Norman Simmons trio behind her, is the sing-out here. The other operation is Charlie Richards' gang, with Buddy Tate, Eddie Barefield, and Herman Autrey as part of the big brass. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The spirit of twelve-o'clock-and-all's-well rules the Persian Room, and in response to it the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte glow in turn throughout the evening. Doc Severinsen's band, the main event, which does a dinner and a supper session, is a good enough outfit, even though it is a gift from television, a Santa Claus who may get us all if we don't watch out. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970—Mountain Standard Time prevails in this part of Tibet, along with the incandescent Carmen McRae, a prime and impassioned singer in whom four-four time prevails. She's for dinner and supper. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—A style so distinct (cut velvet against curt horn work) that it has to be Sy Oliver's pervades the Oliver band, which includes Leonard Gaskin, Britt Woodman, and Harold Johnson, and some sweet indeed carolling by Mr. O. The concurrent rock band belongs on the stone pile. Six to two during the week, and one to eight on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette comes to a close on Saturday, June 13, and so does the country-and-Western crew of Him, He & Me. No St. Regis Roof this summer, sorry to say. . . . ¶ La Boite, too, comes to a close the same night, but Julius Monk, a conferencier from the days when night life was in flower, simply moves his piano up to the lounge, next door to the King Cole Bar, and settles in on Tuesday, June 16. No dancing, naturally, and no Sundays or Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The scene in the Empire Room is completely made, during dinner and supper, by Sonny & Cher, he of the prickly-pear-shaped tones and she of the vivid brouhaha. She's the winner, by forty lengths, in spite of all the dull banter. The rockers behind them sound like the best in the business. Charles Turecamo's orchestra breathes firmly but fluently the rest of the evening. No action Sundays. On Monday, June 15, the dinner-and-supper showman becomes Trini Lopez, electric guitar, electric voice, electric cakewalk at the ready.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

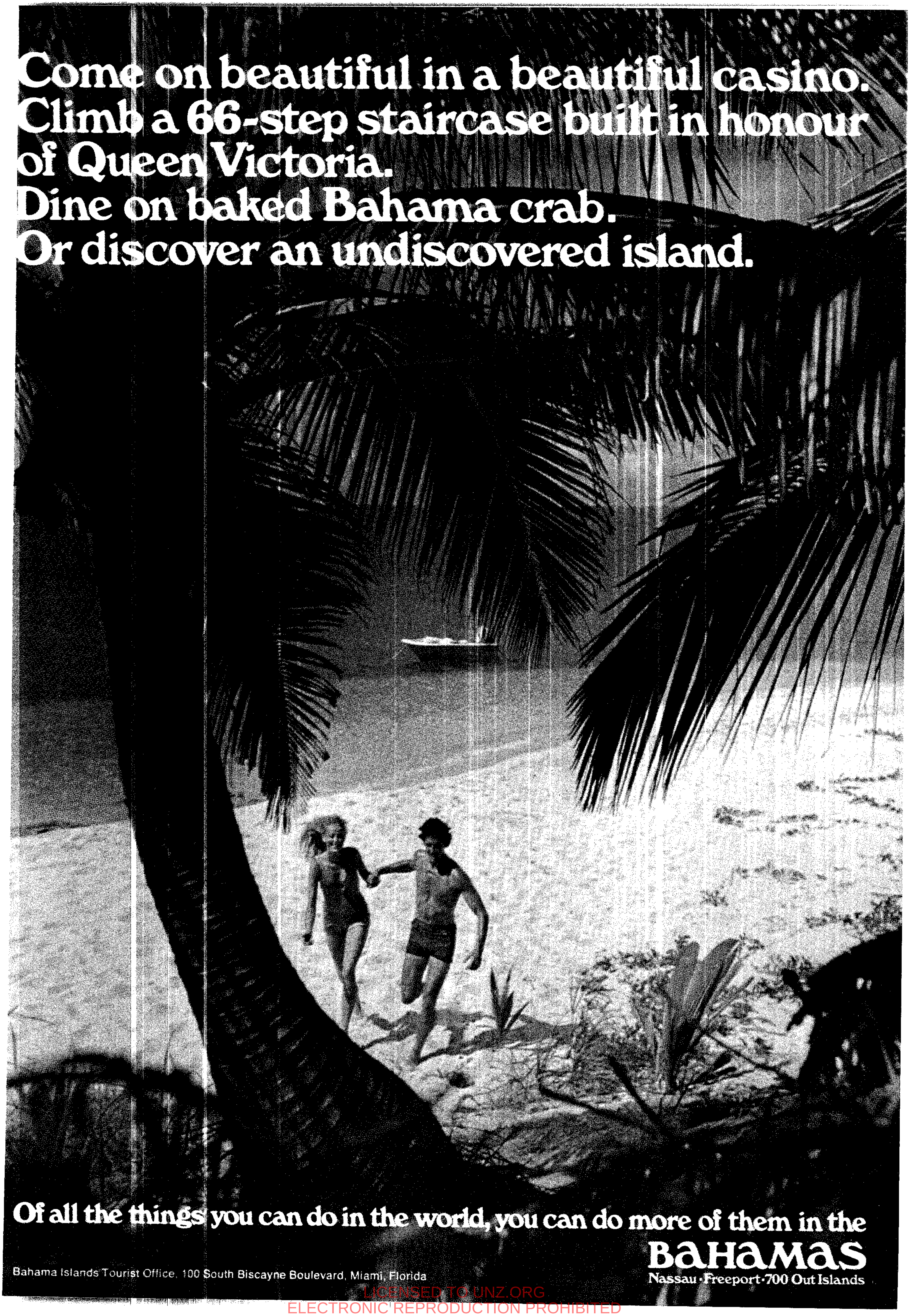
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, in concert with his sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, dwells, in song, on the gilded Riviera lives of shrewd young ladies named Penny Wise and hapless admirers named Pound Foolish. The best possible foolery of its kind. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Mirko, the perpetual Eastern European guitar man, has just moved in alongside her. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A real echo chamber when the staff, all incipient Carusos, burst into song as they distribute dinner. Fun and dandy, if noisy. Closed Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Voice and piano are the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound is from Scott Reed, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **Chez Vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two, except Sundays. . . . **Dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by an Athenian dance quartet intent indeed upon its happy work, not to mention liberal helpings of song. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Paella,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Iperbole,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. No nights off. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **Rembrandt Room,** in the Stanhope



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The good life, the oak-panelled life, the well-fed life. On piano, and quietly, is George Feyer, reliving the days of the Hapsburgs and making them seem not bad at all. He is on point duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Eureka, Europa! The old Viennese salon is now as before, with a dance trio setting to at half past eight during the week, at seven-thirty Sunday and Monday. Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who are staying on, are given to food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina, but the only instrument they play Sunday and Monday is hooky. They begin at five-thirty. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from eight-thirty to midnight. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a far-away one, but still of the original Village villagey. Circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Those who wonder what became of Wayne Sanders after Goldie's New York shut down forever will find him here at a sometimes pensive but basically joyous piano between five and ten every night but Sunday. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach-front property, right on the boardwalk. Open all year round (except Mondays), full meal service, moderate rates, no mosquitoes. The magisterial Buddy Barnes provides diners with piano that remembers with affection the best of this year and all other years. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): Care and thought have gone into preparing the open-air court for diners (there are even umbrellas to ward off City Fallout) and listeners (music, and live, from noon to two-thirty, from eight to one, except Sundays).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HARRY BOURAS—Drawings with social intimations by a Chicago artist; through June 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

GRETNA CAMPBELL—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Sunday, June 14. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

ERNEST DIERINGER—Ten six-foot-square geometric paintings; through Friday, June 19. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Abstract landscapes by a British painter; through Friday, June 12. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

RED GROOMS—Watercolors and constructions for his film "Tappy Toes;" through June 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

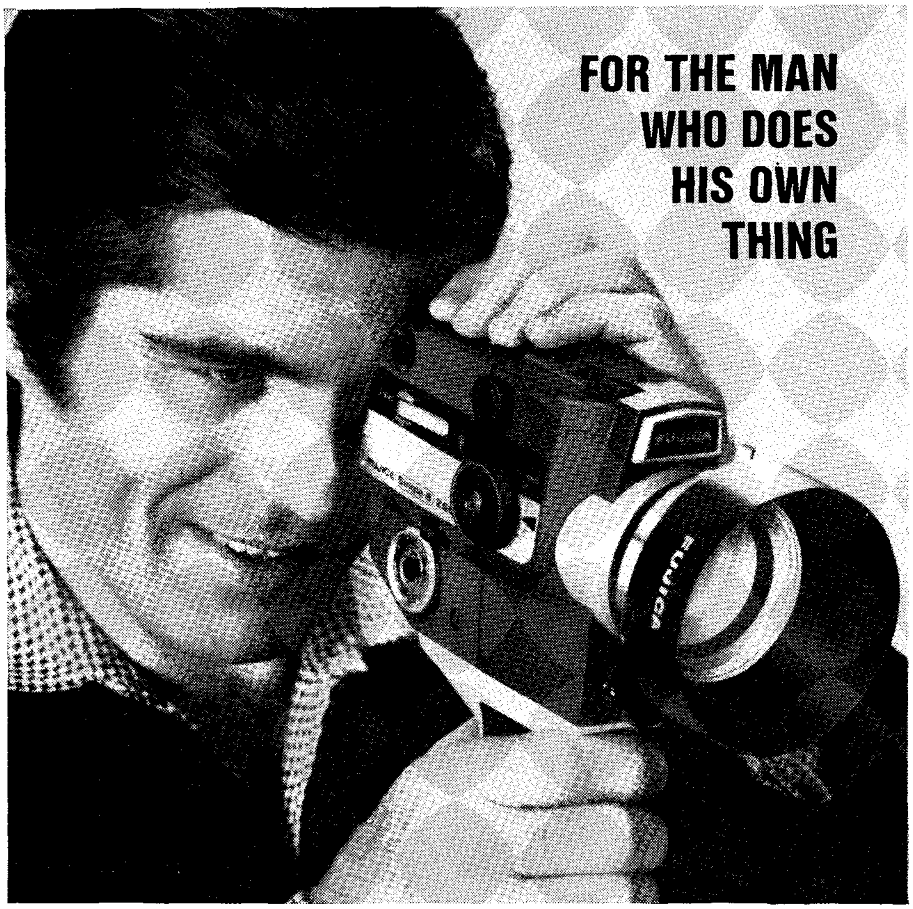
CHILDE HASSAM AND ERNEST LAWSON—Paintings by these prominent Americans; through June 27. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Saturdays.)

EMIL HESS AND KATHLEEN COOKE—Assembled sculptures with sound effects by the former and moody drawings of animals by the latter; through Saturday, June 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PAT LIPSKY—A first one-man show by this Abstract Expressionist; through Friday, June 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN MCCRACKEN—Sculptures by a specialist in boards and boxes; through Saturday, June 13. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Bronzes, terra-cottas, and drawings by this veteran Expressionist sculp-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tor; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturday afternoons.)

Charles O. Perry—Complex geometrical sculptures; through Saturday, June 20. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Collages and silkscreens, one huge; through June 27. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Daily, 10 to 6.)

Dan Rice—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through July 3. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Osamu Shimoda—Fifteen white geometric sculptures; through June 26. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Steiner—Low-lying metal sculptures; through Saturday, June 13. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

H. C. Westermann—Twelve sculptures and a suite of drawings by this inventor of unusual combinations of images; through June 27. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, June 20. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **DEITSCH**, 24 E. 81st St.: Woodcuts by Beckmann, Feininger, Kirchner, Munch, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through June 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Works by gallery artists expressing their concern about current social and political problems; through June 26. . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and three-dimensional works incorporating words; through June 25. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FLATSFIXED**, 453 West Broadway: Graphics, drawings, and works in other mediums (by, to mention a few, Rauschenberg, Indiana, Rivers, Jenkins, and Lindner) in a curiously designed gallery; through July 31. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Works by young artists in a variety of modes; through Aug. 28. . . . **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings and prints on the subject of Jerusalem, from the seventeenth century to the present; through June 30. (Open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Romantic" paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through July 31. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architectural paintings, landscapes, portraits, shields, emblems, and carvings; through Friday, June 12. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Works on Western wildlife themes by, among others, Remington, Charles Russell, Albert Bierstadt, and Paul Kane; through July 31. . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; through July 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; through July 17. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Experiments in modes of the day by some thirty artists; through July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman, and Robert Irwin; through Saturday, June 20. . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Works by gallery artists; through Friday, June 12. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by German Expressionists; through June 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Davies, Joseph Stella, Gorky, Hartley, and other American artists; through June 30. . . . **SONRAED**, 542 La Guardia Pl.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by seven Expressionist figurative artists who call themselves the Rhino Horn group; through June 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6.). . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of a privately assembled collection that includes Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Gris, and Léger, as well as contemporaneous Americans, such as Prendergast, Marin, Demuth, and Hartley; through July 3. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists employing this gallery's specialities—prisms, reflections, motions, and changing colors; through July 31. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by thirty or so twentieth-century American "primitives;" through June 26.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, also period rooms and fixtures; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. . . . ¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; through July 26. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions, which include a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth annual show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty-eight recently acquired paintings and sculptures by a hundred and twenty-two artists, sixty-two of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through July 5. . . . ¶ Trompe-l'oeil paintings by such American artists as Harnett, Peto, Haberle, and Raphaelle Peale; through July 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Two hundred works, including bronze and stone figures from Benin and the Congo and works from other regions. Several of these pieces are out of Africa for the first time. Through June 21. . . . ¶ The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Lewis Mumford and Duke Ellington. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Georgia O'Keeffe, Raphael Soyer, José de Creeft, and others. Through June 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifty-eight works of Asian art borrowed from museums and private collections in the United States, including Chinese and Japanese scrolls, sculptures in stone and bronze, precious objects, illuminated manuscripts, porcelains, and decorative arts; through Sunday, June 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by, to name a few, Indiana, Nauman, and Ortman, in holography, a new technique for super-realistic images; through Sunday, June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; through Aug. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Behind the scenes with Rouben Ter-Arutunian—original costume and stage designs; through June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A new collection of folk art: paintings, furniture, carvings (including an unusual figure of Father Time), and the like; through July 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stars of the New York Stage"—that is, costumes and portraits of these personages; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ "Hiroshima and Nagasaki," a collection of photographs which recorded the nuclear holocaust of more than a quarter of a century ago, and the aftermath of the event; through June 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably). . . . ¶ Paintings, lithographs, and engravings depicting New York Harbor in its early idyllic days, when the air was fair. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—A four-week non-subscription season—Wednesday evening, June 10: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Theodor Uppman, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 11: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 12: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Giorgio Tozzi, William Dooley, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 13: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 13: "Andrea Chénier," with Raina Kabaivanska, Lili Chookasian, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 15: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Pilar Lorengar, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 16: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 17: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Giorgio Tozzi, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 18: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Ion Buzea, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 19: "Carmen" (a performance in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Regina Resnik's Metropolitan Opera début), with Miss Resnik, Mary Ellen Pracht, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 20: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivan-

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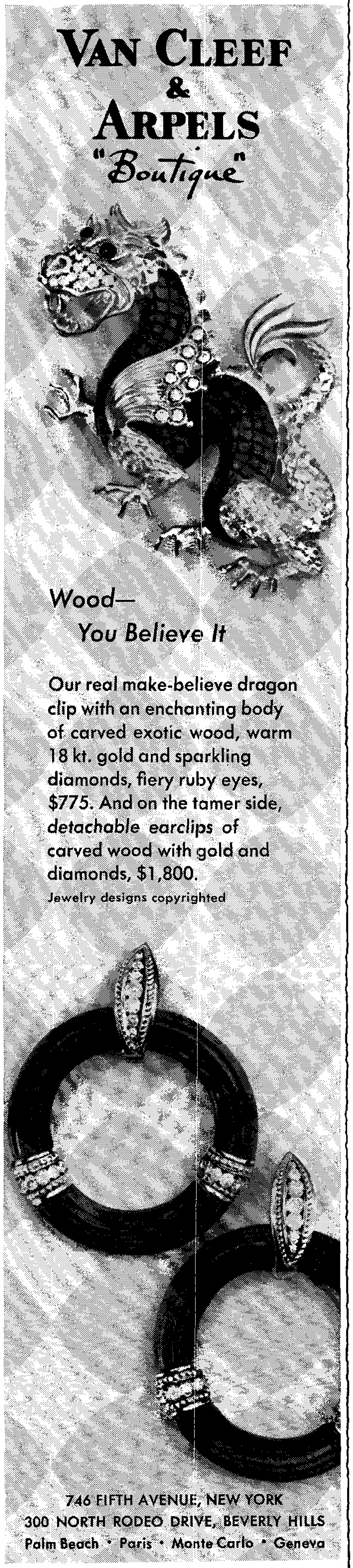

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ska, Shirley Love, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 20: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marie Collier, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Robert Nagy, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 27.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final concerts of the season—"Lands of the Midnight Sun" on Wednesday, June 10, at 8:30 (with Carol Neblett, soprano, and the Bil Baird Marionettes); "International Promenade" Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13, at 8:30 (with Edward Villella and Johnna Kirkland, dancers); "Along the Danube" on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 16-17, at 8:30 (with Earl Wild, piano); and "Mediterranean Promenade" on Thursday, June 18—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—and Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, all at 8:30 (with Pilar Lorengar, soprano).

RECITALS

Metropolitan Opera Studio—At Alice Tully Hall—Friday, June 12, at 8:30: A program called "Opera Composers in Non-Operatic Moments," with Jascha Silberstein, cello; Linda Hall, piano; Margery Ryan, soprano; Jerold Siena, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 18, at 8:30: A program called "The Forgotten Schubert," with Gail Robinson and Deborah Truxal, sopranos; Rose Wildes, mezzo-soprano; Gene West, tenor; Wayne Turnage, baritone; and Louise Sherman and David Stivender, piano.

Romantic Chamber Music—Yoko Matsuda, violin; Charles Forbes, cello; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and Judith Alstadter, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, June 15, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Traffic, Fairport Convention, and Mott the Hoople—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday and Thursday, June 10-11, at 8 and 11:30.

Tom Jones, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Norm Crosby, and Count Basie's Orchestra—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, at 8.

Procol Harum, Rhinoceros, and Seals & Crofts—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.

Melanie—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, June 13, at 8.

Shocking Blue and Tee Set—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, June 14, at 8:30.

Laura Nyro and Miles Davis's Quintet—Fillmore East. Wednesday through Saturday, June 17-20, at 8.

Country Joe McDonald, Barry Melton, and Jam Factory—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, June 18, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Minnesota, Wednesday, June 10, at 8. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, June 12, at 8:05; Saturday, June 13, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 14, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 16-17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 8:05.

Boxing—Jerry Quarry vs. Mac Foster, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, June 17, at 10; films of many of Jack Dempsey's title bouts will be shown starting at 8:30.)

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13.) . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 13; varsity race at 7:15.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 11-14.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 27. The Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, June 10; the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 13; the National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Wednesday, June 17; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 20.

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Speedway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, June 14, at noon.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43 on Fridays and Saturdays.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

Yachting—America's Cup preliminary trials. (Long Island Sound. Through Friday, June 12.) . . ¶ Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 20.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Wednesday, June 17), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Flea Market—An outdoor antiques show, with exhibits by a hundred dealers. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

Flower Show—The June Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York on Wednesday, June 17, from 12 to 4. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 10, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 17, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 18, at 2: Chinese works of art, including jade and other hardstone carvings, Korean stoneware, bronzes, and snuff bottles; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 11.

Commencement Dates—Harvard, Thursday, June 11, and Dartmouth, Sunday, June 14.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 10 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cockeyed World" (1929), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Lazybones" (1925), directed by Frank Borzage, with Buck Jones. . . . ¶ June 11 at 8: "Pitfall" (1962), in Japanese. . . . ¶ June 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Sunny Side Up" (1929), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ June 13 at 11:30: "The Thin Man" (1934), with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . ¶ June 13 at 3 and 5:30: "Three Bad Men" (1926), directed by John Ford, with George O'Brien. . . . ¶ June 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Zoo in Budapest" (1933), with Loretta Young and Gene Raymond. . . . ¶ June 15 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Make Way for Tomorrow" (1937), with Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi. . . . ¶ June 15 at 8 and June 16 at 2: "Equinox Flower" (1958), in Japanese. . . . ¶ June 16 at 5:30: "Night of the Living Dead" (1969), directed by George Romero. . . . ¶ June 17 at 2 and 5:30: "Horses" (1941), in Japanese, no English titles. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2 and 7: "She Was Like a Wild Chrysanthemum" (1955), in Japanese. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.)

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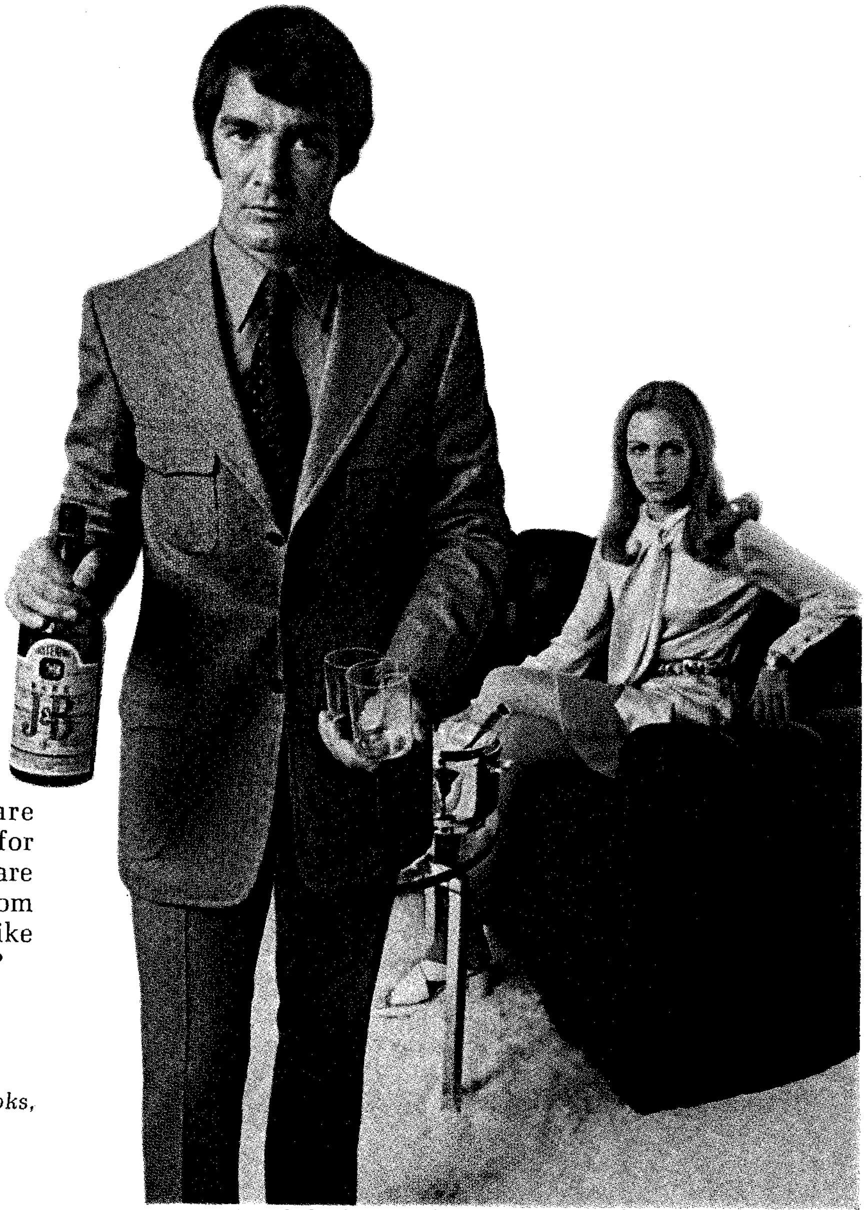

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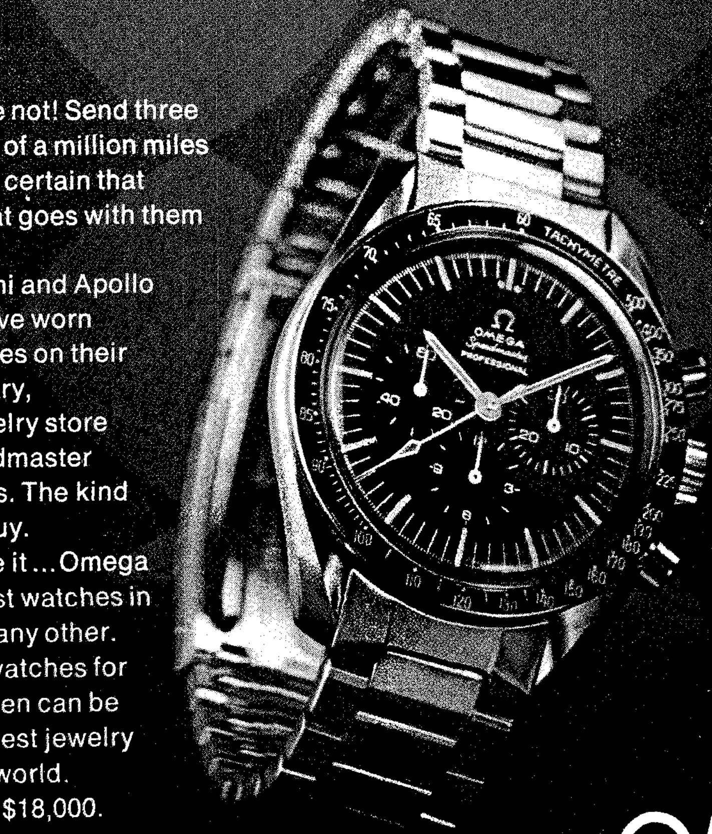

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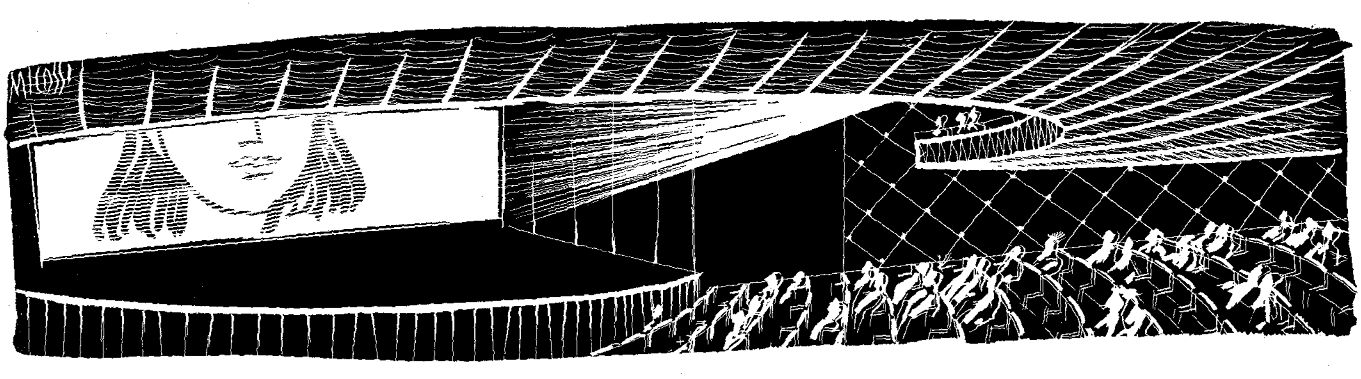

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction with mixed results. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 18.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Genevieve Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through June 11.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 10.)

Benjamin (1968)—Pierre Clémenti and Catherine Deneuve are the virgins who eventually get deflowered, while Michel Piccoli and Michèle Morgan have their mature love problems. Fine for people who like Gallic romps and aphorisms about the relations of the sexes. Directed by Michel Deville. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 12.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A match (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) and a mismatch (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) in the best American comedy of 1969. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Boys in the Band—The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 12-13.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; through June 16.)

Cactus Flower—Every wisecrack has that Broadway thud. With Walter Matthau, Ingrid Bergman, and Goldie Hawn who, God willing, will make many better movies. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; starting June 17.)

Cartouche (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit or apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 10.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 12.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan on a concert tour of England, recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

Gaily, Gaily—Ben Hecht's *Chicago* of a half century ago, in the heyday of yellow journalism, is great movie material, but Norman Jewison clutters it up with fancy camera angles and too broad performances, so it's mostly a mess. With Beau Bridges and Brian Keith (demonstrating once again that he is one of the best actors in the business). (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 17.)

Harvest (1937)—One of the true and essential French film classics. Jean Giono's novel—a love story set in an abandoned village that the lovers bring to life—was shot in Provence by Marcel Pagnol. With a superb cast, including Fernandel and Marguerite Moreno. Music by Arthur Honegger. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 11-12.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Lola (1962)—Jacques Demy's graceful (and absurd in the pleasantest way) modern fairytale about a cabaret dancer (Anouk Aimée) whose illusions come true. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 15-16.)

Marius (1932)—A film that is static and set-bound (Alexander Korda directed) but is famous for its dialogue and characterization, and for the rich humanity Raimu brought to the role of César, the Marseille café owner, whose son, Marius (the elegant Pierre Fresnay, oddly miscast), longs to go to sea, though he loves Fanny (Orane Démazis). Written by Marcel Pagnol, the first in his celebrated trilogy. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 13-14.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate inevitability. With Annabella. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

M*A*S*H—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. Robert Altman directed this loose, cheery, and scabrous comedy about how adolescent humor and games help to keep men sane in insane situations. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 17.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni (and Monica Vitti as a brunette). In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11.)

The Passion of Anna—A wonderful new piece of work by Ingmar Bergman, even better than "Persona." The new film does without Bergman's familiar apparatus of symbols and occultism. Its powerful theology is conveyed simply through the intensity of its watch on behavior. Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in re-enactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann and Bibi Andersson are all at the top of their powers, seen in continual closeups that are like the stare of conscience. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Patton—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. It begs every question that it raises. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 16-17.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; through June 16.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—Jack Clayton's underrated version of the Penelope Mortimer novel, with a script by Harold Pinter and a fine cast including Anne Bancroft (in top form), Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 16.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henry Verneuil's thriller, with Jean Gabin as the head of a Mafia-family squirearchy, and Alain Delon as a murderer punk. Very efficient, with a rather evil-minded sense of humor and a strong conviction about the morality of private enterprise in crime. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved, against high odds, by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 16.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 13.)

Thérèse (1963)—Emmanuèle Riva (of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour") as François Mauriac's Thérèse Desqueyroux, the provincial bourgeois lady who attempts to murder her gross, prosperous husband (Philippe Noiret) for the best and worst of reasons: he is dull. Directed by Georges Franju, and filmed in the cold Bordeaux of marshes and moors. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 17-18.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Directed by G. W. Pabst, and a bit phlegmatic. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 14.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 11.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 13.)

Viva Maria (1965)—Brigitte Bardot demonstrates that in movies youth and beauty can sometimes triumph over skill; she takes the picture clean away from the great Jeanne Moreau. This imaginative though erratic spoof was directed by the brilliant Louis Malle and superbly photographed by Henri Decaë. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 15.)

The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—The most famous French comedy about illegitimacy and one of the most popular of all French exports—the kind of picture that maddening people like to cite as proof of how wise the French are. With Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and Josette Day (of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 14-15.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's affable film of the festival last year. Though it has the look of a documentary, it makes a powerful invisible choice—no squalor shown, no trouble. Jimi Hendrix has a fine set in which he makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Blue)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 16: "Last Summer" (1969), Barbara Hershey; and "Medium Cool" (1969), Robert Forster.
From June 17: To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 16: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**; and "Charly" (1968), Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.
From June 17: "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film; and "The Party" (1968), Peter Sellers.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 16: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and another feature, to be announced.
From June 17: "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 16: "One More Time," Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford.
From June 17: "The Hawaiians," Charlton Heston, Geraldine Chaplin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE SICILIAN CLAN (in French).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Landlord," Beau Bridges, Lee Grant.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through June 16: "The Way We Live Now," Nicholas Pryor.
From June 17: "A Walk in the Spring Rain," Anthony Quinn, Ingrid Bergman.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 14: "riverrun," Louise Ober.
From June 15: "The Strawberry Statement," Bruce Davison, Kim Darby.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 11: "Paddy," Milo O'Shea.
From June 12: "Events," Ryan Listman.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 16 (tentative): "The Grasshopper," Jacqueline Bissett, Jim Brown.
From June 17: "The Hawaiians," Charlton Heston, Geraldine Chaplin.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through June 16: "A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris, Judith Anderson.
From June 17: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Cotton Comes to Harlem," Godfrey Cambridge, Raymond St. Jacques.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
DON'T LOOK BACK; and **MONTEREY POP.**

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
June 10: "Naked Hearts" (in French); and "The Passenger" (in English and Polish).
From June 11: "Jovita" (in Polish).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 16: "The Walking Stick," David Hemmings, Samantha Eggar; and "Viva Max!," Peter Ustinov, Pamela Tiffin.
From June 17: **CACTUS FLOWER**; and "Otley" (1969), Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 11: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**
June 12-16: "The Honeymoon Killers," Shirley Stoler; and "If He Hollers, Let Him Go!" (1968), Raymond St. Jacques, Barbara McNair.
From June 17: "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Too Late the Hero," Michael Caine, Cliff Robertson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Out-of-Towners," Jack Lemmon, Sandy Dennis.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Sand Pebbles" (1966), Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
THE PASSION OF ANNA (in Swedish).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 16: "The Walking Stick," David Hemmings, Samantha Eggar; and "Viva Max!," Peter Ustinov, Pamela Tiffin.
From June 17: "A Walk in the Spring Rain," Anthony Quinn, Ingrid Bergman.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Dreamer" (in Hebrew).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart," Don Johnson.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 16: "One More Time," Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford.
From June 17: **GAILY, GAILY.**

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 16: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
From June 17: "All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden; and "The Chairman" (1969), Gregory Peck, Anne Heywood.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 10: **BEFORE THE REVOLUTION** (in Italian); and "Le Gai Savoir" (in French), Jean-Pierre Léaud.
June 11: **TONI** and **HARVEST** (both in French).
June 12: **HARVEST** and **BREATHLESS** (both in French).
June 13: **BREATHLESS** and **MARIUS** (both in French).
June 14: **MARIUS** and **THE WELL-DIGGER'S DAUGHTER** (both in French).
June 15: **THE WELL-DIGGER'S DAUGHTER** and **LOLA** (both in French).
June 16: **LOLA** and **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (both in French).
June 17: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** and **THÉRÈSE** (both in French).
June 18: **THÉRÈSE** and **ALPHAVILLE** (both in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 16: "The Lawyer," Barry Newman; and "Medium Cool," (1969), Robert Forster.
From June 17: **GAILY, GAILY.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 10: **CARTOUCHE** (in French); and "Male Hunt" (1965; in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
June 11: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian); and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).
June 12: **LA CHINOISE** and **BENJAMIN** (both in French).
June 13: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French); and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).
June 14: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German); and "Boris Godunov" (1956; in Russian).
June 15: **VIVA MARIA**; and "The Game Is Over" (1967), Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.
June 16: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "One Potato, Two Potato" (1964), Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton.
June 17: **MOULIN ROUGE**; and "Oscar Wilde" (1960), Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
June 18: **LE MILLION** and **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (both in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 16: "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.
From June 17: "Zigzag," George Kennedy, Anne Jackson; and "A Place for Lovers" (1969), Faye Dunaway, Marcello Mastroianni.

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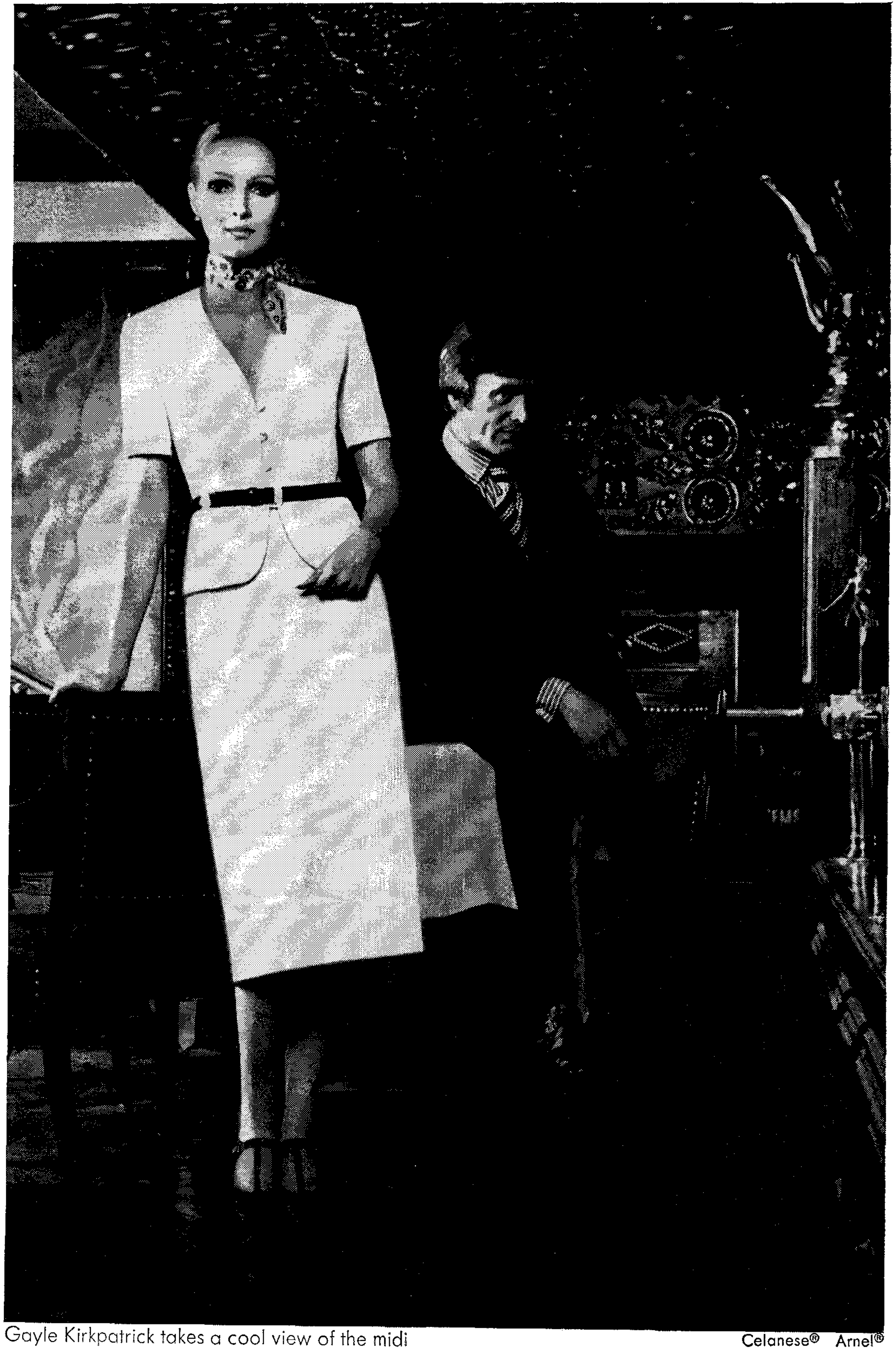

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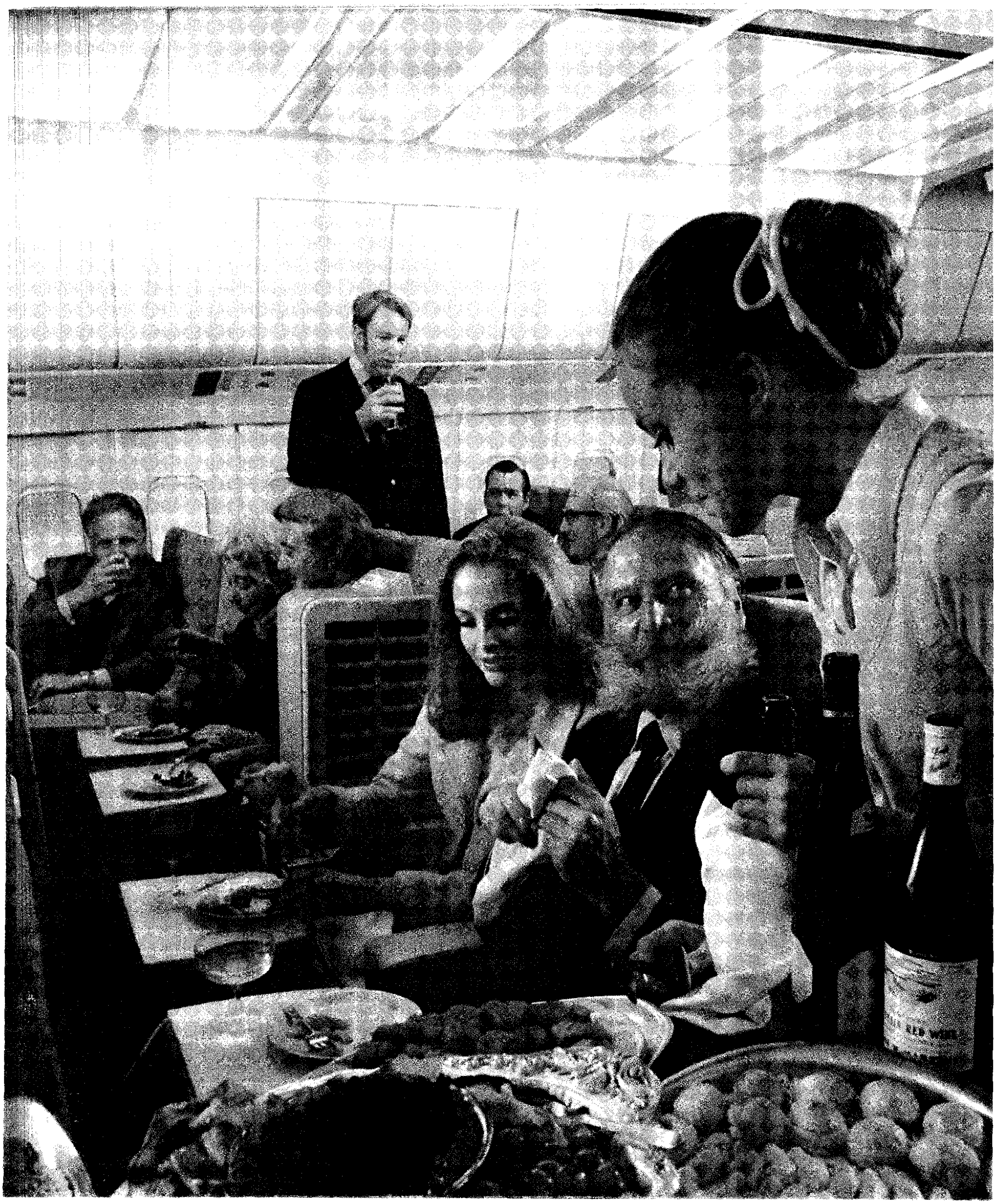

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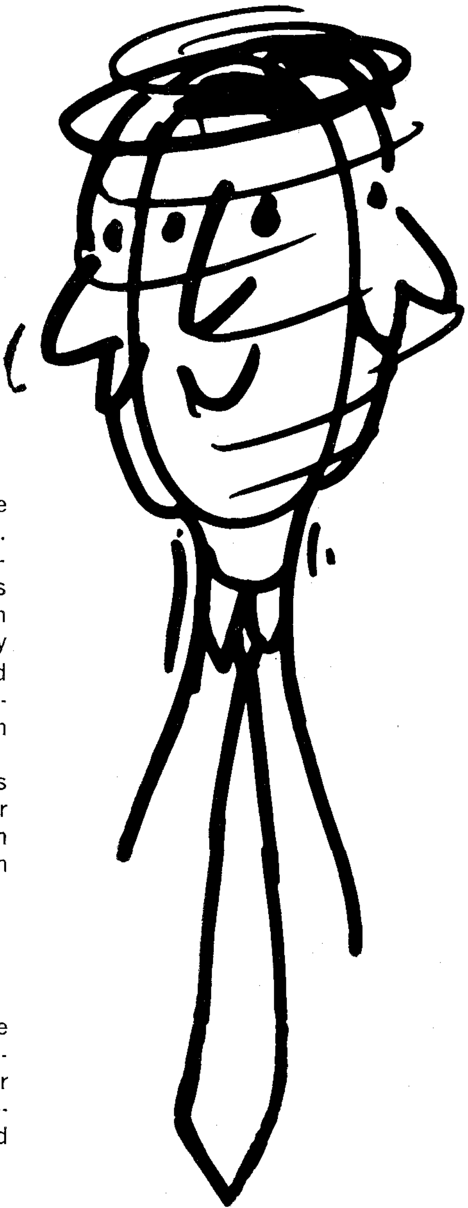

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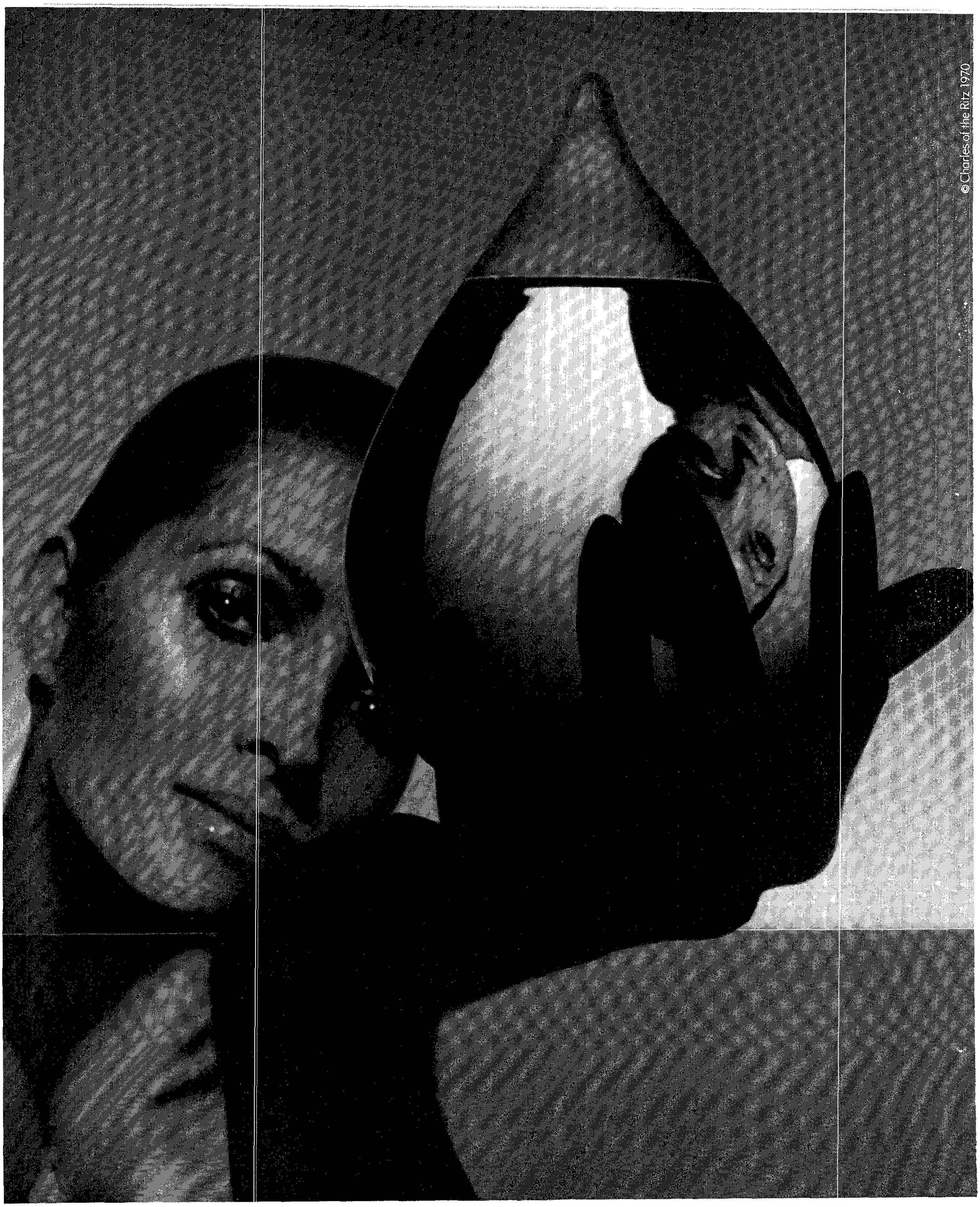
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received the following letter from a friend in Washington:

"Many have remarked that it is wrong for governments to send their citizens with fife and flame-thrower to quarrel with one another, and some have suggested that if the citizens were so long-headed as to refuse to attend these war parties the deadly music would perhaps stop. Some say that the rich should be divested of their holdings by legal persecution, and that said holdings should be divided among the long-hungering, hope-bereft poor. Some people like escalation and blowing up, and others cultivate their gardens behind barbed wire and Burns men. The earth is our mother, yet down at the sawmill they must change the whirling, singing sawblade once an hour because of shrapnel in the trees. The elegiac tone was invented for discussions of the past and cannot be used in looking to the future. Science is a wonderful thing, but it has not succeeded in maximizing pleasure and minimizing pain, and that's all we asked of it. Dr. Swee, Professor of Grace and Perfection at the Paris Conservatory, advises humicubation, which is the act of lying penitentially prone; and dilogy, which is speech that has two or more meanings; and keeping the world's conscience with a plegometer, an instrument for recording the force of blows.

"Short of this, I recommend a visit to the moon rocks at the Smithsonian. Accompanied by my young daughter, I stood in line at the Smithsonian for two hours. The child went to the bathroom six times. A man standing behind me began telling me about the moon rocks. 'They represent the finest single human triumph of all time,' he said. I said I was looking forward to seeing them. Then a man standing in front of me turned around and told me he hated the moon rocks. 'When I think of what that money could have been used for . . .'

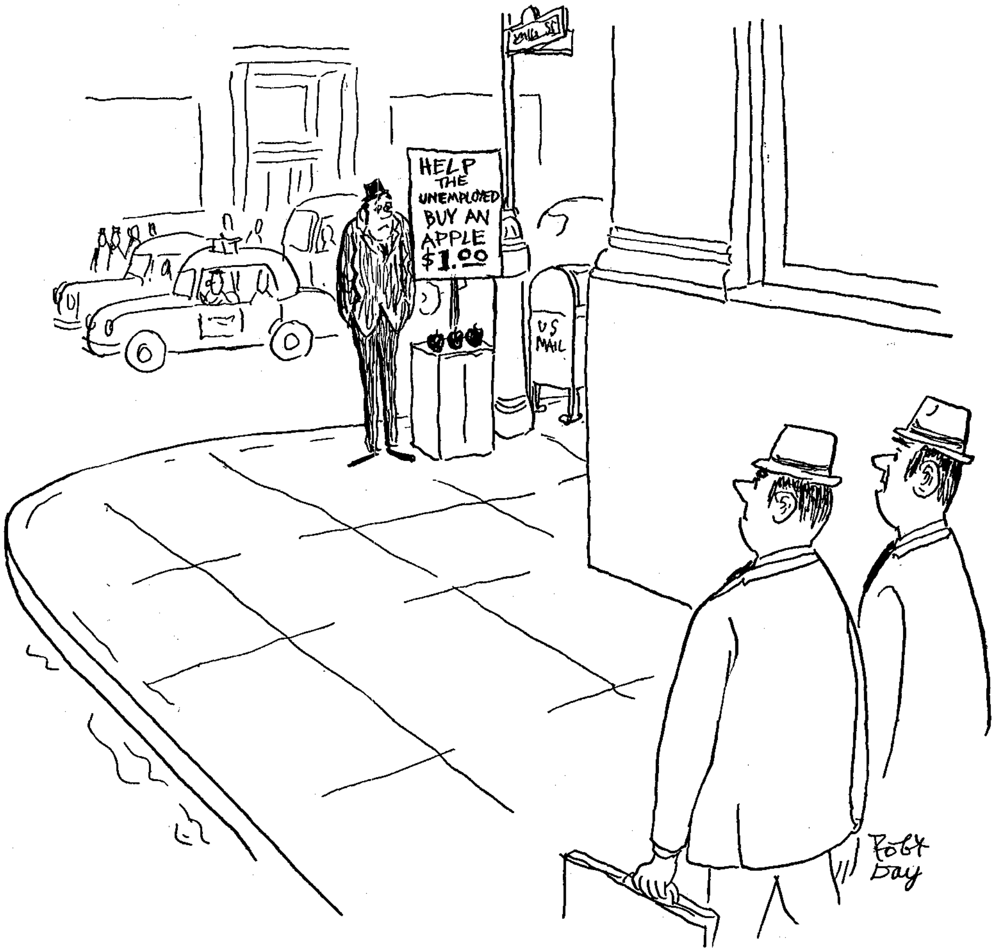
"Then we were in the Moon Rock Room. There they were. The moon rocks. The moon rocks were the greatest thing we had ever seen in our entire lives! The moon rocks were red, green, blue, yellow, black, and white. They scintillated, sparkled, glinted, glittered, twinkled, and gleamed. They produced booms, thunderclaps, explosions, clashes, splashes, and roars. They sat on a pillow of the purest Velcro, and people who touched the pillow were able to throw away their crutches and jump in the air. Four cases of gout and eleven instances of hyperbolic paraboloidism were cured before our eyes. The air rained crutches. The moon rocks drew you toward them with a fatal irresistibility but at the same time held you at a seemly distance with a decent reserve. Peering into the moon rocks, you could see the future and the past in color, and you could change them in any way you wished. The moon rocks gave off a slight hum, which cleaned your teeth, and a brilliant glow, which absolved you from sin. The moon rocks whistled 'Finlandia,' by Jean Sibelius, while reciting 'The Confessions of St. Augustine,' by I. F. Stone. The moon rocks were as good as a meaningful and emotionally rewarding seduction that you had not expected. The moon rocks were as good as listening to what the members of the Supreme Court say to each other in the Supreme Court locker room. They were as good as a war. The moon rocks were better than a presentation copy of the Random House Dictionary of the English Language signed by Geoffrey Chaucer himself. They were better than a movie in which the President refuses to tell the people what to do to save themselves from the terrible thing that is about to happen, although he knows what ought to be done and has written a secret memorandum about it. The moon rocks were better than a good cup of coffee from an urn decorated with the change of Philomel by the barbarous King. The moon rocks were better than a *¡huelga!* led by Mongo Santamaria, with additional dialogue by St. John of the Cross and special effects by Melmoth the Wanderer. The moon rocks surpassed our expectations. The dynamite, out-of-sight, very heavy and together moon rocks turned us on to the highest degree. There was blood on our eyes when we had finished looking at them.

"We have seen the moon rocks and they are ours, irremediably."

GIFTS
EICKE

B. B. and Carla

CARLA THOMAS and B. B. King opened at the Royal Box of the Hotel Americana last week. The Royal Box of the Hotel Americana is known as a Big Room, and, for a number of anachronistic reasons, arrival there or at any other Big Room is thought to be important. B. B. King (the B. B. stands for Blues Boy) and Carla Thomas are fine performers and have been known to black audiences for some time, but their arrival at the Big Rooms is quite recent. While we waited for Carla Thomas to appear, we talked with Jack Gibson, who in 1949 was one of the first black disc jockeys in this country (on WERD, in Atlanta) and who is now an executive of Stax Records, the company for which Carla Thomas and her father, Rufus Thomas ("Do the Funky Chicken"), make recordings. "The black disc jockeys—we were like the Joe Louises of our neighborhood," Mr. Gibson said. "We earned fifty dollars a week, but everybody thought we had really made it. We were like


HELP THE UNEMPLOYED BUY AN APPLE $1.00
US MAIL
Robt Day

"Oh, my God!"

• •

heroes. I'd go to the barber and he'd give me a free haircut. I'd go to the gas station and I'd get free gas. But people would expect you to spend five or ten dollars at the bar, too, because you were a big star on the radio. They didn't know we were earning fifty dollars, and we didn't tell them, because we wanted to keep up the style. That's how the payola thing got started. A man from the record company would give you twenty-five dollars, and you'd play the record and use the money to keep up the style. We thought we were doing pretty good until we found out that the white disc jockeys were getting two hundred dollars."

Carla Thomas used to sing with the late Otis Redding. Her style then was funky. Her great song with Redding was "Tramp" ("Otis, you're a tramp. You wear brogan shoes and a Stetson hat"). Her style at the Americana was different—she sang two Beatles songs, and opened and closed with a recent hit by Tom Jones—but the feeling of her performance was the same.

B. B. King sang his songs, and the people who run the Royal Box knew enough to keep the Royal Box really dark while he was singing. He broke a string on his guitar just as he began to play, and while he changed the string he talked about his guitar and how he had come to name it Lucille. "I was playing in Twist, Arkansas," he said. "I was playing in a huge place that could hold maybe eighty-five people. There was a big container of kerosene in the middle of the room—that was the heat. Two guys started fighting—they used to do that a lot before they learned better. They spilled the kerosene on the floor and they started a fire. Everyone made it to the door, but I realized that my guitar was still inside, so I went back. I almost burned to death. Some people did burn to death in that fire. I found out the two guys who were fighting were fighting over a girl named Lucille. I named my guitar that to remind myself never to do a fool thing like that again."

B. B. King's songs were very fine, and had nothing whatever to do with the Big Room where they were sung. They were full of feeling, and full of humor ("I bought you a new Ford. You said you wanted a Cadillac. I gave you seven children and now you want to give 'em back"). He sang his great song, "The Thrill Is Gone," and people finally began to talk back to him from the audience.

At a party later, we talked with Carla Thomas. We asked her about revues she'd been in and about the Americana. "When you play a different kind of place, sometimes you think you better cool it a little," she said. "But I still play to the basics. The basics are still there. You can tell if you get a little smile, if you get a little clap, that you're all right. If you get a grin, you know you're really in."

Shelter

WHEN Central Park was designed, a hundred and twelve years ago, by Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, the design included six small rustic shelters, which were built at scattered spots along the banks of the Lake. They were shady, comfortable places to sit beside the water, and they also served as landings for boating parties. As time passed, they either wore out or were destroyed by vandalism, until nothing was left of them but a few chipped bluestone foundations. Two years ago, the Friends of Central Park—an enthusiastic group of citizens devoted to preserving the Park as the green haven envisioned by its designers—decided to try to revive the shelters. Having raised funds from a private donor, they hired an architect, who made drawings for one of the structures after studying nineteenth-century photographs of its predecessor. Then the Friends enlisted the help of a Parks Department construction crew, and the shelter was recently completed, on an inlet on the west side of the Park, off Seventy-second Street, near the Daniel Webster statue. We went to its formal dedication, and, arriving early, got our first glimpse of it from the opposite side of the inlet. Nestled down at the water's edge between a weeping willow and a gnarled oak, the shelter looked like a small gazebo, with two rustic benches inside and rustic ornamental trimming on the ridge of its roof. Two rowboats were moored at its base and were moving gently in the lazy water. The air was warm and hazy, and a soft breeze swayed the branches of the willow.

We walked around the inlet and climbed down a path to take a closer look, and almost bumped into a man who was standing, with his arms folded across his chest, gazing at the shelter. He turned out to be the man who had had charge of building it—William Hillmann, the foreman at the Department's main construction shop, on Randall's Island. "The roof is shingled with hand-split cedar," he told us. "The four posts supporting the roof are old red-cedar light poles I salvaged from the Belt Parkway. If I had used new posts, I'd have had to make them look old, but these were already old-looking. I've enjoyed this job very much. It's different from the work we usually do—making seesaws, slides, swing seats, basketball backboards, horseshoe-pitching boxes, and picnic tables."

We heard laughter and chatter on the path behind us, and turned to see a dozen people arriving for the ceremony, among them Celeste Holm, who is the secretary of the Friends. "I live on Central Park West, and I've been watching the little house emerge, post by post and shingle by shingle," said Miss Holm, who was wearing a navy-blue dress, navy-blue stockings, navy-blue shoes, and a navy-blue straw hat. We looked around for her dog, a black-and-white poodle named Maestro, who accompanies her everywhere and who once appeared in a Broadway musical, but we couldn't see him. "Maestro's at the vet's getting a check-up," said Miss Holm.

August Heckscher, the Commissioner of Parks and Administrator of Recreational and Cultural Affairs, appeared, and a man strung a red ribbon between two of the shelter's posts. While a photographer snapped pictures, Mr. Heckscher cut the ribbon. The spectators' attention was diverted momentarily by a dozen sleek young women in pants suits who came walking past, accompanied by another photographer. "We're making fashion shots for some stores in New Jersey," one said cheerfully.

We didn't see the architect, John Barrington Bayley, among the spectators, and we learned that he was in Rome looking at baroque buildings. Henry Hope Reed, the Curator of Parks, who is also chairman of the Friends, gave us a few historical facts. "The shelters were originally used as landings for steam launches that left regularly from the Boathouse or the Terrace and passed around the Lake. Later, the steam launches were replaced with electric launches," he said. "Did you know that there were electric launches in Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, as late as the nineteen-thirties?"

Mr. Goldberg Runs for Office

LAST month, at a testimonial dinner for the distinguished New York physician Dr. Arthur Logan, former Mayor Wagner exchanged greetings with Governor Rockefeller. "Hi, Nelson," said Mayor Wagner. "I guess you're rooting for Arthur in the primary."

The Governor showed his many teeth. "I've got my fingers crossed," he said, crossing his fingers on both hands.

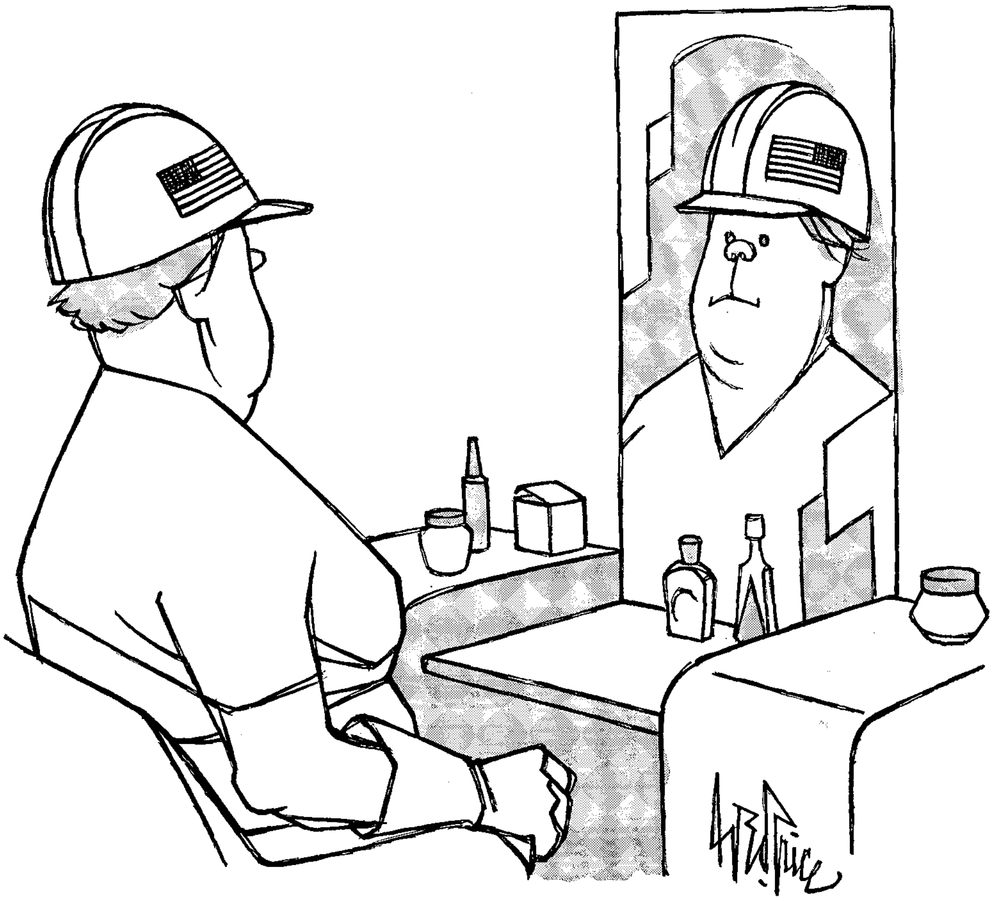
ON Tuesday, June 2nd, Arthur J. Goldberg campaigned for the Democratic nomination for governor in the city and in Binghamton. His schedule in New York was released to the press in this form:

10:00 A.M. Arrive Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies Building.
11:15 A.M. Depart Black-Jewish Concerns Meeting.
11:30 A.M. Arrive Press Conference with Assemblyman Andrew Stein at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue.
12:15 P.M. Depart Press Conference for Hotel Lancaster.

We were spending the day with the candidate, so we joined him at the F. of P.W.A. Building, which is at 281 Park Avenue South. The Black-Jewish Concerns Meeting turned out to be a session of the Commission on Black-Jewish Concerns, convened by the Interfaith City-Wide Coördinating Committee Against Poverty and the Synagogue Council of America. Mr. Goldberg arrived, a little late, with his running mate, State Senator Basil Paterson, and the two greeted Rabbi Israel Mowshowitz, co-chairman of the Commission. "Hello, Rabbi," said Mr. Goldberg. "It's nice to see you. I've got a press conference at eleven-thirty, so let's get started."

Mr. Goldberg was also accompanied by Sandy Frucher, his press secretary, who is a veteran of the McCarthy campaign. Mr. Frucher, in turn, was accompanied by an associate, Mike Campbell, who is also a veteran of the McCarthy campaign.

Mr. Goldberg was introduced to the Commission, and announced that he had a short statement to make, which he would make sitting down, because he thought a statement made sitting down was more conducive to "constructive dialogue," and that he would then be glad to answer any questions. In his short statement, Mr. Goldberg said, "That the two most persecuted communities in history should ever be arrayed against each other is, to me, simply inconceivable. Now, of course, problems do arise between them from time to time, and that is perfectly understandable. I am rather optimistic about black-Jewish relationships. It is an old alliance, and I do not believe that it has fallen apart. Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom, however, and we must be eternally vigilant to see that these two natural allies stay



together. The fight is not over to assure the success of the motto carved over the entrance to the building where I had the honor to serve for three years, the United States Supreme Court. The motto is 'Equal justice under law.' We have a great opportunity here this morning to get to the roots of the problem, and we would be burying our heads in the sand if we didn't admit there was a problem."

Senator Paterson made a statement, standing up, that went, "There *is* something different about this campaign, as it relates to black-Jewish problems. Arthur Goldberg and I are running together as a team—a Jew and a black man. Actions are more important than words."

Then Senator Paterson and Mr. Goldberg fielded questions. A woman said she had noticed that every time the *Times* mentioned Senator Paterson it identified him as "a State Senator from Harlem" or as "the black State Senator." She wondered whether the Senator had noticed it, and whether he thought it was designed to damage his chances of election.

"I had been wondering if maybe I was paranoid," Senator Paterson said. "Of course I've noticed it, and of course it's hurting me, but no one else except you seems to have noticed it. But maybe I'm not becoming psychotic and it's objective fact. Now, I don't think the *Times* is deliberately trying to hurt me; it's just got a lot of different reporters writing about me from day to day, and each one of them thinks that maybe no one has ever written down the fact that I'm a black man. It's funny, too, you know, because I represent the most diverse district in the state. It's got a bit of the Silk Stocking district, and all of Morningside Heights, and in the Senate I've fought for bills to extend the labor laws to cover workers for nonprofit organizations, to outlaw lie-detector tests, and to prohibit atomic plants in residential neighborhoods. I am a legislator who believes he cannot benefit his district unless he benefits *all* districts. But I don't believe the *Times* is deliberately prejudiced."

Mr. Goldberg, responding to the same question, said, "I don't want to win if Basil Paterson doesn't win, too." Governors and lieutenant governors are selected independently in the primary.

Mr. Goldberg also talked about the importance of reordering national priorities by giving the military and the space program less money. A man with glasses on his forehead said, "Mr. Goldberg, you were prominently identified with the Johnson Administration, which set our present priorities in the war and in the space program. I have read in the public prints that you have refused to endorse peace candidates. Will you tell me, please, why the liberal community should credit your protestations at this point?"

The man with the glasses got this answer: "I left the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States—the most exalted office to which I could ever aspire—to assume the post of United States Ambassador to the United Nations in order to devote myself to the search for peace, and I do not apologize for that consistent record. A house divided against itself cannot stand, which is why I am not a man to kiss and tell, but the record will show how effective I was in those years. One of the problems of the Nixon Administration is that it has no dissenters within its ranks. I have endorsed no candidates this year, with the exception of Basil Paterson, because everyone running for office this year, with the exception of the Governor, is a peace candidate, and this is an artificial issue. Remember the day when I stood on the White House steps after resigning from the bench as an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court? There was no celebration in the Goldberg family that day, but I knew that I had to dedicate myself to the search for peace."

THEN Mr. Goldberg's party left for the press conference at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, in front of Tiffany's. The press and the Goldberg staff men crowded into a maroon convertible, and exchanged banter during the drive. The reporters and the campaign aides have had similar reactions to the candidate, so most of the following remarks are interchangeable.

First Man: Want to hear my lead? "I spent a month with Arthur Goldberg yesterday morning . . ."

Second Man: What was that about Paterson and the *Times*? He *is* black, for Chrissakes. What do you want them to do—write "the beige Harlem senator"?

Third Man: Yes, he's black. And Arthur's a Jew. Does the *Times* call him a Jew every time it mentions his name?

Fourth Man: Let's make a record of Arthur reciting all his titles and sell it to the Buddhists to use instead of "Hare Krishna."

Fifth Man: What's his middle name, anyway? What does that "J." stand for? Joseph?

Sixth Man: Justice.

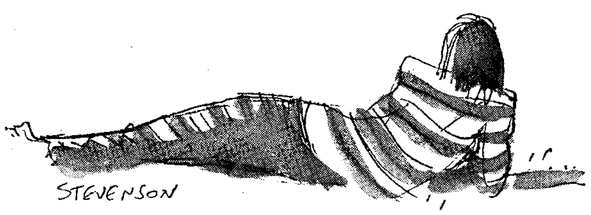
AFTER a press conference with Assemblyman Andrew Stein, who wants to outlaw the war by passing an amendment to the New York City Charter, everyone except the candidates went off to the Hotel Lancaster, where the Goldberg-Paterson headquarters have been established. A Goldberg advance man pointed out to a reporter nine people sitting at tables copying telephone numbers from phone books onto index cards. "That's our massive volunteer effort," he said. The reporter talked to one of the volunteers. "Don't talk to *him*," said another of the volunteers. "I'm the only *real* volunteer here. The others were sent down by their unions and are getting paid." The others agreed that this was so, and the advance man said, "Yes, I know *that* one. He volunteered in the Wagner campaign last year, and before that he worked for the Humphrey campaign."

IN the afternoon, Mr. Goldberg flew to Binghamton in a small jet, along with Mrs. Goldberg; John Burns, the Democratic state chairman; Joe Crangle, the Erie County Democratic chairman; and five reporters. At LaGuardia, Mr. Crangle assigned everyone a seat in the plane. People on the Goldberg staff enjoy getting Mr. Crangle's goat, and they say it is easily done. They call him "the baby-faced boss from Buffalo," and one day one of them admired Mr. Crangle's tie. The staff man ran it through his hands. "Nice," he said. Then he fingered his own tie. "Nicer," he said.

On the plane, Mr. Goldberg talked with the reporters. "Well, fellows," he said, "I want you to tell me *frankly*, now, how you think it's going."

There was a silence, and then one of the reporters said very politely, "Well, sir, I don't think that either you or Mr. Samuels has yet managed to generate a great deal of excitement."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Gold-



berg. "Can you ever generate excitement in a primary campaign?"

There was more silence.

Then Mr. Goldberg said, "Well, how would *you* go about generating excitement in the campaign?"

One of the reporters said, "I don't think that's something you can be told."

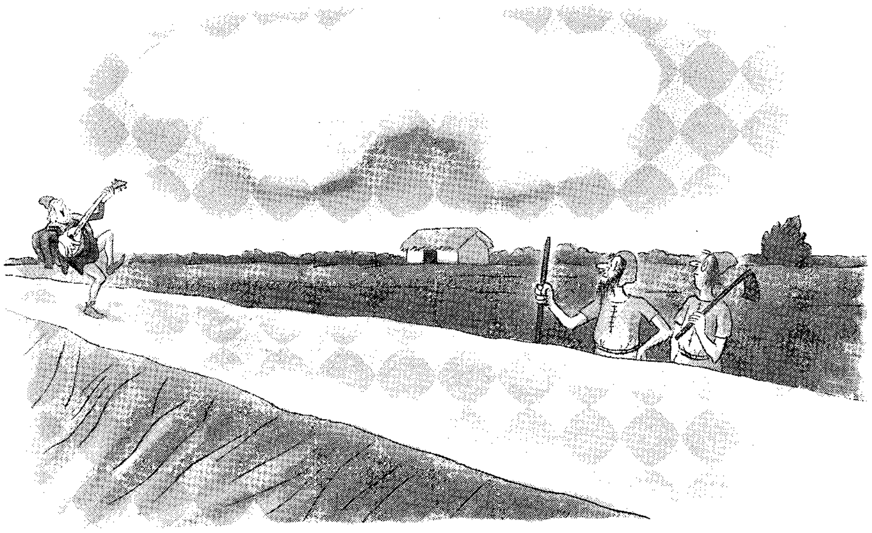
Mr. Goldberg said, "What's that? This plane is sort of noisy. I can't hear you."

BINGHAMTON is a city of about seventy thousand, in Broome County, which has a population of about a quarter of a million. Registration in Binghamton is three-to-two Republican, but the city voted for Johnson in 1964 and for Humphrey in 1968. I.B.M. has several plants nearby, and the Endicott Johnson shoe company is still a big employer, though not as big as it used to be. There are about eighteen hundred blacks in the city, and there is one black on the city police force—the first one in about fifteen years. He is Patrolman Tim K. Roberts, and he has been on the force since June 5, 1969. The only other black policeman in the area is a state trooper; he is Roberts' brother. Binghamton is situated at the confluence of the Chenango and Susquehanna Rivers, and Woodie Fitchette, a reporter for the *Evening Press*, likes to take visitors down to the bridge overlooking the place where the rivers join. "God put those hills there," he will say. "And the bankers put those buildings over there. But the taxpayers of Binghamton made the water clean." We tried some of the water from both rivers, and both samples were good, but the water from the Chenango was slightly sweeter.

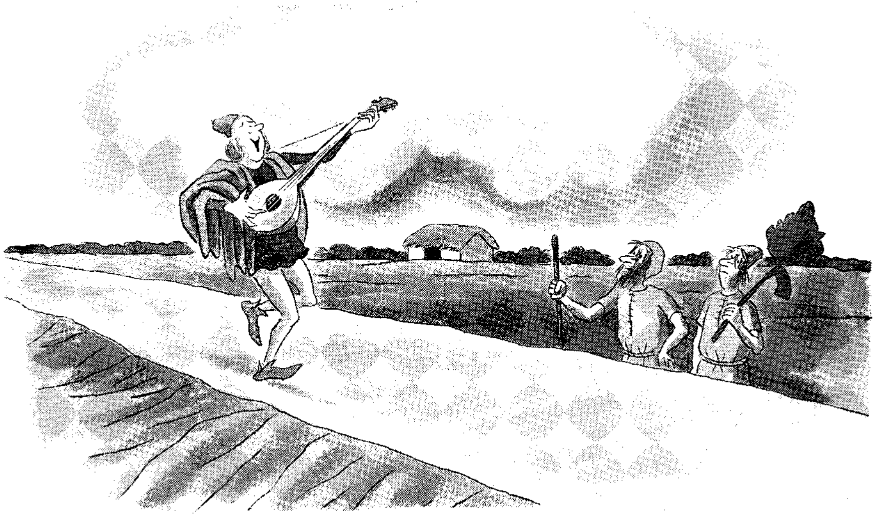
In Binghamton, Mr. Goldberg was to hold a press conference at the Sheraton Motor Inn, visit a newspaper editor in his office, tape a TV show, and return to the Sheraton Motor Inn to be the host at a reception for local Democratic poll watchers and inspectors of elections.

THERE was a motorcade into Binghamton from the Broome County Airport. It consisted of four cars, in the following order:

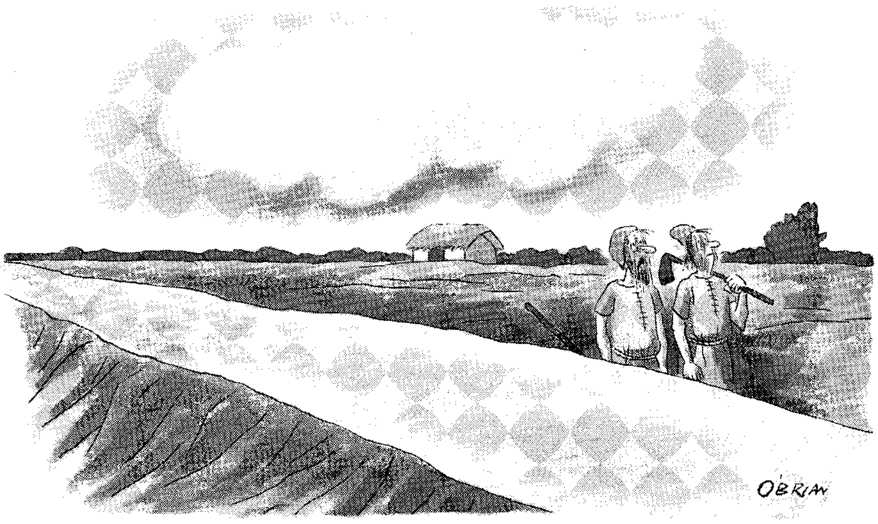
1. A Broome County sheriff's car, driven by a Broome County deputy sheriff.
2. The Goldbergs and Burns, driven by the Broome County Democratic chairman.
3. Mr. Crangle, driven by a driver.
4. Five reporters, driven by the press secretary.



"Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wude nu—
Sing cuccu!"



"Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu:
Ne swike thu naver nu;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!"



"What the hell do you suppose that was all about?"

ESTRANGEMENT

IT was a long and tiresome journey home from Bristol. I'd left my office at the B.B.C. soon after lunch—my regular Monday habit—and walked through the city to Temple Meads Station. I'd been looking forward to dealing with a fat file of niggling paperwork while I was on the train; I find that the rhythmic stridency of the afternoon express helps my concentration. But time and again, between Bath and Southampton, the train stopped in open country, utterly still, and each time it did so I fixed all my attention upon some tiny particle of the landscape—a dead rat on a pile of sand, a mossed rock, a patch of young wheat momentarily disturbed by a sliver of wind. The carriage I occupied seemed posed forever on its dumb, smoothened rails. Sprawled on the warm and dusty cushions, I was uneasy, oppressed by the viridian hills flecked with black, unmoving cattle. Every time we stopped, I had the illusion that the same herd was there, patterning the same hills; every time, they were there to be endured. And then the train would move, and I'd look out to see what had caused the delay. Most times there was nothing to see, not even a signal, but once there was a row of close, impassive faces as we crept past a line gang. They were staring, all of them, at the wheels. I imagined the press of our constrained, delicate slowness over each crosstie, and how the clean new ballast under us was shifting. Finally, I slept—a tense sleep through which I kept alert for the next fumbling halt. I woke in the half-dark of Portsmouth station.

I was the last to go through the barrier. The station announcer was issuing an apology for the late arrival of the train. I gave up my ticket and made my way through the station hall. It was ten-thirty. Surely it was much too late for me to telephone my mother. I walked past the kiosk where I always make my weekly call to her, Mondays at nine o'clock, and felt a guilty relief. I never have anything to say. I dial her number, wait for her to pick up the receiver and speak my name. "Yes, Mother," I answer, and we begin an unvarying catechism that ends after ten minutes with her saying, "Well, I expect you've got plenty of things to get on with," and my answering, "That's right. I'd better make a start." Later, I feel disgust with myself and my grudging, mumbled responses. It ought to be easy for me to tell her what I've been doing, to describe the people I've met, the places I've been to. Next time, I resolve, I will. Next time, I'll think up something interesting to say. It'll please her, and break the weekly monotony. But I never do. And I see her less and less. Halfway through our talk, she says, "Perhaps you'll be able to get over sometime during the week," and I say, "Well, I'll have to see." I think about her often, worry about my neglect, try to define my feelings for her. A son must have love for his mother; he can't help but love her. Sometimes I tell myself I love her without liking her. I try to imagine how I'd feel if she were to die, but it frightens me to conjecture her death. *Of course I love her, of course I do*, I've thought. And then I guess at some small demonstration of affection I might make sometime in the future—anything would do. Every day I pass shops with windows full of opportunities for expedient, commonplace generosity. She loves flowers. A hairbrush. Anything.

She'd wait up, of course, till very late, expecting me to call. Right now she'd be watching television, the telephone on the coffee table beside her. She'd be thinking that my train had been delayed; she'd know I'd ring her, not let her down. I turned back toward the kiosk, fumbling in my pocket for a sixpenny piece.

"VICTOR?"

"Yes, Mother." It was strange. Usually, she answered the phone on the first or second ring. I'd counted thirteen rings before replacing the receiver and trying again; then I counted nine rings until I heard her voice, my name. And now she was silent. She should have been saying, "Have you had a nice day?"

"I'm sorry to be so late calling," I said. "I had a terrible journey back tonight."

"Have you had a nice day?" She said it quietly. I heard her wedding ring tap on the receiver, and the sigh of cushions as she settled herself.

"Fine, apart from the journey, Mother. We kept stopping, miles from anywhere, for no reason. Had you gone to bed? I phoned as soon as I could. The train's only just got in."

She cleared her throat. I waited for her to speak, but she said nothing. I'd said I was sorry; what more did she want? But this odd silence of hers surprised my guilt. Not quite silence, for I could hear her breathing. When I was a little boy, about six or seven years old, I used to believe she knew what I was thinking. She'd actually said once, after I'd been punished for stealing a shilling from her purse, "Now remember, Victor, whenever you're thinking of doing something naughty,

I shall know." Sometimes I'd lie awake at night when she was sleeping in the next room. Through the open doors I could hear her heavy breathing, a sound like felt rubbed on felt, and I wondered whether she knew my thoughts even though she was asleep.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I did think of leaving it till tomorrow before I phoned you. But then I thought you might sit up, waiting."

Her breathing again, felt on felt, but faster now. She was crying.

"Mother, what ever's the matter? Are you all right?"

"I'll be all right in a minute. I'd almost given you up. I'd been lying on the sofa to rest my eyes." She sniffed through her tears. I knew exactly how she would be rubbing her knuckles across her cheekbones, the way she did when my father died. "I heard the telephone ringing. I'd dozed off. I heard it ringing in my sleep, like in a dream."

"It was a nightmare. It's upset you, I can tell. But everything's all right now."

"No. I had some bad news yesterday. When it had gone well past your time to call, I expected it to be . . ."

I heard her put down the phone on the glass-topped table. I listened, appalled, to the vibrations of its rocking to and fro, and then the rapid throb of her weeping fifteen miles away. I stared out at the station hall. A young man was pushing a spastic child in a wheelchair to a coffee machine. I watched him hold the paper cup to her lips, and then wipe her lower lip with his handkerchief. "Mother!" I shouted. "For God's sake, tell me what the matter is. Can you hear me? Hello? Mother?" She was picking up the phone again. "What's the trouble? Do try to tell me. I can't bear to hear you so upset."

"It's your grandmother. I had a telegram from Pauline yesterday."

Grandmother dead. So that was it.

"She's had a stroke. They've taken her to the General Hospital. I've been waiting for the phone to ring any minute, to tell me it's all over. Pauline's telegram said I ought to go up at once. I didn't know what to do, with you away in Bristol. I wanted to ask you. It's such a long way to go, all the way to Bromsgrove. I didn't feel up to the journey, not on my own. I might go all that way and be too late. What could I do? If she was at home, I might have been some help."

"Listen, do you want to go up? Really, I mean?"

"I just don't know what to think. You know all the trouble there's been the last years. We've not written. She's said some terrible things about me to that Pauline. I said I never wanted to see her again, ever. I told her that myself."

"But you do want to go, don't you? Not just because you ought to, I mean?"

"It'll be too late. We'd get there and she'd be dead."

"You don't know. She's always been a tough old girl. Hard. She'd hang on, knowing her."

"I wish you were here with me. I can't seem to get my thoughts sorted out. I wish to God Pauline had phoned instead of sending that telegram. It wouldn't have cost any more. It's just like her."

"At any rate, she ought to have rung since. But I expect she thought you were on your way. She isn't on the phone at home, is she? No way of contacting her?"

"No, only at work."

"Could phone the hospital. The obvious thing. Shall I?"

"I started to this afternoon. But when I heard it ringing near her all those miles away I had to put the phone down. I was in such a state. I felt certain she was dead. I didn't want to be told."

"But you don't know for sure. It's no good going on not knowing."

"No."

"Shall I ring the hospital, then? And ring you back after?"

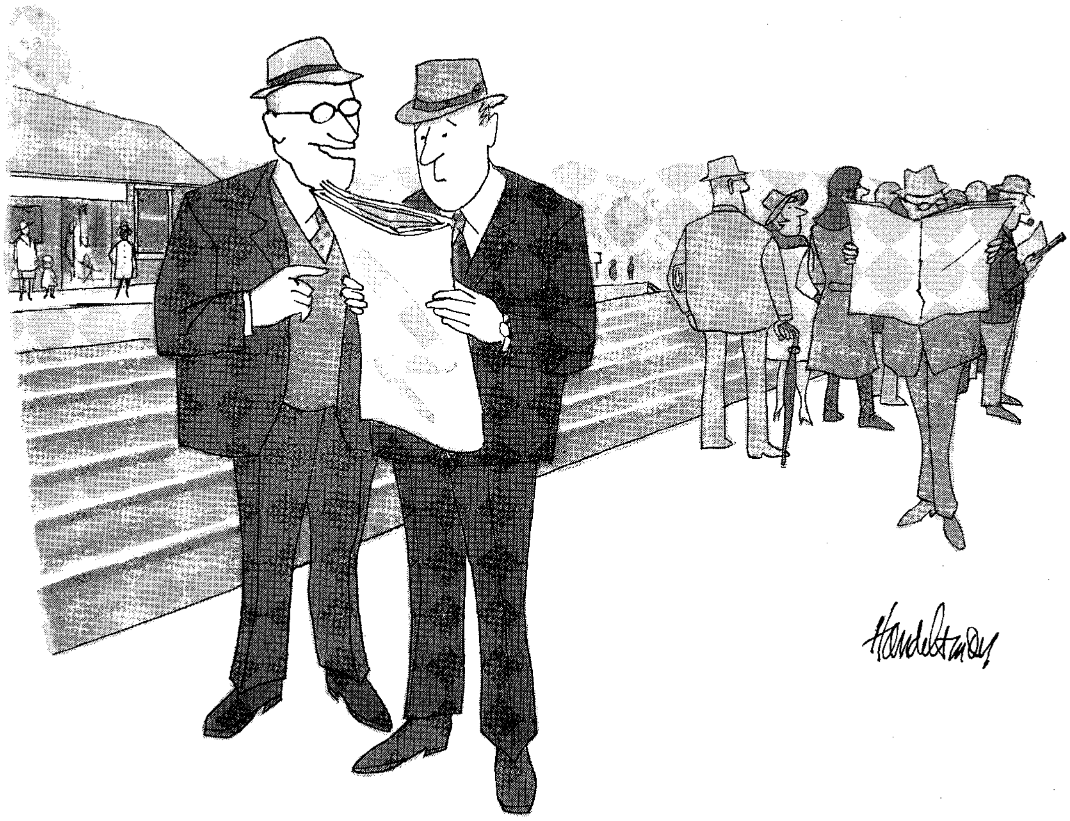
"Would you?"

"Of course. Look, it'll take me a little while, but I'll call you as soon as I can. Go and make yourself a pot of tea. Whatever the news is, I'll come over and stay with you tonight."

"You're a good boy." She was crying again. The line went dead.

I walked out of the station and turned down the narrow side street where I had left my car. My flat, a ten-minute drive away, would be a better place for making a long-distance phone call than the station kiosk.

You're a good boy, she'd said. And yet she must have known perfectly well why I always ring her up from a public phone box—we have to be brief, both of us aware all the time of the other people waiting to use it. Sometimes, after only two or three minutes, I've had to tell her that there's somebody tapping on the door and I'll have



"Don't you understand? We are always the 'Allies.' We've been the 'Allies' ever since the First World War."

to ring off. But I always ring her, every week without fail.

The pubs had just closed. From adjacent streets and vacant lots behind high walls came fragments of laughter, shouted goodbyes, crisp slammings of car doors. I unlocked my car, threw my case in the back seat, started the engine, and drove quietly away.

By the time I reached the main road, a fine rain had begun to fall. Slender columns of sodium street lamps stood tall in their orange lambency, elegant but unreal, creatures of deep ocean. I felt a beginning nausea, and remembered how when I first went to school my mother had to place her hand hard against my stomach while I sobbed and retched in the market square. Every morning, at the first smell from the fish stalls, I convulsed in her grip. The school, the smell, the half-ripped poster on the hoarding—they would never go away. Her hand hard on my stomach. I had to see the cod, the herring, the heavy dark coils of conger while I retched but could not be sick. I pulled up outside my flat and got out of the car, leaving my case of overnight things in the back.

AN EMERITUS ADDRESSES THE SCHOOL

No one can wish nothing.
Even that death wish sophomores
are nouveau-glib about
reaches for a change of notice.

"I'll have you know," it will say
thirty years later to its son,
"I was once widely recognized
for the quality of my death wish."

That was before three years
of navel-reading with a guru
who reluctantly concluded
some souls *are* bank tellers—

perhaps more than one would think
at the altitude of Intro. Psych.,
or turned on to a first *raga*,
or joining Polyglots Anonymous.

One trouble with this year's
avant-garde is that it has already
taken it forty years to be behind
the avant-garde of the twenties,

with the Crash yet to come.
And even free souls buy wives,
fall in love with automobiles,
and marry a mortgage.

At fifty, semi-sustained by bourbon,
you wonder what the kids see
in that Galactic Twang
they dance the Cosmic Kong to.

You will have forgotten such energy,
its illusion of violent freedoms.
You must suffer memory
to understanding in the blare

of a music that tires you.
There does come a death wish,
but you will be trapped by your
begetting, love what you have given,

be left waiting in a noise
for the word that must be whispered.
No one can wish nothing. You can
learn to wish for so little

that a word might turn you
all the bent ways to love, its mercies
practiced, its one day at a time
begun and lived and slept on and begun.

—JOHN CIARDI

• •

MY grandmother was still alive, they told me. She was sometimes conscious, coherent even, but her heart was flickering and she might go at any time. Was it worth our coming up? They weren't prepared to say; it was up to us. She'd had only one visitor, a lady, who hadn't been back since the night before. Perhaps there ought to be someone near—not that there was anything anyone could do. She had everything she needed. She was as comfortable as could be expected. A matter of time. She could go at any time.

I rang my mother and told her. "Thank God for that," she said. "Thank God. Then perhaps she'll last out till we get there."

"Shall I drive you up?" I asked. "Is that what you want?" I thought of the five-hour journey, the two of us alone in the car. "Or would you sooner go by train? The train's just as fast. I could find out the time of an express from London."

"Whatever you think best, dear. I think I'd sooner go in your car, though."

"All right, then."

"You can please yourself when you've got a car. Start out when you like. Stop when you feel like stopping."

"How do you feel now?"

"Much better, thank you, Victor. There's no need for you to bother to come over here tonight. You've had a trying day. You stay where you are and get some rest."

"All right, then, if you say so."

"Are you sure you can spare the time to take me tomorrow?"

"Of course I can. Tuesday. My day off. I never have anything to do on Tuesdays."

"I thought you said you did sometimes. Odd jobs to clear up."

"Nothing that can't wait. For heaven's sake, Mother, taking you up to Bromsgrove tomorrow is *important*. Surely I can—"

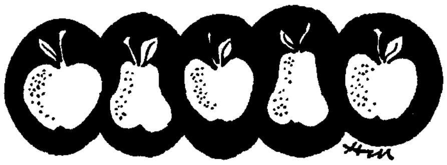
"It's just that I don't like to impose on you. You're always so busy."

I couldn't think of anything to answer. "Well, I suppose we'd both better get some sleep," I said. "I'll be round for you at nine, or just after."

"I'll have some sandwiches for us, and a flask of coffee."

"No, don't trouble to do that—we'll find a café on the way."

"It's already packed. I did it after you rang me from the station. I thought it would save a bit of time in the morning. Good night, my dear."



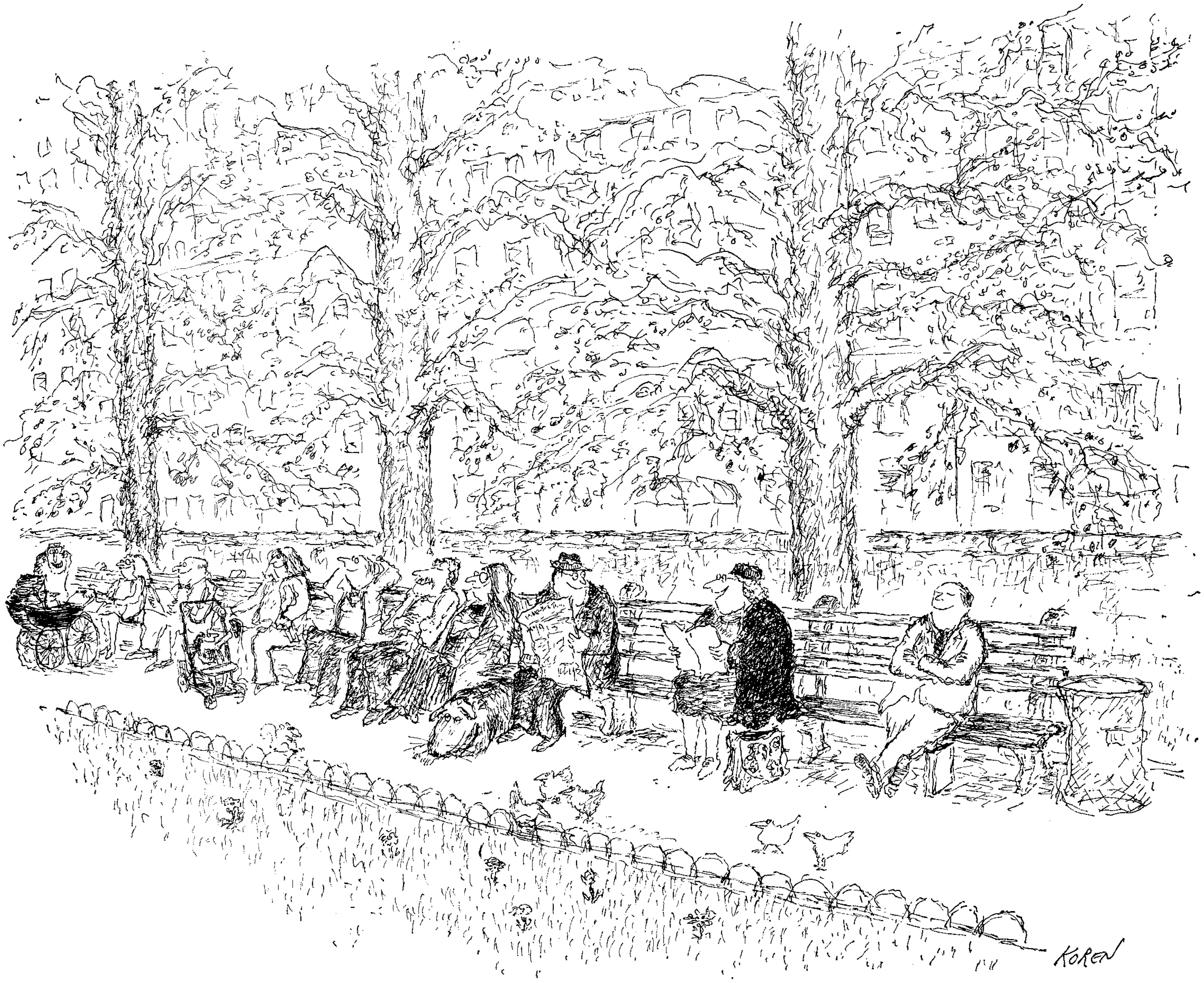
"Good night, Mother. And don't you worry. I'll get you there."

She was beginning to say something else, but I put the receiver down. I went outside then, to put the car away and collect my case. The street lamps had all gone out; it must have been after midnight. Drizzle in the wind fell out of the dark.

I SLEPT well. With the sun hot on my face, I woke early, feeling much better about the prospect of the long drive north. Over breakfast, I worked out a pleasant route for us to take to Worcestershire. Somewhere on the banks of the upper Thames, some quiet backwater half shaded with willow trees, we'd stop for our lunch. She'd like that.

As I drove, I began to feel content—glad, even—that I had this opportunity to do something for her. When I stopped at a garage to fill up and to check the tires, I put the car through the automatic car wash so that it would look clean and shining when she came out. I walked round the house and let myself in by the back door. She wasn't in the kitchen or the sitting room. I called up the stairs.

She didn't answer, but I could hear her moving about, her heavy tread over the old, reverberant boards. "It's a most beautiful day!" I shouted. "Just



"Air clean enough for you today?"

• •

right for a nice long drive. Mother? I bet the countryside's looking really green and fresh after last night's rain."

I went back to the kitchen. On the table was a straw basket containing packets of sandwiches, biscuits, apples, a vacuum flask, and a pint bottle of milk. I took the basket out to the car. Coming back up the path, I noticed that she hadn't yet drawn her bedroom curtains. The window, shut tight and curtained in the fierce morning sunshine, seemed somehow disturbing. I went into the sitting room, and stood by the fireplace to wait for her. There on the mantelpiece were her four favorite pictures of me as a small boy, two each side of the framed picture of her wedding group.

"Hello, Victor. I'm nearly ready. Just my hair."

I hadn't heard her come into the room. I turned and saw her white face close to me, and the gray, wild hair she was smoothing with one hand. I kissed her cheek.

"How did you sleep?" she said. "I had a most terrible night. It was starting to get light before I dropped off. Then I must have slept through the alarm. I'd be there now if you hadn't shouted up the stairs. What was it you were saying? I was so flustered I didn't pay attention. Tell me again while I'm doing my hair." She stood in front of the mirror and began to brush the back of her head with the oval brush, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, that she'd had for as long as I could remember. If I'd ever bought her a new hairbrush, she would have put it in a drawer, still in its box, and gone on using her old one.

"Just that it's a beautiful day," I said. "I didn't realize you weren't up."

"But I hadn't even drawn the curtains. Didn't you notice?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, then." She was pinning her hair at the side—deft, impatient jabs.

"The back door was open."

"What?"

"Never mind. I'll go and put the kettle on. Make you a cup of tea."

"No. All I want is a glass of water in a minute, and some aspirins."

"I'll get it for you."

"No. I'll do it. You sit down. I've just been thinking. You see this photograph?"

"The wedding group?"

She had hairpins in her mouth. I waited while she fought a few short, difficult strands into place. "How many people on it?" she asked.

"Eight, aren't there?"

She put down the brush and picked up the photograph. "That's right," she said. "Eight. And if your grandmother dies, I'll be the only one left of them. There's a thing, now." She said it not sorrowfully but with a kind of snappy defiance. She wasn't going to cry. She dusted the frame and the glass with her handkerchief, and put the picture back in its place.

MOST of the way to the Thames Valley, she slept. When she woke up at intervals, she didn't say much except to ask me how far we'd gone, how far we still had to go. One time, I shook her gently so that she wouldn't miss the startling effect of sunlight falling through a close avenue of beeches; she just stared about her, irritated and bewildered, and then closed her eyes again.

I wanted to ask her where she intended to stay the night. We hadn't made any plans. Perhaps we'd go to Pauline's, in Birmingham, but I doubted it, for my mother had never got on with her sister-in-law—particularly since two years ago, when Uncle Alfred died. Almost certainly we'd stay in Grandmother's house. My mother would sleep in her bed, and I'd have the sofa.

It was ten years or more since either of us had been in that house, but I could remember the color, the texture, and the pattern of the fabric covering that sofa. I slept on it the night after Grandfather's funeral. His death had upset me, and I slept badly. Each time I woke up, I put on the light and looked at my watch and lay for several minutes, tracing the fern-leaf pattern on the sofa with my thumbnail, and thinking of my mother and grandmother upstairs together in the big brass double bed. I'd wondered whether my mother was asleep. Grandmother was; I heard her snoring all through the night. After the funeral, she'd drunk half a dozen bottles of stout, and Mother and I had had to help her up the stairs. She'd been laughing and shouting terrible things about that kind, mild old man, my grandfather. "Thank God he's out of the way!" she'd said. "Now I'll be able to please myself." I couldn't tell whether her words came from hysterical grief or whether she really meant them. But I believe she meant them. I lay on the sofa, listening to her long, rhythmic snores, thinking, *Why couldn't it have been her instead?*

Suddenly I had to brake hard to avoid a car that had pulled out from a side road. Mother's handbag fell onto the floor, and she woke up, frightened, gripping the safety belt.

"It's all right," I said. "Don't be alarmed. That damn-fool driver cut out in front of me, that's all." I was a little shaken myself; for a mile or two I kept my speed down to under thirty. I thought she might go to sleep again, but she didn't. Each time a car overtook us, she glanced anxiously past me. She tried to reach her bag and pick it up, but the safety belt was too tight round her. "Tell you what I thought about last night, Mother?" I said after a while.

"What?"

"When I was a little boy, just starting school. I always felt sick on the way through the marketplace, by the fish stalls. You used to hold my stomach in, helping me."

"That was about the time your poor father died."

"I don't remember that. I remember all those boxes of fish. Bulging eyes. Horrible. I used to wonder why we always had to go past them instead of walking round a different way."

"It was only for a few days."

"Seemed like ages to me."

"You soon got used to it. It would have taken ages to get to the school without going through the market."

"I used to think there wouldn't be any fish the next day, but there always was."

"I used to make you smell the flowers at the flower stall. Remember that?"

"No."

"Oh, yes. And the lemons and oranges."

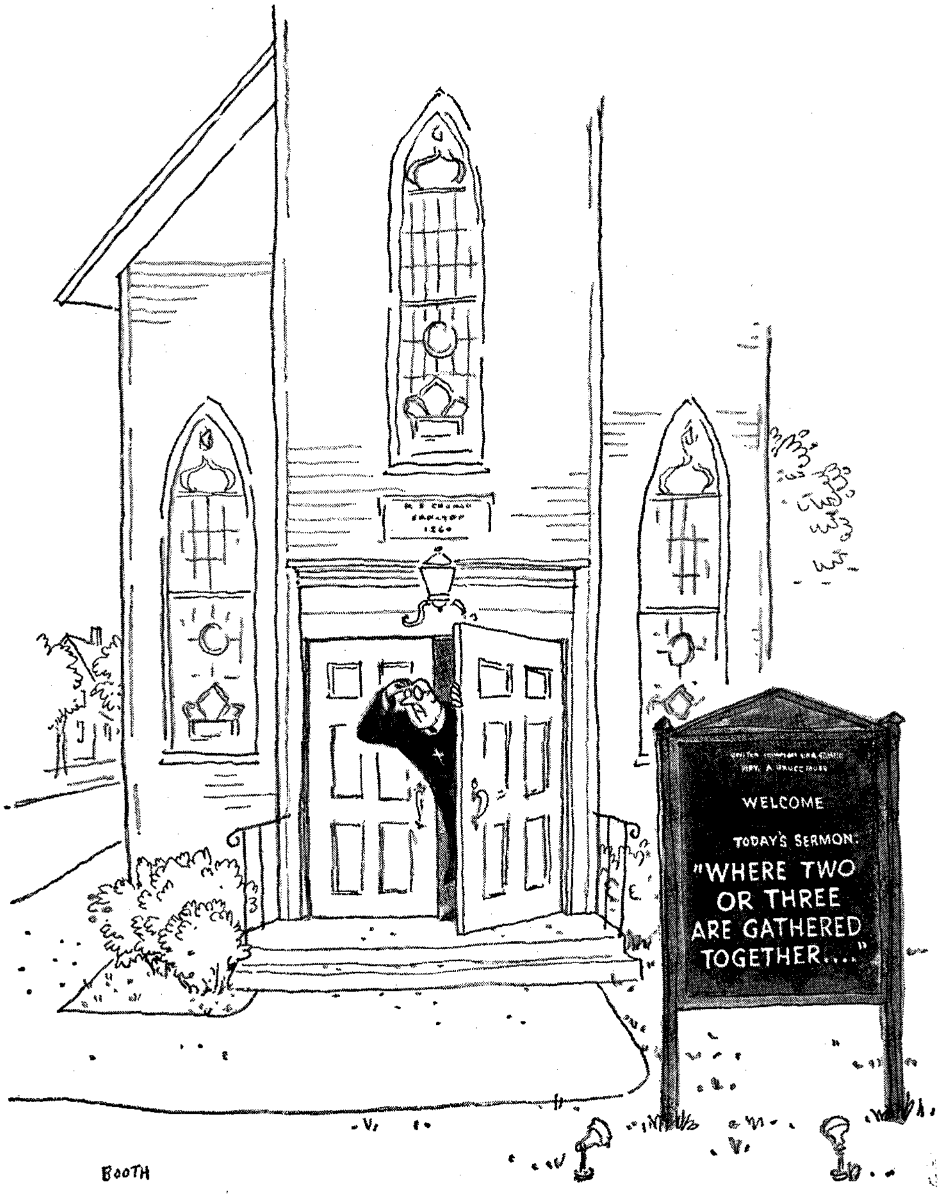
"*Not them. Only the fish.*"

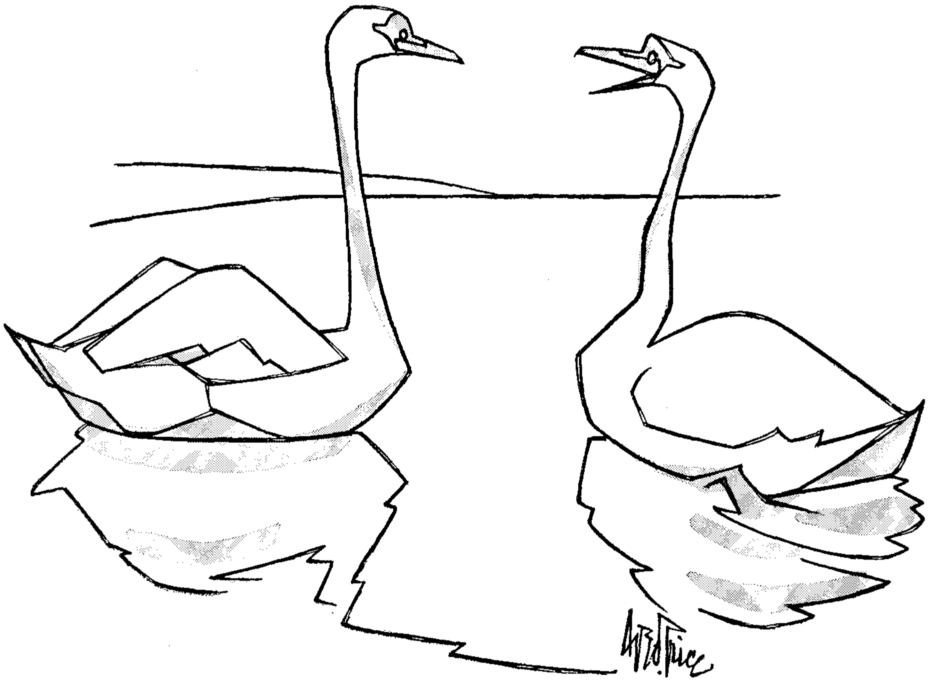
"I could do with a cup of coffee. Shall we stop somewhere soon and have our lunch?"

"Yes. I thought I'd find a nice spot somewhere near the river. It's not far now. There's a place a few miles off the main road where the river twists back on itself nearly."

"Anywhere will do. We don't want to be too long. We seem to have been travelling for hours and hours. I thought the journey would be quicker if I tried to sleep."

"But we've made quite good time.


WELCOME
TODAY'S SERMON:
"WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER...."
BOOTH



"Thank you. You're aging gracefully yourself."

• •

I know what it's like, though. Yesterday, on the train—"

"Look, there's a lay-by. That'll do."

"All right."

"Some other time you can drive me to somewhere nice for a picnic."

"All right."

"When we're not in any hurry."

I stopped in the lay-by, pulling up next to a litter bin so full that empty cans, crushed cartons, and yellowing newspapers had fallen all round it. The leaves of the hawthorn hedge behind it were almost white with road dust. I took from my jacket pocket the paper that I'd bought in the station the evening before, and spread it open against the steering wheel. Mother passed sandwiches to me, and biscuits, and a cup of coffee. I concentrated on every item on the page: the bridge and chess problems, the theatre announcements, the Births, Marriages, and Deaths. In ten minutes, we'd finished. I left my apple on the shelf behind the dashboard. When I swung the car out again into the road, it rolled along the shelf to my mother's side. She put it back into the basket before she fixed her safety belt again.

We drove along fast for several miles, without speaking. Before long, we'd be in Worcestershire.

"I don't think I ought to come into the hospital with you, Mother," I said. "I've got a bit of a cold. It wouldn't be right for me to take any infection in. Besides, she'll probably only be allowed one visitor. What do you think?"

"You do what you think best, dear. She's never meant much to you, after all, has she?"

"It isn't that. I thought you might like to be with her on your own."

"Not really."

"I'll come in if you want me to. Shouldn't, though, with this cold."

"It's going to be difficult. You remember that terrible row?"

"Yes. I never knew what it was all about, though. What sparked it off?"

"Something I said. I'd never got over what she said after your grandfather's funeral."

"No. That was dreadful. I tried to put it down to the shock."

"It might have been. But she was always like that. Always going on about being independent. When I was fourteen, she couldn't get rid of me fast enough. I had to go into service. That was my first job."

"I never knew that. Did you have to wear one of those little starched caps?"

"And then, when I met your father—I was just sixteen—she said I wasn't to tie myself down to a man, like she had done. The things she tried to do to stop our wedding you wouldn't believe. All that got raked up when we had that row. It had been boiling up for years. And her meanness to you, her only grandson. She never gave you a present but bits and pieces she'd picked up cheap at jumble sales. Broken toys and old, grubby Teddy bears. When your father died, she didn't send me a penny to help out. She's always been like that. Hard and unloving. I shouldn't be saying things like this, I know. But it's the truth, and no use pretending otherwise."

"Poor old Grandfather. He must have had a hard time of it. I liked him very much. It's a pity I couldn't have seen more of him before he died."

"He used to say how he'd come and stay with me when he retired. Just him, on his own. But he never got the chance. She wouldn't let him."

"That's strange. You'd have thought she'd have been pleased—she could have had the house to herself."

"That wasn't the point, though. She wanted it both ways. She couldn't bear to think she was missing anything. I couldn't be like that. It taught me one thing, I believe. I've never tried to interfere one way or the other with anything you've ever wanted to do. I'm always there if you want me. But you've got your own life to lead and you're entitled to do as you please, without any fear that I'm going to try and influence what you decide. I've put a few pounds away, in case you ever had a difficult spell. If you were to get married sometime, it would be useful. My mother, now, she's never been short of money. I suppose it'll all come to me, now that I don't really need it. Everything always comes too late."

"Not far now."

"Still, she is my mother, after all. And I suppose she can't help being as she is. Silly to think otherwise. I hope we're in time. I wouldn't like to think of her dying before I saw her again. She's got nobody else. You can't let people die like that, estranged. I wonder whether I could take her anything."

"They said on the phone that she'd got everything she needed."

"No, I meant flowers or something. Something she could look at after I've gone. It doesn't have to be anything much. Perhaps there'll be a flower stall at the hospital entrance. There often is."

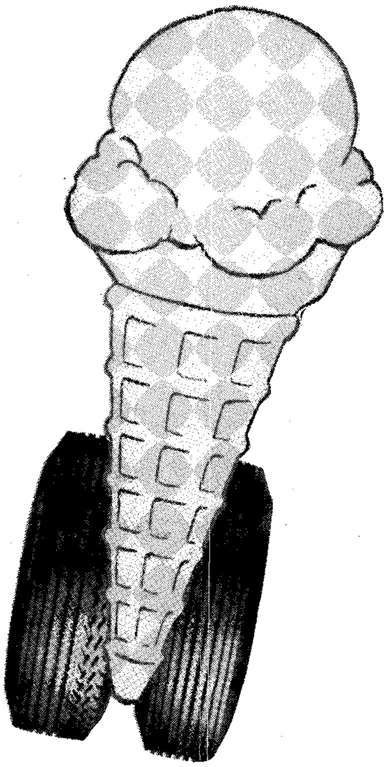
But when we drove into the hospital forecourt, we saw no flower sellers. I said that I'd walk down to the shops while my mother was in the ward. I knew the sort of thing she wanted. If I couldn't find a florist, I'd look around the other shops until I came across something suitable.

"Give her my love," I said, "and tell her about my cold. I'll be back here with something for her in about half an hour."

"Anything will do," my mother said.

—TED WALKER

A NATION OF WHEELS

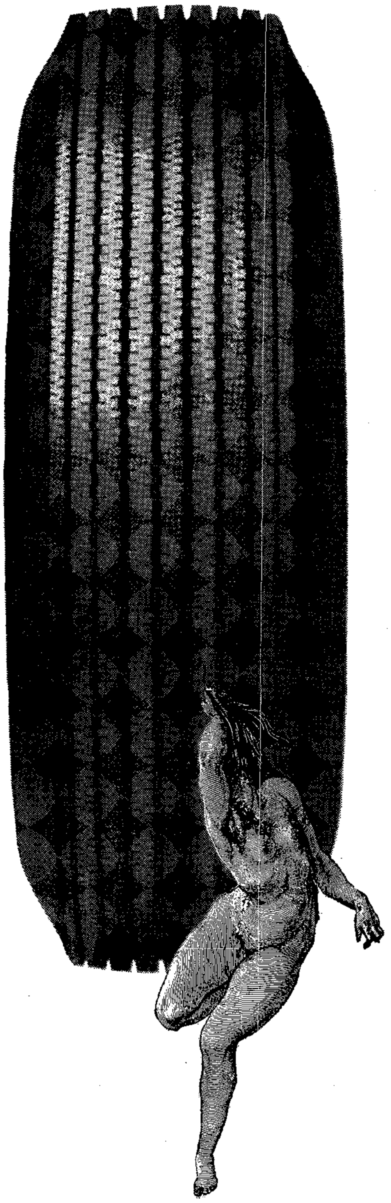


With the invention of vulcanization by Goodyear in 1839, it became possible to obtain a rubber that retained a high degree of resilience over a wide range of temperatures. This development had its most important application in the rubber automobile tire. America quickly became *a nation of wheels.*

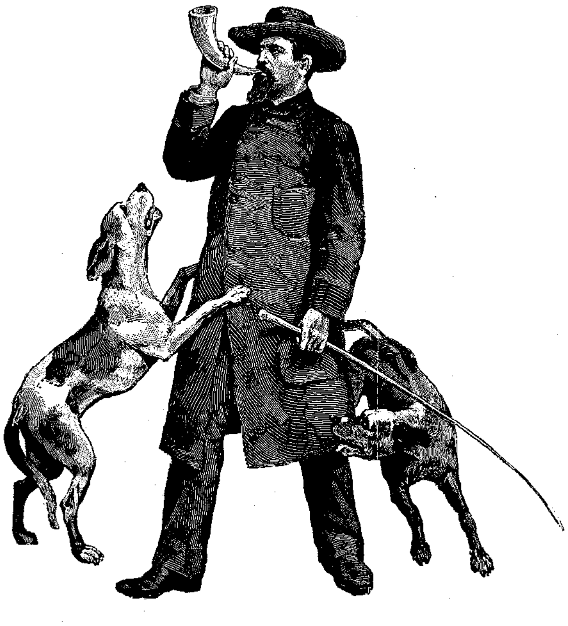
Originally linked to the internal-combustion engine to provide cheap individual transportation, the wheel assumed near-autonomous status in the nineteen-seventies with the arrival of (1) self-powering devices and (2) the so-called "elastic consciousness."

The interface of man and machine had long before produced a sort of shared mental activity. The human factor had been, however, dominant. Men had been "calling the shots." But now a product of technology had developed "a mind of its own." Human factors found this disquieting in the extreme.

First manifestation of the wheel's new self-regard was the sudden appearance, in every area of the country, of hundreds of Welcome Wagons that seemed to be directed by no human agency. These, with implacable good will, carried warm greetings into every American home. But from whom?

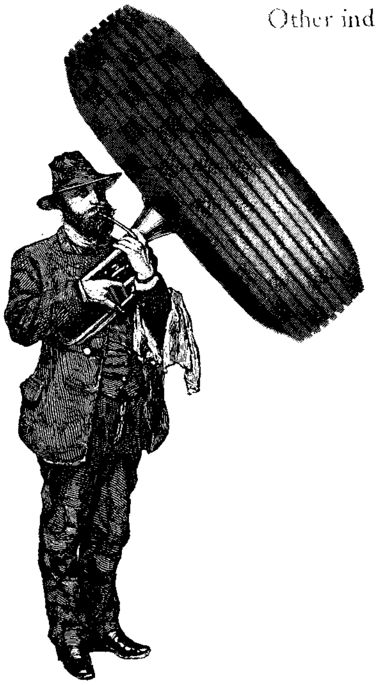


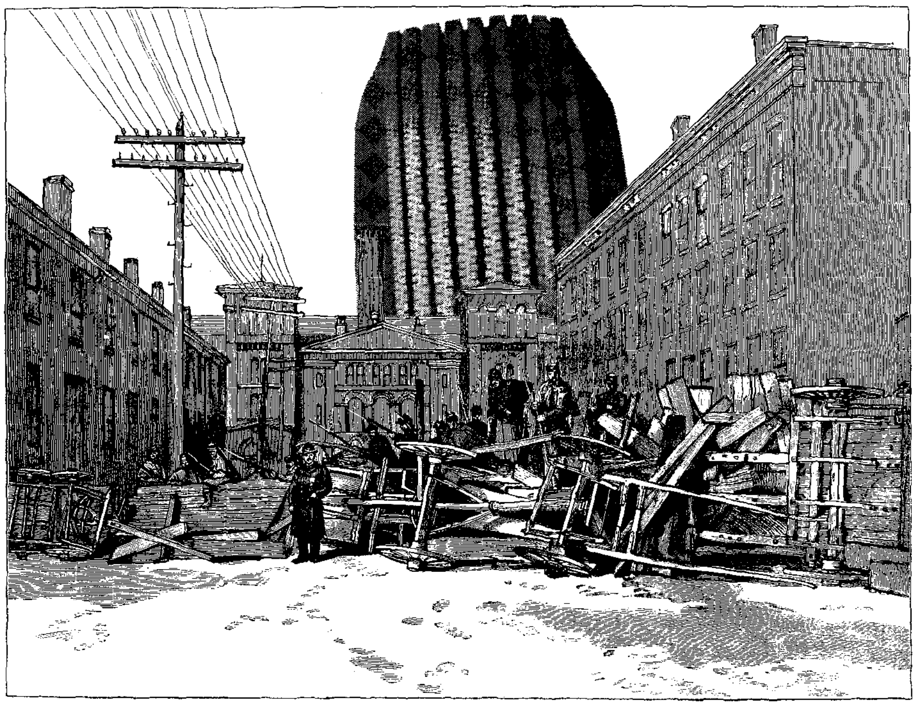
It rapidly became clear that a technological revolution of an order of magnitude beyond anything previously imaginable had taken place. Moreover, behavior of the revolutionaries tended to be distressingly value-free. A number of "incidents" were recorded.



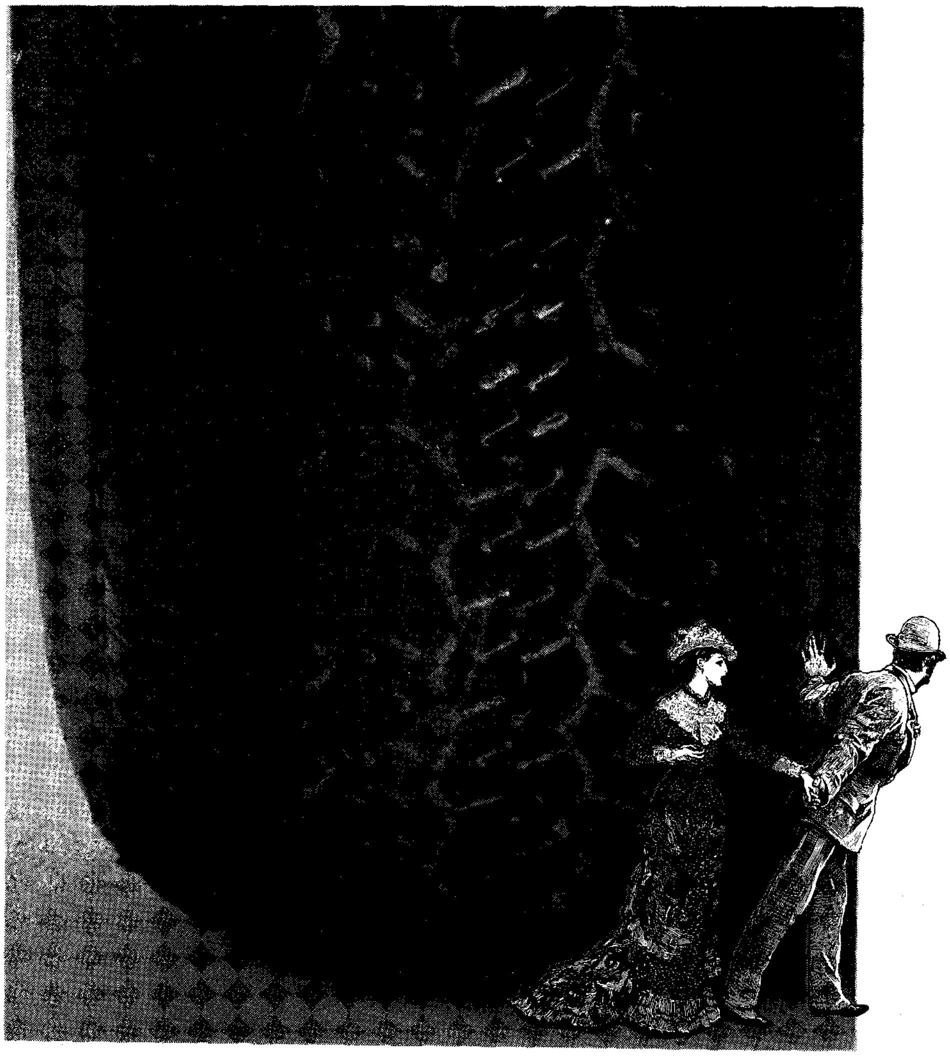
Tradition-oriented individuals sounded the alarm.

Other individuals were quickly co-opted.

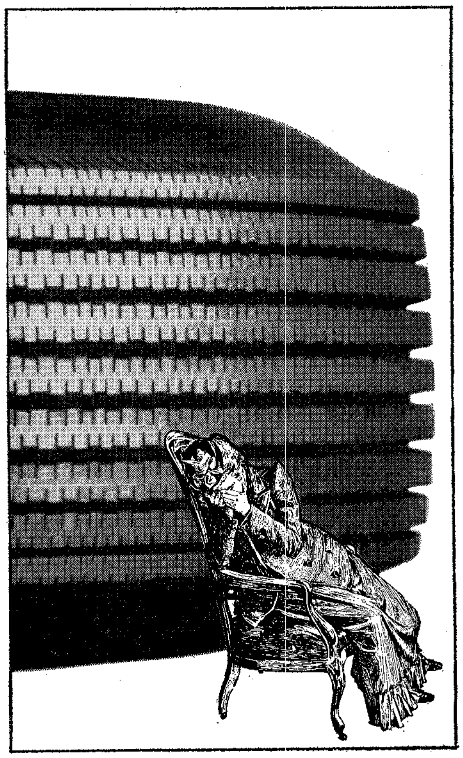




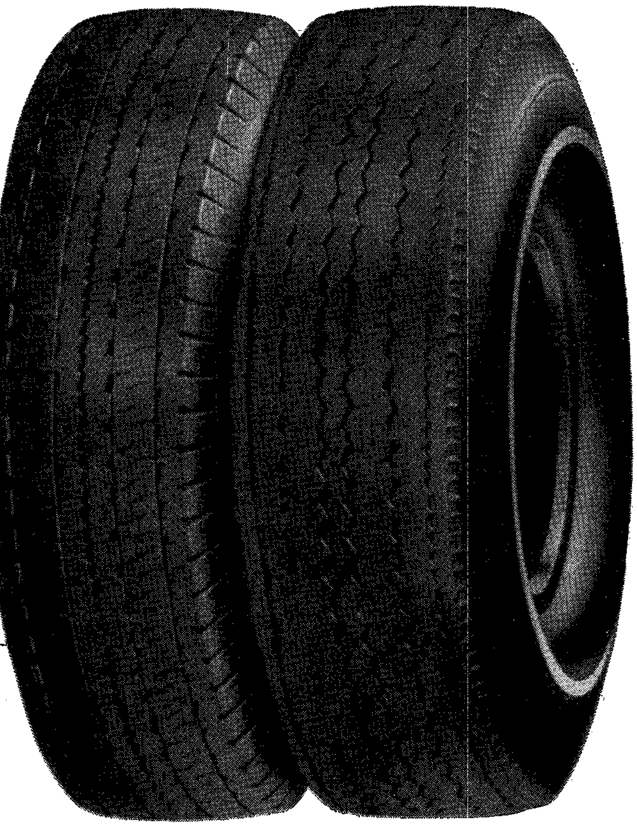
All defenses were found to be penetrable.



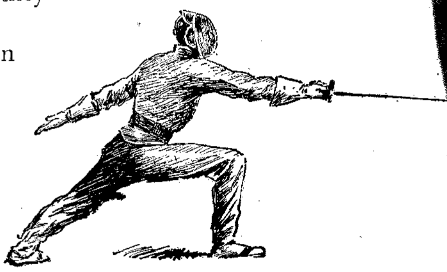
Resistance ended.
The streets belonged
to the wheels. Human
beings ventured out of
their homes only with
the greatest timidity.
A committee of wheels
met to formulate a list
of non-negotiable demands.
A spokesman said,
"Guidance of the
Vehicle of State
requires the most
subtle intelligence
the culture offers.
We want a wheel
at the wheel."
The new President
was acclaimed by
nearly everyone.



People who had, in the past, suffered from technophobia suffered even more. Others took other positions. Things were not so bad. Things could be worse. Worse things could be imagined. Worse things had been endured, and triumphed over, in the past. This was not the worst. The worst was yet to come.



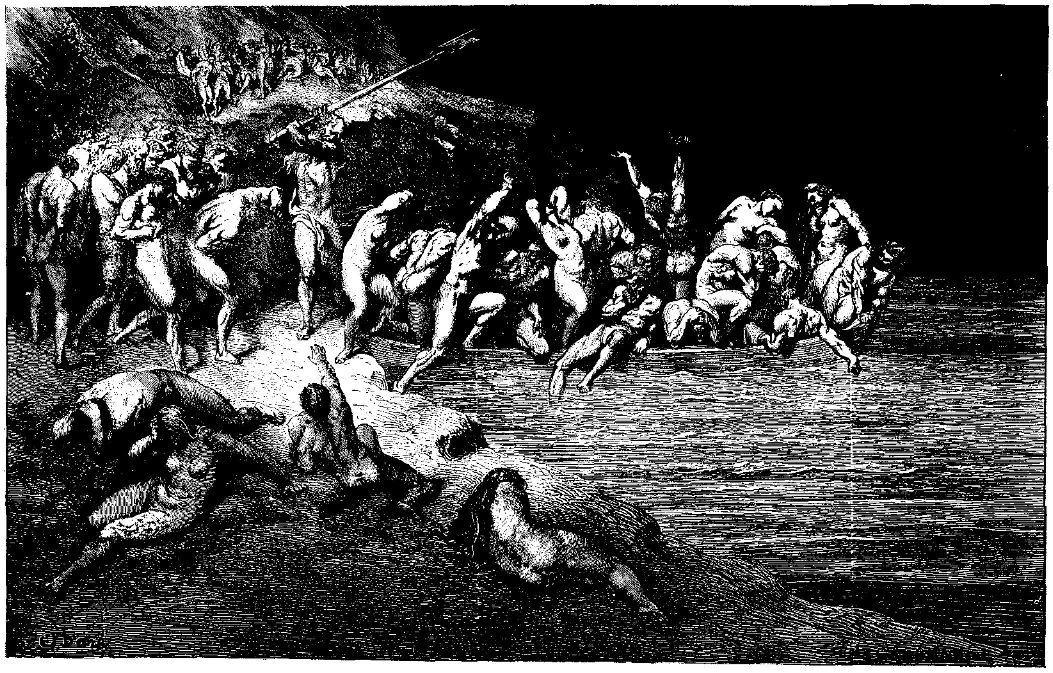
A few hotheads engaged in acts of defiance. These acts, the wheels said, were "D'Artagnanistic" and objectively useless. A technological revolution, they explained, cannot be successfully resisted. It can only be supplanted, by another technological revolution.



Nevertheless, the secret police were everywhere.

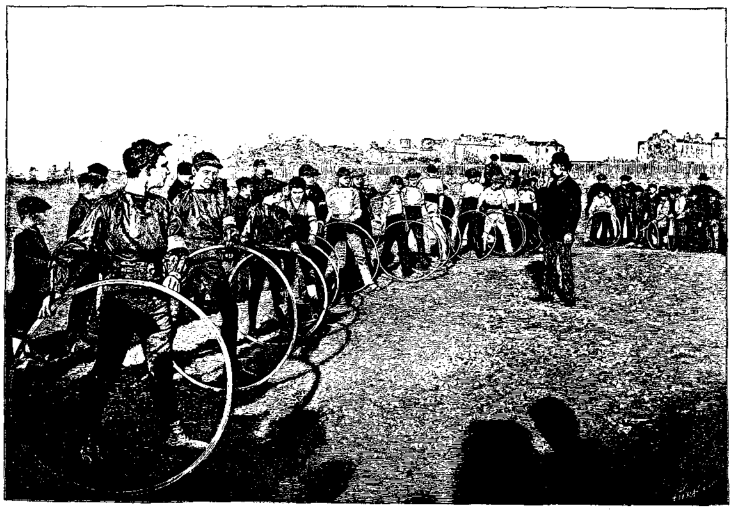
What the wheels wanted, and obtained, was *Lebensraum.* Structures of all kinds were demolished to provide more space for freeways, throughways, parkways, and expressways. Parking lots proliferated. Soon entire cities were being bulldozed into rubble to make way for miles and miles of new concrete.

Finally, only a thin ribbon of human space remained, running from Augusta, Maine, to San Diego, California, and bound on both sides by limitless savannas of gray.

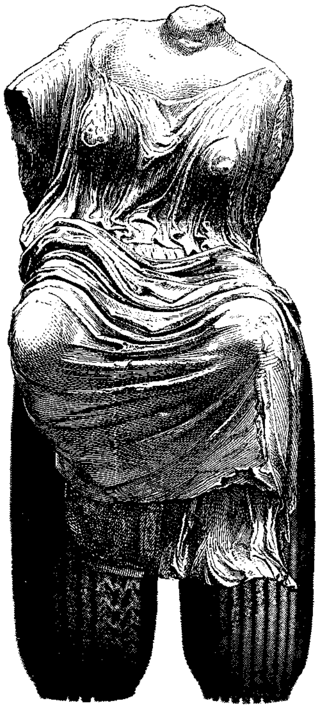


The Departure from Baltimore.

A class in wheel appreciation.



The inevitable work of rewriting the history of the culture proceeded apace. "America is *based on* the wheel," the President said, "and furthermore, it always was." The museums mysteriously filled with artifacts supporting this thesis.



The Venus of Akron.

Human beings, nose-to-nose in their tiny spaces, reacted in predictable ways: "Things could be worse." "Worse things could be imagined." "This is not the worst." "The worst is yet to come." Propinquity was redefined as desirable, lack of space as a higher good. "Tight is right," people said.

But now stretches of pavement have been whispering to each other.
"Why wheels?" they say.
"What do we need them for?"
"A perfectly paved globe . . ."

—DONALD BARTHELME

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PRAIRIE DOG AND THE BLACK-FOOTED FERRET

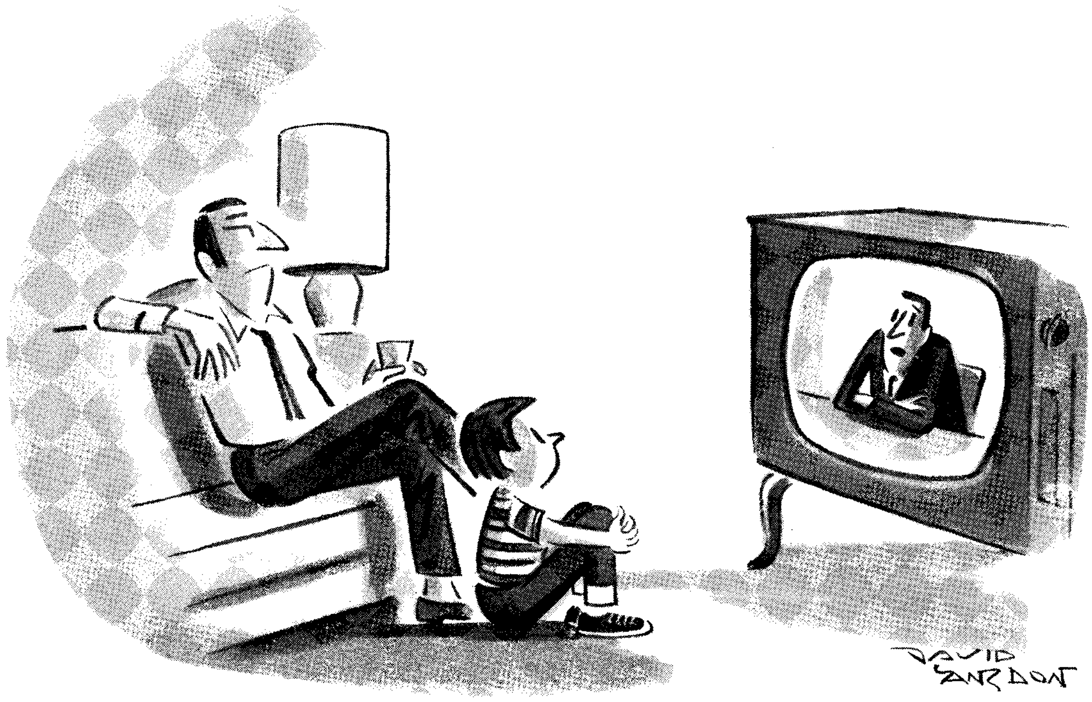
Bill Pullins is a tough, old, red-faced outdoorsman who works for the United States Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife in southern South Dakota. He lives in White River, a town with few paved streets, and drives out into the countryside to do his work. Pullins' district is made up of rolling green plains covered with buffalo grass and marked here and there by soft hills and wooded bottomlands. It is beautiful country—still wide and open. The population is made up of Sioux Indians and of white ranchers who have bought or leased Indian land to raise cattle and a few sheep. The wild-animal life is varied. There are coyotes, foxes, skunks, badgers, bobcats, raccoons, many birds, and a number of rodents. There are still a few survivors of what was once a vast population of the fat brown burrowing ground squirrels called prairie dogs. Dealing with all this fauna is Pullins' job. During his boyhood, on a ranch, he became a skillful hunter and trapper. After working for a time as a cowboy and a ranch hand, he found that there was a demand for his knowledge of the habits and manners of wild animals, and for thirty years he has worked for the federal government. In the early days, he was called a trapper. Later, his job was dignified with the title of Mammal-Control Agent, and recently the title was changed to District Field Assistant. Whatever it has been called, the job has remained the same—to destroy, by poison, trap, or gun, wild animals whose presence is an economic burden or an annoyance to the landowners in his district.

On the afternoon of August 7, 1964, Pullins paid a professional call on a rancher named Earl Adrian, who runs cattle on ten thousand acres a few miles south of White River. Adrian wanted Pullins to get rid of some prairie dogs. Prairie dogs live on open grassland, where they dig burrows, each surrounded by a carefully constructed mound of bare earth. They are communal animals, and they dig their burrows within chirping distance of each other, to form what is called a prairie-dog town. Under certain conditions, these towns may spread out to cover hundreds of acres. The prairie dogs feed on succulent grasses around their burrows. The extent to which they rob cattle of forage has never been determined, but grass is usually cropped short where there are prairie-dog towns, and ever since cattlemen came to the plains it has been axiomatic that prairie dogs are a nuisance and should be exterminated. Pullins had poisoned Adrian's dog town some years previously, but the population had recovered, and now it spread over about three hundred acres. When Pullins got to the ranch, Adrian's son, Dick, took him out to look over the town. The two stood on a small rise while Pullins tried to estimate the size of the poisoning job. Here and there, the plump, short-legged little beasts sat erect on their haunches atop their small earthen battlements, while others foraged in the grass.

Suddenly, Pullins saw something else—an animal that he had sighted no more than a dozen times in his life. The animal sat up, staring at him; it had a long, supple, minklike body and a small, round head. "From a distance, it looked straight and thin, like a short stake stuck in the ground," Pullins said later. As the men drew closer, the creature seemed more curious than afraid. It had light-brown fur contrasting with black paws, and across its face was a striking black mask, like that of a raccoon. It stared out of large, round shoe-button eyes, and then suddenly took off, in quick, gracefully undulating bounds, and disappeared down a prairie-dog hole. Pullins told Dick Adrian that the animal was a black-footed ferret. These ferrets, he said, lived in prairie-dog towns, and they were very scarce. For the past ten years or so, the National Park Service had been trying to capture some to stock suitable parks, and hadn't had any luck. In fact, some people thought the ferret was nearly extinct.

As soon as he could, Pullins got word to Walter H. Kittams, a biologist employed by the National Park Service in Omaha, Nebraska, who had long searched for ferrets himself, and who had asked Pullins and other trappers in ferret territory to let him know if they sighted one. Kittams thanked Pullins warmly and asked him to hold off poisoning the dog town. He couldn't come to South Dakota himself, he said, but he would send someone to investigate the ferret. Then Kittams phoned a ranger named Bob Powell, who was in charge of wildlife management at the Badlands National Monument, some seventy-five miles northwest of White River. A day or two later, Powell drove to Adrian's ranch, stationed himself on the dog town, and spent the day scanning the rolling sea of short grass with binoculars, watching the comings and goings of the prairie dogs and searching, in vain, for the small, slim silhouette of the ferret. Although ferrets do appear in daylight, Powell suspected that they might be more active at night, so after dark he cruised over the dog town in a pickup truck, hoping to catch the gleam of the ferret's eyes in the beam of a searchlight. The first day and night were fruitless, and so were the second. Powell grew weary, discouraged, and annoyed. He wondered if Pullins had really seen a ferret; if he had, perhaps it had been a transient, and was now long gone. He spent a third night, and still no ferret appeared. In the morning, just as he was collecting his gear to leave, Powell looked up and saw what was unmistakably a ferret sitting up and staring at him from a prairie-dog hole a couple of hundred feet away. Powell picked up his camera and quickly photographed the ferret. Then the animal disappeared. Highly pleased, Powell drove off with his prize.

Kittams had also phoned a friend of his, a biologist named F. Robert Henderson, who worked for the South Dakota Department of Game, Fish, and Parks. He had talked with Henderson in the past about the importance of finding ferrets before they vanished entirely, and Henderson had shown great interest. When Henderson heard about Pullins' sighting, he was excited, and he promised to follow it up. He enlisted a photographer named Glen Titus, and they, too, went in search of the ferret. It failed to appear, but on a tip from a ranch hand they spotted a mother ferret with four young on a dog town three miles to the north, also on Adrian's ranch, and succeeded in filming the whole family. "The existence of the black-footed ferret was now official," Henderson has since said. "I hoped this would stir up the Bureau in Washington to do something to protect the species. As for me, I was greatly excited. I knew I had seen one of the rarest and most mysterious little mammals in the world—one that had hardly been studied at all. I decided I'd study it myself—on my own time, if necessary. I was all fired up to help save the ferret. I had no idea what a heartbreaker that was going to be."



"In the violence that follows, the fights are carefully staged, all punches are pulled, and tomato ketchup is used wherever called for."

PULLINS' discovery of the ferret occurred during a particularly eventful period in wildlife affairs, and at a particularly embarrassing moment for his employers, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. That year, a project to protect wildlife in danger of extinction was coming to fruition, and in early July—a month before Pullins spotted the ferret—Stewart L. Udall, the Secretary of the Interior, had announced that the Bureau was compiling a list of "rare or endangered" animals. *Mustela nigripes*, the black-footed ferret, stood out as one of the species that were in most imminent peril. Thus, the welfare of the ferrets on the Adrian ranch, and of whatever relatives they might have, became an official responsibility of the Bureau. Unofficially, it became a small but persistent headache. The headache arose from the fact that it was the Bureau itself—with its force of agents like Pullins—that had brought the species to the brink of extinction. This had come about because of a peculiarity of the ferret's way of life. *Mustela nigripes* lives almost exclusively among prairie dogs, depending on them for food and shelter. It is logical to assume that where the prairie dog is destroyed so is the ferret. The Bureau had never purposely poisoned ferrets, but it had conducted campaigns against prairie dogs for many years, and the ferret's numbers had dwindled along with the prairie dogs. The Bureau's plans to poison prairie dogs on thousands of acres of South Dakota—the home of the only known remaining ferrets—could quite easily be the coup de grâce.

The Bureau's peculiar duality in its policy on wildlife, which seeks on the one hand to conserve and on the other to destroy large segments of our animal population, is of long standing. It is one of the ironies of this country's system of dealing with wildlife that the agency charged with protecting it is also directed by Congress to destroy "predators and rodents," and does so on a vast scale. Since the lives of all animals are interrelated, and since a great many of our native species are either predators or rodents, it is obvious that to kill predators and rodents while preserving "wildlife" is an impossible trick. The conflict of purposes has always been apparent, but the case of the ferret put it tidily in a nutshell. In fact, *Mustela nigripes* has brought on a crisis in what was already a bad case of governmental schizophrenia.

Like most such cases, this one was a long time developing, but it has become acute as a result of the relatively new concept that animals have a value aside from what can be computed in dollars. This idea, of course, is directly contrary to the notion that tangible value is all that matters, and the accompanying belief that anything that costs anyone money—a coyote that eats a sheep, for instance, or a prairie dog that takes up space on the range—must be destroyed. Conservationists, who beg for recognition of the intangible value—scientific, ecological, and aesthetic—of wild fauna, are continually coming up against practices and ideas evolved solely from the economics of the past.

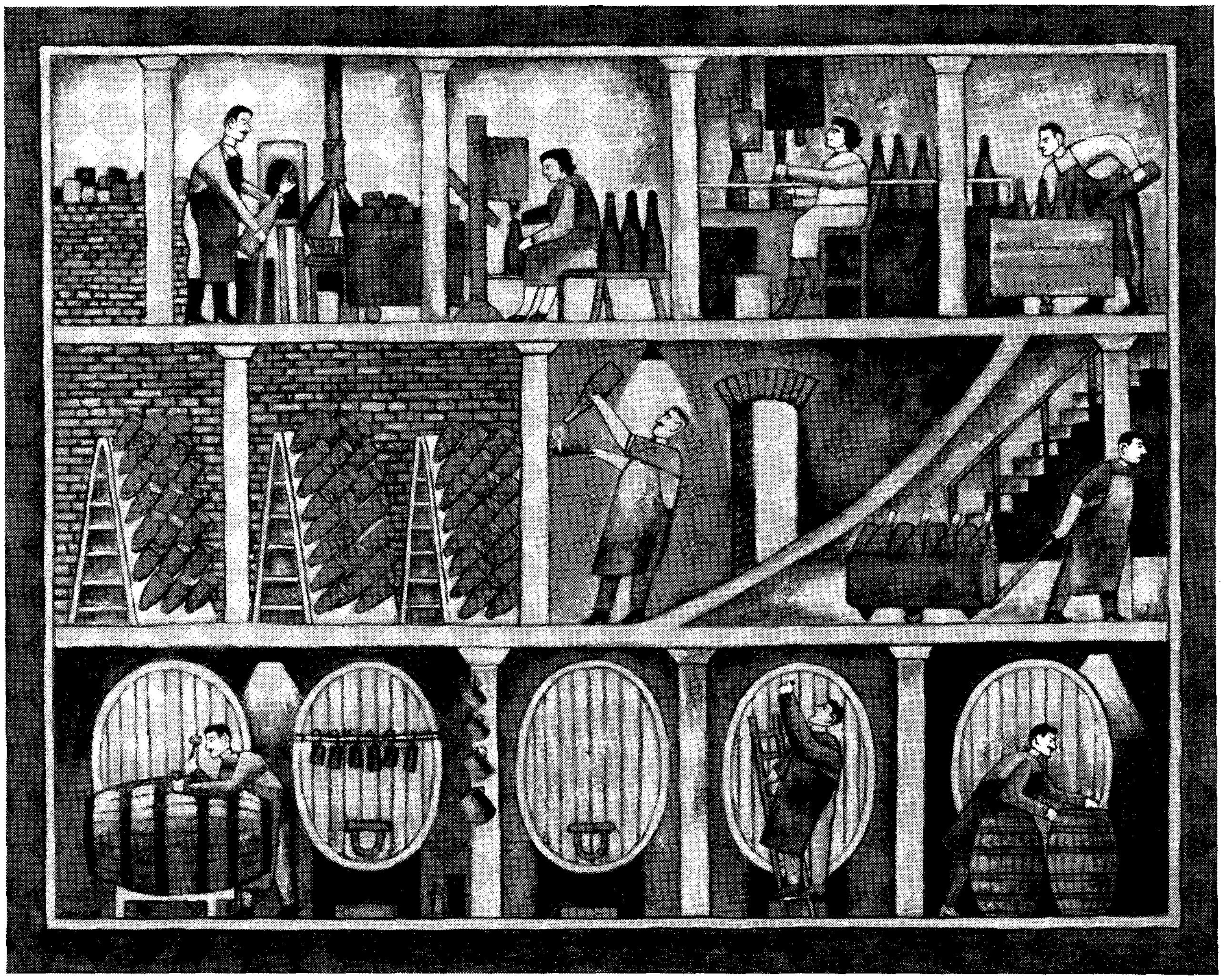
In earlier times, when almost all wild animals had little or no monetary value, they belonged to no one. Anyone had a right to kill anything he pleased, subject only to the laws of trespass. Fur and game animals were hunted and trapped. Almost all other species large enough to be noticed were considered "varmints," and it was a rural duty and a pleasure to kill them. As game animals grew scarce, the states enacted laws to protect them. Such laws imply that the public has a right to these animals that supersedes the right of the owner of the land on which the animals live. All the states now claim the right to "manage" their fauna. In almost all cases, however, management is still related to economic value. When state conservation departments speak of promoting "wildlife," they actually mean only those species prized by hunters. Game birds and game animals are a billion-dollar business, and the states zealously protect them in order to harvest hunters' votes and dollars. Predators and "nuisance" animals—foxes, skunks, raccoons, and so on—are methodically destroyed, by state wardens, and through bounties paid to hunters, and by arrangement with the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. The rest of the fauna is more or less ignored.

The federal government's role in deciding the fate of the nation's wildlife is considerably less clear-cut than the states'. The Department of the Interior has responsibility for many basic resources, and wildlife is considered a resource. However, only in protecting migratory birds and in dealing with animals on certain public lands does the Department exercise its authority absolutely. Elsewhere, it must work subject to the rights of the states and the rights of private property. Even on the vast public lands of the West, which cover almost a third of the United States, there are conflicting claims to authority over wildlife, and its management is in the hands of separate agencies. The United States Forest Service, an agency of the Department of Agriculture, controls 186,500,000 acres, which are managed in part to produce timber and other crops. When wildlife—rodents, for instance—interferes, it is often eliminated. The Bureau of Land Management, within the Department of the Interior, controls 475,000,000 acres—an area more than three times the size of Texas. This land is open to what Congress has called "multiple use"—sheep and cattle grazing, mining, logging, and so on. Wherever native wildlife conflicts with any of these uses, it has traditionally received rather low consideration.

The agency through which the Department of the Interior manages wildlife is the Fish and Wildlife Service, which consists of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries and the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. The latter produces hatchery fish for stocking, regulates the hunting of migratory birds, does research, primarily on fish and waterfowl, and operates a system of wildlife refuges—most of them open to hunting—which, though they occupy twenty-eight million acres, are only a small fraction of the acreage controlled by the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management. In addition, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife contains a large and powerful division whose primary function is the killing of mountain lions, wolves, coyotes, bobcats, foxes, skunks, bears, porcupines, badgers, various birds, and a number of other species held to be injurious to agriculture, forestry, livestock, or the general welfare. On public land, the Bureau does this work by arrangement with the Forest Service, the Bureau of Land Management, or whatever other agency controls the land. On private land or state land, it works through arrangements with state conservation departments or with landowners. It functions very much like a commercial exterminating firm, performing its services wherever a contract has been let. East of the Mississippi, this work is relatively small-scale, but in the Western states the Bureau employs a field force that in peak seasons reaches a thousand men, who annually poison more than a million acres to destroy rodents, and shoot, trap, and poison possibly several hundred thousand larger wild animals. There is no accurate measure of how many animals the Bureau kills, but the total might be indicated by a tally of its primary lethal devices. Over the last ten years, it has distributed 6,400,000 strychnine baits, staked out 140,000 chunks of poisoned meat, each large enough to last a season, and logged 410,000 "getter years." (A "getter," designed primarily to kill coyotes, is a cyanide device with a scented wick. It is stuck in the ground, and it injects cyanide into the mouth of any animal that tugs at the wick. Periodically, fired getters are replaced. The Bureau tallies by counting locations where these devices have been in use for a year, rather than by counting the times the getter is replaced.) The Bureau's laboratory, at Denver, is primarily busy with developing and testing new poisons and lethal devices.

"You mean you will make a house call? Wait a minute now. How can we be sure you're not a quack?"

The purpose of this vast destruction is, of course, to aid husbandry. It is a form of subsidy for farmers, cattlemen, and sheepmen, relieving them of that part of their overhead which would otherwise be spent on protecting their flocks and fields from marauding animals. Advocates of the system say that land yields a larger crop when it is free of competing wildlife, and that removing the wildlife is no more than sound "management practice." Biologists and conservationists argue, however, that the matter is a lot more complicated than that, both ecologically and philosophically. They admit that under certain circumstances eradicating wild animals does indeed save someone money, but they point out that the fauna eradicated is also of value to society. They raise the question of whose interest is greater—that of the individual profiting from the land or that of society, whose interest in the land is not confined to a particular use at a particular time. They object with especial vehemence when wildlife is destroyed on public lands, at public expense, for the short-term profit of individuals who lease it from the public and who are, many of them feel, already overexploiting it. And they say that widespread poisoning may have ecological consequences that will prove impossible to reverse. Those in favor of "control"—as animal killing is called in



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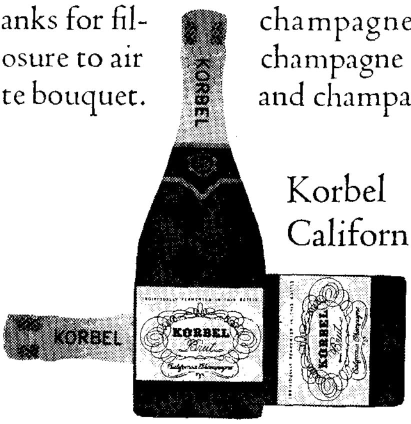
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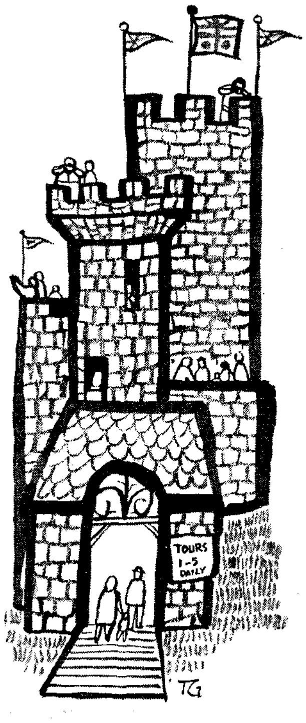
the trade—retort that if society wants wild animals on any land, public or private, someone must pay the cost of supporting them. This, of course, is something for which no provision has been made. Generally, the Bureau takes only an advisory role in the extermination of the one animal that is unanimously regarded as undesirable—the urban rat.

The existence of the animal-killing division within the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife is something of a historical accident. Around the turn of the century, what little concern the government had with wildlife was centered in the now defunct Biological Survey, an agency of the Department of Agriculture. In the years when the West was being opened, settlers encountered a virtually unknown world of plants and animals. The Department of Agriculture undertook scientific studies to help farmers and cattlemen make the best use of the land, and the Biological Survey offered primarily an advisory service. Among other things, it published bulletins on such subjects as how to trap wolves and how to poison prairie dogs, but it left the work up to the interested parties. In the Western states, the sheepmen, the cattlemen, and the farmers were doing a pretty thorough job, sometimes on their own, sometimes with state money and manpower, of thinning out the enormous numbers of animals—wolves, mountain lions, bears, bobcats, and coyotes—that menaced livestock, and also of keeping down the population of prairie dogs, which flourished wherever the buffalo had ranged. Until the First World War, varmint extermination received no direct federal help. Then, with the sudden demand to increase beef production to feed the Army, Western congressmen asked for federal money and manpower. Congress appropriated $125,000 for the Biological Survey, which used the money to hire hunters to kill wolves. Sheepmen soon demanded and got a program to kill coyotes. Thus, quite suddenly, the Biological Survey was transformed from an advisory agency into an active one. Its services were popular in the West, and its officials discovered that, whereas Congress had been stingy with money for research, it was remarkably generous with money for killing predators and rodents.

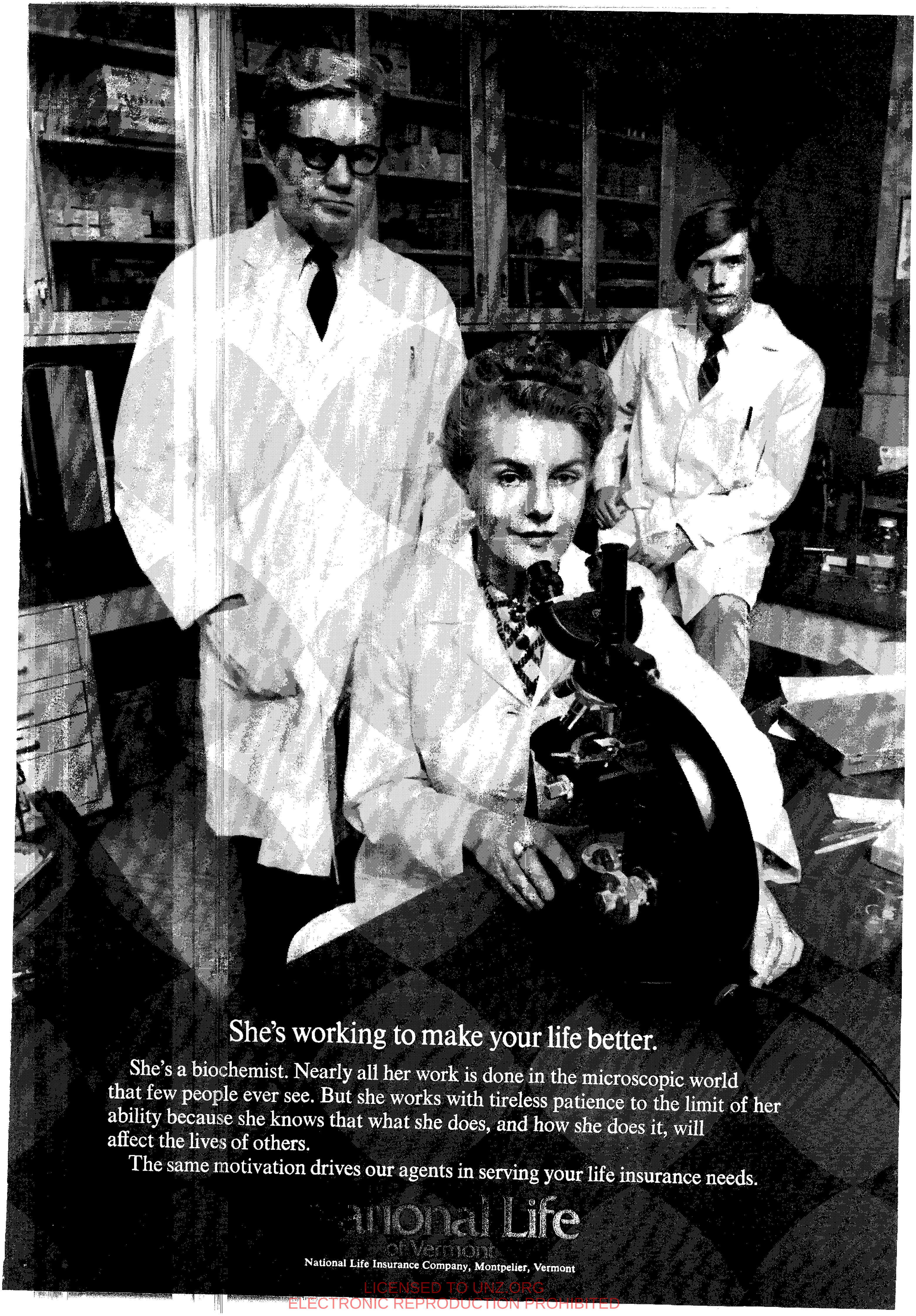


The newborn service, later named Predator and Rodent Control, or PARC, soon took on all the aspects of a well-nourished bureaucracy. Administrators in Washington mapped the West into districts, and supervisors directed a force of field men who trapped, shot, and poisoned coyotes, bobcats, and mountain lions—and, incidentally, much of the other fauna—wherever they found them. Cattlemen and sheepmen, who until then had relied on hired hands to protect their property, were delighted to have the animal killing done for them, and praised the congressmen who had arranged this convenient subsidy for them. The PARC men, anxious for more appropriations, issued streams of bulletins and assorted propaganda describing the ravages of predators and rodents. The result was a huge increase in the killing of wild animals. Whereas the average landowner had gone to the expense of killing animals only in his immediate vicinity, the PARC men zealously expanded their work to remote regions. Since a trap or a bit of poisoned meat may kill a variety of animals other than the intended victim, the program amounted to a generalized war on the wildlife of the West.

In 1930, a million-dollar appropriation for killing predators and rodents was pending in Congress. That year, the American Society of Mammalogists held a symposium at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and those present bitterly attacked the poisoning program and begged the Biological Survey to conduct scientific studies before plunging ahead with further extermination. Dr. Charles C. Adams, director of the New York State Museum, read a statement saying, "As field naturalists of many years experience . . . we strongly protest the excessive expenditure of public funds for drastic reduction of predatory animals in advance of satisfactory proof of the soundness of that policy. . . . We urge provision for comprehensive scientific study *first*, as the only basis for intelligent control." After the symposium, events took an unexpected twist. Congress held up not only the appropriation for killing predators but *all* funds for the Biological Survey. Officials of the Survey pleaded with the American Society of Mammalogists to relax its opposition, in order not to destroy the entire Survey, with its wildlife refuges and research programs. In return, they promised to reduce their killing program and to refine their methods to minimize needless destruction of animal life. The mammalogists relented to the extent of sending Congress a message saying that their criticisms applied only to predator control, and the appropriation was restored. The chief of PARC was replaced, the work force was reduced, and a new start was made. To the indignation of the mammalogists who are veterans of this skirmish, officials of the Survey and its successor Bureau misrepresented the message that saved them as constituting approval of predator control by the American Society of Mammalogists.

Among other things this episode made clear was that PARC's activities rested on rather shaky legal grounds, since they derived entirely from a fifteen-year-old congressional directive to kill wolves. Those in favor of control hastened to shore up PARC's position. In 1931, Congress passed an act directing the Secretary of Agriculture to conduct campaigns for the destruction of mountain lions, wolves, coyotes, bobcats, prairie dogs, gophers, ground squirrels, jackrabbits, and other animals that were "injurious" to agriculture, horticulture, forestry, husbandry, game, or domestic animals, or that carried disease. Thus, any wild animal that might be considered injurious by practically anyone for any reason was on the official death list.

In 1940, the Biological Survey was transferred from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of the Interior and was renamed the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. PARC eventually became part of the Service's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. Despite the new leaf turned over in 1930, PARC activities again crept upward. From 1940 to 1950, the money spent for predator control nearly doubled, rising from $2,714,023 to $4,629,053, but this was perhaps not a true measure of PARC's increased effectiveness in killing animals, for in 1944 a new poison, sodium fluoroacetate, known as 1080, was first used by the Fish and Wildlife Service. This poison is fantastically lethal. From the point of view of those wishing to in-



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crease the number of animals that could be killed at small expense, the introduction of 1080 marked a tremendous advance. From the point of view of conservationists, it was a disaster. Sodium fluoroacetate was first made in the laboratory nearly a hundred years ago, but its extraordinary potentialities were not recognized until the Second World War, when two Polish scientists, fleeing the war, brought the compound to England. During the war, the United States was cut off from foreign suppliers of poison, and the Office of Scientific Research and Development underwrote a search for new poisons with which to combat plague carried by rats in war-ravaged areas. At the same time, the research branch of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife was looking for a new poison to use against coyotes as well as rodents; it wanted one that would be cheaper and more effective than its staple poisons, strychnine and thallium sulphate, both of which had serious disadvantages. It undertook to test new poisons for the Office of Research and Development. On June 8, 1944, sodium fluoroacetate, which had the invoice number 1080, was tested at the Bureau's laboratory in Denver. It proved extraordinarily deadly. Research was hastened, and within a year 1080 was in use. Sodium fluoroacetate is a white salt that looks like powdered sugar and is odorless and tasteless. It dissolves in water, and it is slow to deteriorate—two qualities that make it ideal for use in poison bait. To kill predators, a water solution of 1080 is injected with a syringe into a fifty- or hundred-pound piece of meat, which is staked out. This lethal chunk of meat, known as a bait station, will last an entire season. To kill rodents, grain is soaked in a 1080 solution and then scattered. The poison acts on the animal's central nervous system, producing violent convulsions and vomiting, followed by death. After an animal takes in a dose of 1080, there is a period of thirty minutes or more with no effects, and the animal may not die for two hours. This delay means that 1080 victims frequently die at some distance from the bait (dead coyotes have been found four miles from the site of the poison), so an accurate count of fatalities is impossible. The most disastrous property of 1080, however, is its stability. It does not break down in the body of its victim, and this means that any animal or bird that feeds on the carcass of a 1080 victim may be poisoned, and its body may become another lethal bait. Furthermore, the dying animals vomit deadly doses of undigested meat, attractive to many animals and birds, wherever they go. Almost all carnivorous birds and small carnivorous mammals will eat carrion, so the possibilities of this chain reaction are extensive. Even Bureau biologists acknowledge that this is a "weakness" of 1080, but they maintain that conservationists exaggerate it. Advocates of 1080 point instead to the fact that different species differ in their susceptibility to the poison. Canines are particularly susceptible. In general, birds are more resistant to 1080 than mammals. Critics of 1080 say that these variations in tolerance are a distinction without a difference, because all our native meat-eating animals and birds are capable of eating enough coyote bait to kill them. Eagles have been killed by 1080 put out for coyotes, and California condors, which conservationists are trying desperately to save, have died from eating ground squirrels poisoned by 1080. The compound is so remarkably cheap—a few cents' worth can kill thousands of animals—that it is quite practical to broadcast it from airplanes and "treat" hundreds of thousands of square miles, as was done in Canada to destroy wolves. Thus, it is now possible for whole ecosystems of animals and birds to be extirpated from vast areas at the whim of government or of land exploiters who happen to think it would be a good idea. There was no exaggeration in a statement by Eric A. Peacock, a Bureau biologist, who wrote that 1080 has "the potential of a biological high explosive."

At about the time 1080 came into general use, the profits of the sheep industry began to decline, for a variety of reasons. Pinched by higher labor costs, the sheepmen began to run larger flocks with fewer herdsmen, and the flocks became more vulnerable to attack by coyotes. During the fifties, the sheepmen began an aggressive campaign for more coyote killing by the Bureau, and in 1956 the House Appropriations Committee held hearings on the sheepmen's demands. Sixteen United States representatives from Western states showed up to describe the fearful losses that coyotes were causing the sheepmen. At a similar Senate hearing, Western senators chided the Bureau for neglecting its responsibility for killing coyotes. Eventually, the chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, Senator Carl Hayden, of Arizona, asked the director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, "How much money could you really use? According to the livestock industry . . . you are not keeping up with the predators." The director, faced by an embarrassment of riches, replied, "I do not think I am able to answer that too well. . . . I would be glad to have our section on that work prepare a statement for you, sir."

The challenge of how to spend more money was one that PARC proved well able to meet. It submitted a statement that began, "The Fish and Wildlife Service can very effectively use an increase of a million dollars for the control of predatory animals and injurious rodents." The Senate Appropriations Committee thereupon increased the Service's funds for that purpose from $969,500 to $1,759,000. Funds of state and local origin raised the total to $4,558,416. Thus, a working arrangement was established between PARC and the sheepmen's lobby. The noted wildlife biologist Durward Allen, a critic of PARC, said at an annual meeting of the National Audubon Society, "The predator-control program . . . has . . . its own pipeline around the Bureau of the Budget directly to the Appropriations Committees of Congress." After this transfusion of money, PARC bloomed. By 1961, it was employing six hundred and seventy-five field men, and last year there were around eight hundred. In 1969, the Bureau spent slightly more than seven million dollars killing wildlife.

At the hearings in 1956, no voice was raised in protest against increased funds for control, probably because only the partisans of the program knew what was going on, but conservationists soon became aware and raised their voices loudly. Dr. E. Raymond Hall, who had been one of the scientists to assail the program back in 1931, again rose to the attack. He had become

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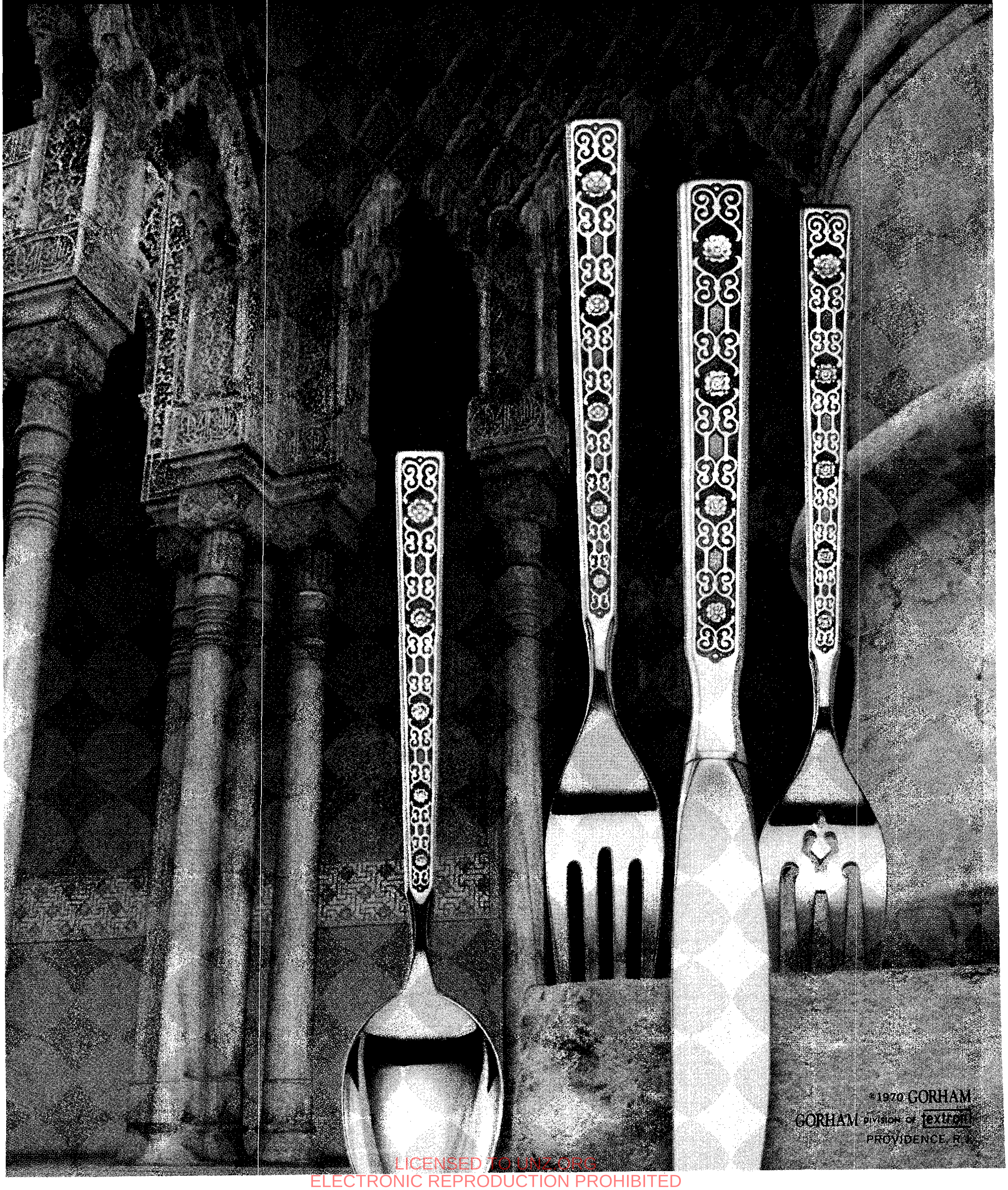

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"And now about these deductions under Schedule A—more of Till Eulenspiegel's merry pranks, I suppose."

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one of the most distinguished mammalogists in the country, and was, among other things, chairman of the Zoology Department of the University of Kansas, director of its museum, and state zoologist of Kansas. He was also vice-president of an organization called Defenders of Wildlife, which has more than twenty thousand members and publishes a quarterly nature magazine called *Defenders of Wildlife News*, which, much to the annoyance of the predator controllers in the Bureau, attacked their activities in almost every issue. Defenders of Wildlife, joined by the National Audubon Society, rallied conservationists, both lay and professional, who made their opinions felt in Congress. In 1963, Representative John D. Dingell, of Michigan, offered a bill to strip PARC of much of its money and its manpower and restrict its activities to an advisory service on animal-damage problems. This threat, together with growing remonstrances by qualified scientists, caused Secretary Udall to appoint an advisory board to look into the whole matter of wild-animal killing. The chairman of the advisory board was Dr. A. Starker Leopold, professor of wildlife management at the University of California, and the four other members were well known in wildlife circles. There were Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, president of the Wildlife Management Institute, and Dr. Clarence Cottam, director of the Welder Wildlife Foundation, who had been director and assistant director of the Fish and Wildlife Service some years before. There were also Thomas L. Kimball, executive director of the National Wildlife Federation, and Dr. Stanley A. Cain, professor of conservation at the University of Michigan's School of Natural Resources; Dr. Cain later became Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife and Parks.

The Leopold Board, as it was called, proceeded from two basic tenets: first, that all native animals are resources of value to the people of the United States, and, second, that "local population control" is essential where a species causes "significant" damage. It then attempted to estimate the total amount of animal destruction carried out in the name of protecting property. In the West, the Bureau is not the sole executioner of wildlife. Many predators, rodents, and "nuisance animals" are killed under programs administered by state departments of agriculture, public health, and fish and game, and by county agents and livestock associations. Sometimes they combine their activities, and these combined activities, the Board's report said, "are complicated almost beyond belief." The Board therefore found it impossible to ascertain the real extent of poisoning, trapping, and shooting, or the annual toll of wildlife. The Bureau bears the central responsibility, however, since it does by far the major share of the work. A factor that complicates this responsibility, the Board found, is the peculiar way in which PARC is financed. In addition to the money provided by Congress, it receives funds from its customers, who may be other federal bureaus, state and county agencies, or livestock associations. PARC gets these by negotiating contracts, or "cooperative agreements," whereby it provides the service but more than half of the cost is shared by those "benefitting" from its work. This outside financing enormously expands the work that PARC can do, but it also gives agencies or groups that have paid for control a voice in determining where, when, and how much animal killing is done. This system, the Board reported, puts the fate of wildlife in the hands of its enemies and excludes its friends.

The Leopold Board went on to investigate the workings of PARC, and its report revealed a situation every bit as ghastly as the conservationists had said it was. PARC men, from supervisors to trappers, had gone about the West pressing their services as though they were peddling vacuum cleaners. Killing was their business, and dead animals were their product. PARC men searched out situations in which animals might conceivably do damage, and then went about rousing rural opinion against the animals and describing the benefits that "control" could bring to farmer, rancher, and hunter. The Leopold Report said of this, "When professional hunters are employed, control tends to become an end in itself and, following Parkinson's Law, the machinery for its accomplishment can easily proliferate beyond real need."

While the Board conceded that economic gain does accrue from killing animals; it felt that the question of just when such gain outweighs the cost of killing, both in money and in ecological loss, is extremely difficult to determine. Between the two extremes—senseless killing, on the one hand, and, on the other, the advantage to a sheep owner of clearing a lambing ground of coyotes—lies a vast area in which

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much depends upon the point of view. A poultryman with a few hundred dollars' worth of turkeys might prefer to have all possible marauders killed, while a conservationist might deem the money better spent on building a predator-proof pen. Cost figures are elusive. No one has attempted to weigh the value of wildlife in money. Even the cost of killing is hard to determine in any particular instance, since most of the cost is "overhead." Equally unknown, the Leopold Board discovered, was the cost of damage that animals cause. Except in a few local situations, no objective agency had ever gathered valid statistics. What few figures PARC had collected came from unverified reports by the livestock owners themselves. Sheepmen, fearful of having PARC's services withdrawn, regularly exaggerate the extent of coyote damage; any sheep, dead for any reason (and sheep are prone to sudden demise for countless reasons), are usually charged to coyotes. Ranchers may ascribe their troubles to prairie dogs rather than to overgrazing. And there are numerous other variables, such as herding and husbandry practices, that blur the statistical picture. The Board found that PARC, lacking any real data, was using a series of guesses and unverified estimates of damage to justify its seven-million-dollar investment to kill animals.

The Board also questioned some of the biological assumptions on which PARC based its case against assorted wildlife. There is, for instance, the question of whether or not coyotes kill calves. PARC stoutly maintained that they do, and that it was thus justified in killing coyotes to aid cattle ranchers. Some cattlemen agree, but others deny it, and some have even protested coyote killing on the range, on the ground that coyotes keep down the rodent population. The Leopold Board concluded that calf killing by coyotes was so rare that it justified killing coyotes only in a locality where their depredations against calves could be irrefutably proved. Bobcats, the Board found, were on PARC's death list as predators on poultry, on game birds, and even on calves and lambs. The Board deplored the widespread killing of bobcats, finding that the damage they do is usually negligible. In areas where there were no domestic animals to be protected, PARC nevertheless killed predators, ostensibly to protect other wildlife. Except in rare situations, the Board said, native birds and mammals need no such protection.

The Leopold Report conceded that "under existing land use practices some rodent control is essential," but it deplored the use of 1080 to poison rodents. (In 1963, PARC poisoned a million and a quarter acres with two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of bait, of which a hundred and fifty thousand pounds had been soaked in 1080. There is no way of measuring the acreage poisoned by local authorities, but it was probably more.) The report upheld what the conservationists had been saying all along—that secondary poisoning from eating poisoned rodents can have a "heavy impact" on small carnivores and some birds. It noted that in many regions where there were no sheep and where coyote damage was negligible, the coyote had been "essentially extirpated" as a secondary result of rodent poisoning. In addition, it noted, uncounted numbers of badgers, bears, foxes, raccoons, skunks, opossums, eagles, hawks, owls, and vultures had thus been exposed to 1080. "The black-footed ferret . . . is nearing extinction, and the primary cause is almost certainly poisoning campaigns among the prairie dogs," the report said, and it went on, "In short, secondary poisoning of unintended victims of 1080 distributed primarily for rodents is, in the opinion of this Board, a major problem in animal control which requires regulation." The Board recommended that the Secretary of the Interior explore legal means to ban 1080 as a poison for field rodents and to prevent "ecological abuse," as in the case of insecticides.

What PARC's killing adds up to is, of course, anybody's guess. PARC records the numbers of known dead animals only in certain cases, and it obviously cannot record those whose bodies are not found. It submitted to the Leopold Board a table listing the numbers of animals whose bodies had been recorded over a one-year period, and these figures may be taken as a minimum starting point. It showed 842 bears, 20,780 lynxes and bobcats, 89,653 coyotes, 294 mountain lions, 2,779 wolves (mostly red wolves, which resemble coyotes), 6,941 badgers, 1,170 beavers, 24,273 foxes, 7,615 opossums, 6,685 porcupines, 10,078 raccoons, 19,052 skunks, and 601 "miscellaneous" victims.

The Board made a number of recommendations. First, that wildlife should have a voice in court. The Board found that economic interests had ample expression but that conservationists were unrepresented. It urged the Secretary of the Interior to appoint an advisory board to include conservationists and scientists as well as woolgrowers and cattlemen. The Board also recommended that PARC "completely reassess its function and purpose," and commented, "There persists a traditional point of view that the PARC operation is responsible primarily to livestock and agricultural interests and that the growing interest of the general public in all wild animal life is a potential obstruction . . . to be evaded and circumvented wherever possible." It warned that if PARC continued its policies the conservationists would probably succeed in dismantling the program entirely, and it urged that PARC's goal therefore be an "absolute minimum [of killing] consistent with proven needs to protect other resources. . . ."

The Board noted that the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife had done scant research on ways to minimize animal damage, and suggested it study ways to repel animals rather than kill them, and also develop devices that would kill only the offending animal or species instead of broad segments of the fauna. In its summary, the Board said, "The program of animal control under . . . PARC . . . has become an end in itself and no longer is a balanced component of an overall scheme of wildlife husbandry. . . . Far more animals are being killed than would be required for effective protection of livestock, agricultural crops, wildland resources and human health. This unnecessary destruction is further augmented by state, county and individual endeavor. The federal government . . . should be setting an example in the proper scientific management of all wildlife resources. . . . Instead PARC has developed into a semi-autonomous bureaucracy whose function . . . bears scant relationship to real need and less still to scientific management."

THE Leopold Report was given to Secretary Udall in March, 1964, and in June, 1965, he announced its acceptance as a "general guidepost for Department policy." Meanwhile, the

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sheepmen, in alarm, had sent large delegations to Washington to exhort their congressmen not to let control be diminished. In his acceptance of the report, Udall reassured them by saying, "We have no intention of abandoning our responsibility in the control of damage . . . when it is clear that the Department's assistance is needed."

In October, 1964, the director of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife left, and was followed a few months later by the chief of PARC. The new director was John Gottschalk, a generally liked and admired biologist specializing in fish, who had been with the Bureau for nineteen years. Gottschalk announced that a new era was at hand—one in which the Bureau would recognize its total responsibility for wildlife and limit killing to instances of "demonstrated need." As a first step, PARC was renamed Animal Damage Control and was placed within a newly created division that bore the attractive title of Wildlife Services. Along with the former duties of PARC, Wildlife Services was given responsibility for pesticide appraisal and monitoring and for "wildlife enhancement." To enhance wildlife, the division assigns biologists to study situations—on Indian reservations, for instance—where a change in land-use practices might produce a larger crop of such wildlife as deer or game birds. Lumping animal-damage control and the enhancement of wildlife in a single division enables the Bureau to describe Wildlife Services' work as "the conservation and management of the Nation's wildlife resources for the use and enjoyment of the entire citizenry." However, since a little under ninety per cent of the funds of Wildlife Services are spent on killing and a little over ten per cent on enhancement, conservationists, though they have welcomed the enhancement program, have found this description a trifle unrealistic.

The man named to direct Wildlife Services was Jack H. Berryman, who has a Master's degree in mammalian ecology from the University of Utah, had previously worked for the Bureau as a specialist in wildlife restoration, had been an associate professor of wildlife resources at Utah State University, and is a past president of the Wildlife Society. Berryman announced that he believed firmly in "control" when it was "properly" applied, and he went to work to "professionalize" control practices, rebuild the shattered morale of the division, end the abuses revealed by the Leopold Board, and reëducate the men in the field to think in terms of killing less rather than more. As he went about reconciling the irreconcilable—killing enough coyotes to keep sheepmen happy, enough rodents to satisfy lumbermen, and enough of whatever else might be troublesome to keep state officials willing to allocate funds for Bureau contracts, and at the same time not completely destroying the fauna of the West—he found on his right flank the livestock industry, ready to fight any decrease in the protection of their interests, and on his left the conservationists, armed with the damning judgments of the Leopold Board.

As time passed, the Bureau seemed eager to forget just what the Leopold Board had said. Conservationists were hardly reassured when Director Gottschalk told a National Wool Growers Association Convention in Portland, Oregon, on January 21, 1966, that the Leopold Board "made no drastic recommendations," and that the report was a general guidepost for policy, not a policy "mandate" or a "working manual for the Bureau."

The conservationists waited for a year after Gottschalk had taken over, but in 1966, when nothing more material than a change of name had become visible to them, returned to the attack. Representative Dingell introduced yet another bill to abolish federal control. Committee hearings were held at which Dr. Stanley A. Cain, now Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife and Parks, testified about the progress of reform. Dr. Cain's position was peculiarly ambivalent, since before his appointment he had been a member of the Leopold Board and had signed the report. He told the hearing that he believed the Bureau was on the way to a program that could withstand "the scrutiny of all." He believed animal control to be necessary but warned that if it was done improperly it posed a threat to the environment, to wildlife in general, and to human safety. These hazards, he said, made it essential that control be handled only by skilled professionals. Despite his new confidence in the Bureau, Dr. Cain had difficulty in listing specific reforms. The most substantial change that had been made since PARC was replaced by Animal Damage Control, he said, had been a vigorous effort to reëducate Bureau employees and instill the idea that simply killing as many animals as possible was no longer their goal. Unfortunately, for lack of funds, there had been no new research on actual animal damage, or on wildlife populations, or on the environmental effects of poisoning, all of which the Leopold Board had recommended. No advisory board had been appointed, because it seemed likely that nothing but bloodshed would result from meetings of a board that included both members of Defenders of Wildlife and the woolgrowers. It would, Dr. Cain said, be merely "a forum for hassles." He said that he had hoped to discontinue the use of 1080 but that Mr. Berryman had persuaded him that 1080 was the safest and most effective "tool" they had and that the poisons used before 1080 were worse. He had consulted the Department of Agriculture, which had jurisdiction over the general use of 1080, and had been told that the present regulations governing it were adequate. Thus, nothing had come of the Leopold Board's recommendation that 1080 be greatly restricted.

The vital questions of defining "a demonstrated need" to kill animals and weighing economic need against the value of wildlife involved, as Gottschalk testified, "a very large gray area." Pending a better solution, Dr. Cain said, the Bureau was handling these questions by asking the users or managers of land who desired control to explain what use of the land was planned, so that the need or lack of need to kill animals would be clearer. Thus, on land identified by the user as lambing ground, coyotes would be killed, while on land identified as recreational they would not. To the conservationists in the audience, this seemed less than a startling breakthrough. It seemed that the Bureau was merely putting the power of decision more firmly than ever in the hands of those who desired, for one reason or another, to have animals eliminated.

At one point, Representative Dingell said to Dr. Cain, "But actually you . . . have nothing to show this committee in terms of concrete changes, with the exception of revision of the internal structure of your agency. . . . Am I correct?"

Dr. Cain replied, "You are not completely correct, I don't believe."

"But I am sort of correct?" Mr. Dingell asked.

Dr. Cain said, "You are essentially correct."

The livestock men and their congressmen also took the stand. Representative O. Clark Fisher, of Texas, representing twenty-three thousand

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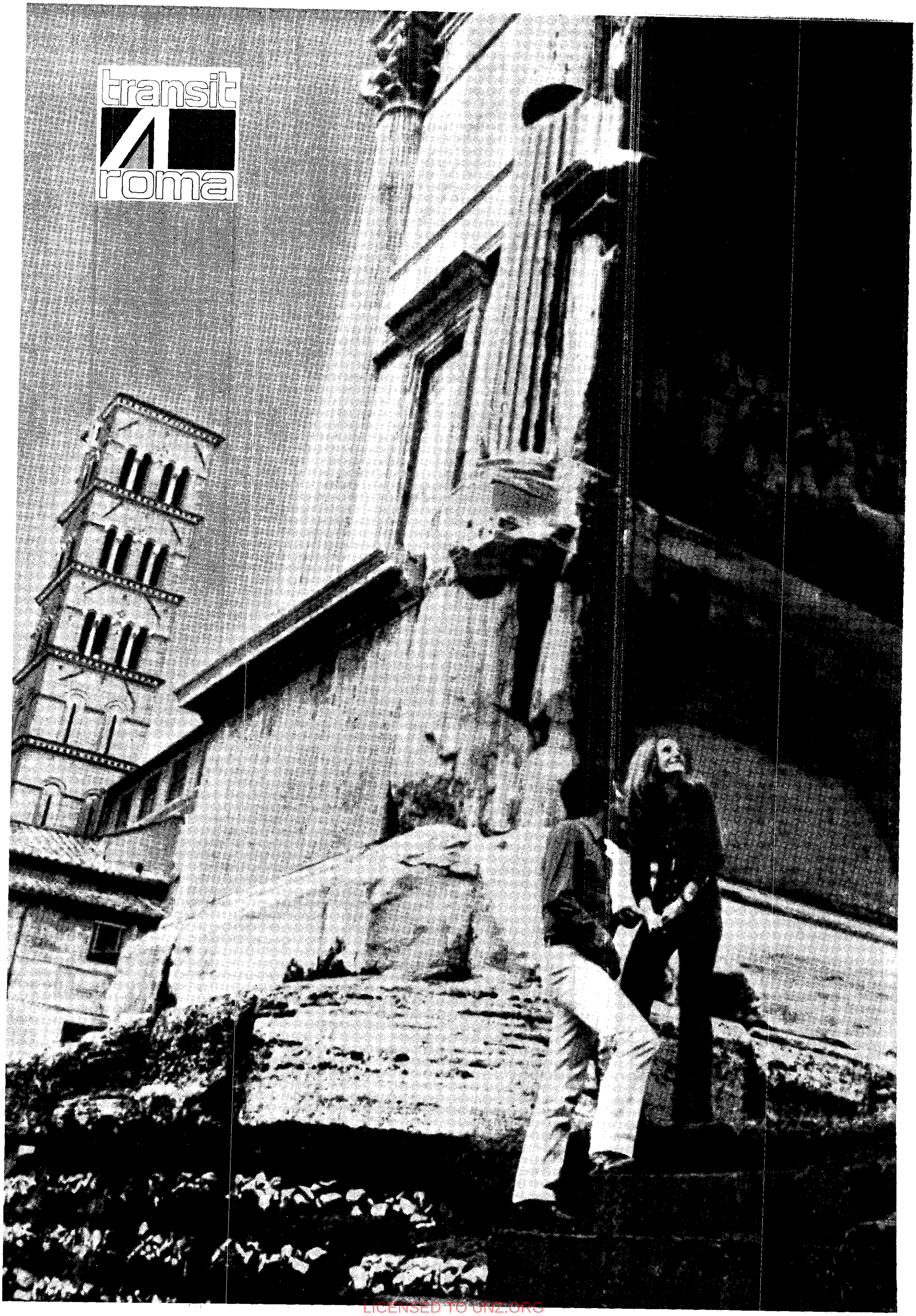
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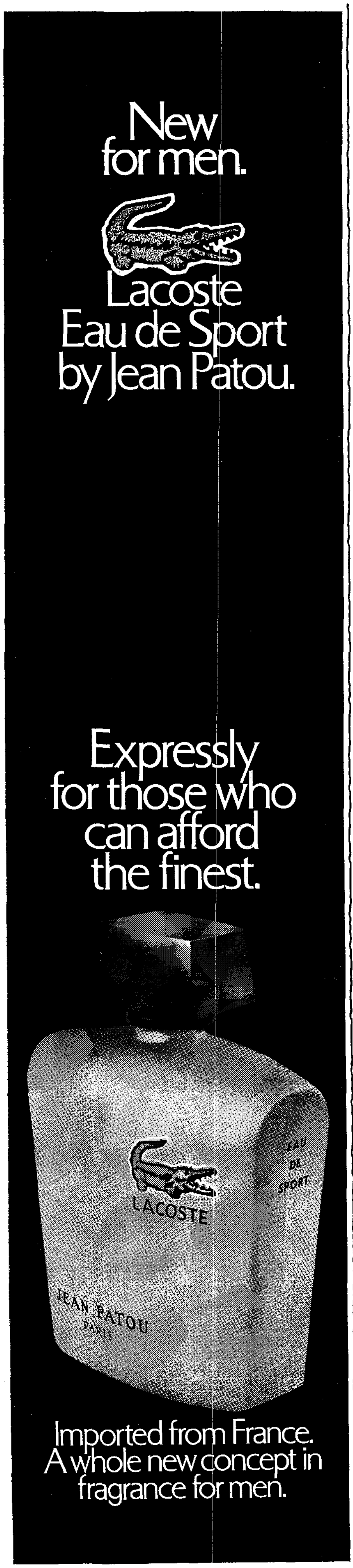

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owners of five million sheep and four million angora goats, said that the Bureau should increase its efforts to cope with the "destructive menace" of predation. Not only coyotes and bobcats were on his death list. Killing gray foxes, raccoons, and skunks, he said, would also benefit lamb and kid crops. He did not explain how. The American Farm Bureau Federation rallied to the side of the sheepmen, saying that predators had no place on public lands when they tended to drive the livestock grazer from the range. "It is easy to be on the side of protecting varmints which inflict loss to someone else's property," a Farm Bureau spokesman said.

Representative E. Y. Berry, of South Dakota, who shares the delusion of many sportsmen that predators determine the abundance of game animals, testified that predators in South Dakota were threatening the hunting industry there. But the chief victim of "senseless destruction" by predators, he said, was the American sheepman. He estimated that sheepmen around the country lost thirty to forty million dollars in a recent year because of predators. "I do not think that the South Dakota farmers and stockmen are going to stand still for another two or three years while their losses from predators mount," he said. "I do not believe that businessmen, the hotels, the restaurants, the motels, and so forth, who have watched their business dry up because of the lack of decent pheasant hunting, are going to stand still for another two or three more years of 'drought' in the pheasant population. . . . The question is essentially this: Is South Dakota to remain an agricultural state or a wildlife preserve?"

The conservationists also marshalled an impressive array of witnesses, including representatives of Defenders of Wildlife, the National Audubon Society, and America the Beautiful; Dr. E. Raymond Hall, the control system's most tireless foe; other scientists; and variously qualified individuals. They urged the committee to abolish federal predator and rodent controls, their arguments ranging from the ecological to the aesthetic and philosophical. The reckless killing of wildlife, they argued, amounted to depleting a valuable and irreplaceable resource belonging to all the people for the short-term gain of a few. The most direct and heartfelt speech, however, came not from any of the professionals but from a fur trapper named Paul Maxwell, of Colorado. The policy of the fur trappers, he said, was to take some animals and leave others for seed, but the sheepmen and the Bureau were collaborating on a system capable of destroying everything. "These control programs . . . are carried on by the sheep ranchers and the federal employees with no compassion, no compunction, qualms, or conscience," he said. "Anything goes. . . . There are no extremes they won't go to in order to get poison, and will break every law of God and man to use it for their selfish, inhuman purposes. . . . As if 1080 poison isn't enough, we have not hundreds but thousands of strychnine pills thrown from airplanes, Ski-Doos, and jeeps. I talked with a federal trapper. . . . He was making strychnine baits. He told me that he was making two thousand, and had already made four thousand that had been distributed, and that he had put out forty stations of 1080 himself in the Meeker area . . . he is just one of eight or ten federal poisoners in these two counties. . . . What has happened to majority rule? Who is to say that our fur-bearing animals are to be exterminated? Secretary Udall? Our Colorado district predator-control supervisor. . . ? A few greedy sheepmen? Doesn't any of the other citizens count? Is this poison program to be crammed down people's throats because of a very small minority? . . . There are some seventy thousand sheepmen in these United States . . . but there are millions of hunters, fishermen, and trappers who would vote out this predator control on the first ballot if it were brought to a vote. . . . I could go on for hours . . . on how the Fish and Wildlife Service handles their 1080 . . . how they just let the sheepmen come in and help themselves to the treated baits; and how they pass out strychnine pills by the box to sheepmen, and how the druggists . . . are all handling thallium poison and the sheepmen are buying it, and that's the worst poison known to man. It only kills six out of ten animals that get it. The rest go blind, their hair comes out, their toenails come out, or their teeth. And I could tell you how the sheepmen shoot game animals, deer and antelope, by the hundreds and treat them with poison on their own. I know where there is fourteen deer baits right now. . . . It would make your hair stand on end, all the things I really have seen."

Control, however, carried the day. Representative Dingell's bill to replace predator control with an advisory system died in committee. During the next three years, Dingell and other congressmen introduced similar bills, without results.

RECENTLY, the executive director of Defenders of Wildlife, an indomitable woman named Mary Hazell Harris, who operates from a small office in Washington, was asked her view of the Bureau's reforms. She said that the Bureau seemed to be trying to make its program look better but that reports from her agents in the field indicated that the program was as "terrible" as ever. "They are still saturating the West with poison," she declared. As an example of the Bureau's newest propaganda, she produced a poster that showed a clean-cut, smiling young employee of the Bureau against a background of birds and animals caught in the act of destroying property or endangering humans—a rabid fox biting a farmer, a starling eating fruit, a bobcat killing a turkey, a coyote eating a lamb, and so on. The legend on the poster read, "Wildlife resources are of interest and value to all people of the United States. Basic policy is one of husbandry. Local population control is an essential part of management where a species is causing significant damage to resources and crops, or where human health and safety is endangered. Good conservation today—more sport tomorrow." Miss Harris commented, "They seem to be taking advantage of the public's interest in conservation to fool people into thinking that somehow or other killing is conservation. They're just getting smarter and more pious." This year, she continued, Representative Dingell had again introduced his bill. The future moves of Defenders of Wildlife were uncertain, Miss Harris said, but it was now considering filing a lawsuit against Wildlife Services.

Jack Berryman, who directs Wildlife Services from a suite of Washington offices decorated with photographs of animals and birds in blameless and appealing attitudes, is a stocky, gray-haired man with an open, vigorous manner. He sees himself as a professional conservationist and deeply resents the attacks of what he calls "the wild-eyed protectionists," who, he says, portray him and his field men as "bloodthirsty killers." When the attacks come from qualified scientists, he is even more indignant, and describes them as "little better than prostitutes." The propaganda of Defenders of

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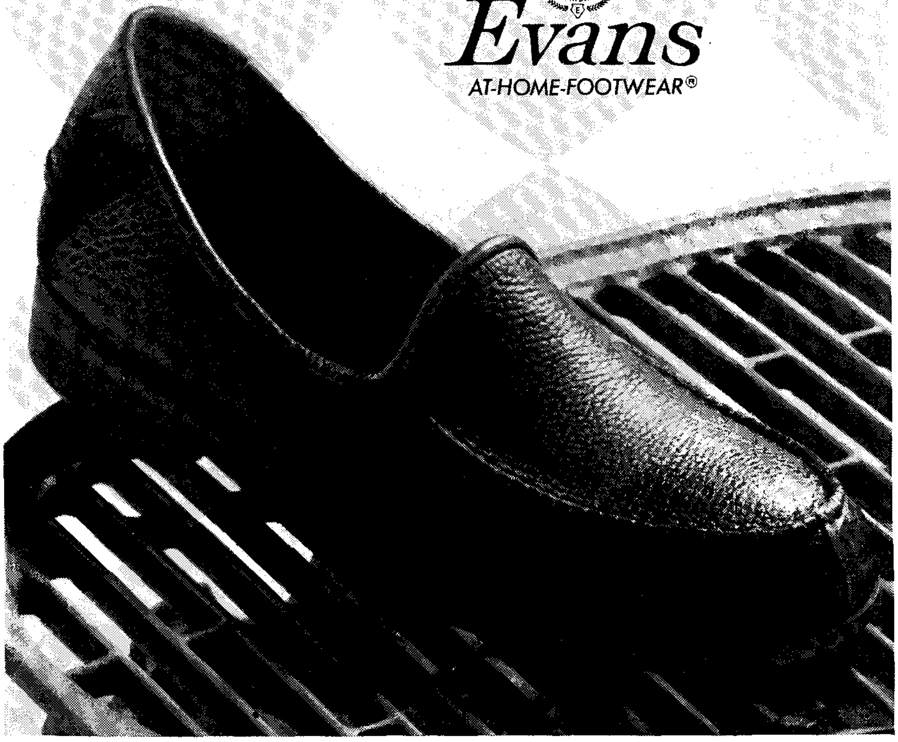

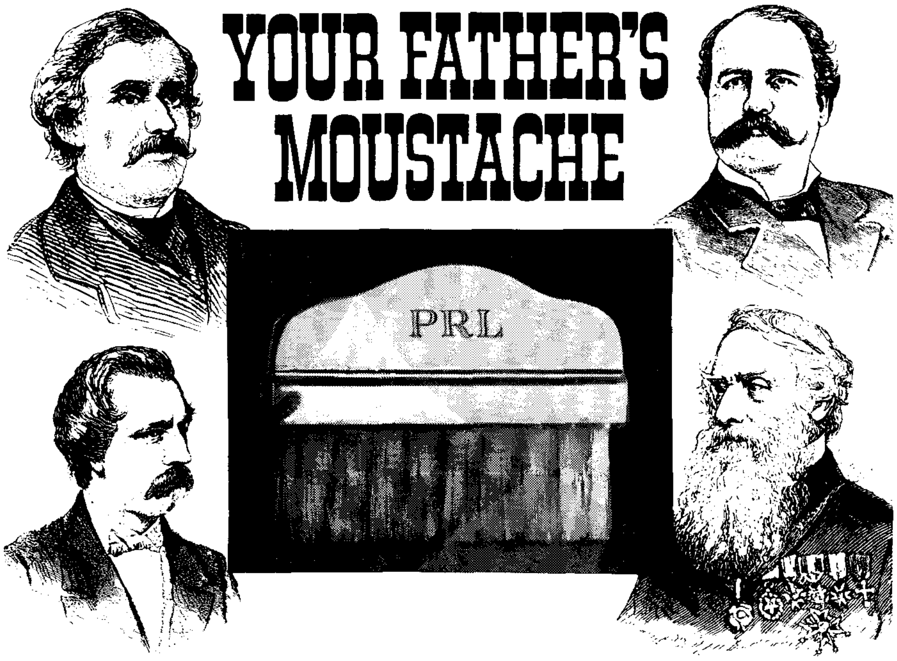

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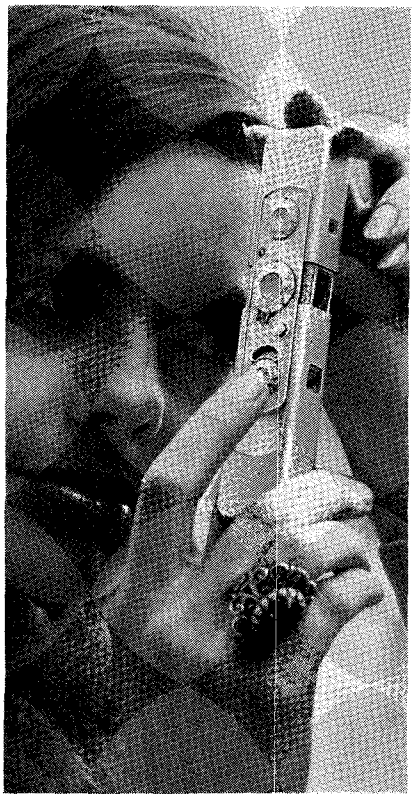

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Wildlife, which frequently shows pictures of the last agonies of the animal victims of Wildlife Services, arouses just as much rage in him as Wildlife Services' propaganda against animals arouses in Miss Harris. "Animal control is not an evil undertaking—it's amply justified on the basis of economics, disease prevention, game protection, and other reasons," Berryman says. He foresees that the nation's expanding population will require ever more killing of wild animals. His main concern, he says, is to have the killing done under professional direction, in order to minimize the needless sacrifice of wildlife.

If the conservationists begin a new attack, Berryman will be ready for them. He has prepared a voluminous record detailing reforms. It describes numerous meetings, training programs, and directives to reëducate the field men since he took over. The Bureau's tables of animals killed show a reduction over the period 1965-68 of twenty-seven per cent in the number of bears, forty-six per cent in the number of bobcats, twenty-three per cent in the number of coyotes, and fifty-two per cent in the number of mountain lions. Berryman admits that such tables mean little, since they may reflect a change in the abundance of animals available to be taken, a change in killing technique so that bodies are not found, or a change in counting methods. For instance, coyote pups are now gassed in their dens, and are not counted. In some cases, the dose of poison is reduced, and animals therefore travel farther before they die. Nor do the new tables mention the smaller animals killed. Understandably, Berryman is not keen on such tables, since they put ammunition in the hands of Miss Harris and her allies. In any case, he feels that a tally of lethal devices used is more significant. One of his charts shows that 1080 meat baits declined from 15,349 in 1960 to 11,423 in 1969, or about twenty-five per cent. Coyote "getters" are down thirty per cent from 1962 and traps down thirteen per cent. Strychnine baits, however, have risen about three per cent. Grain soaked in 1080 for rodents reached a high of 165,958 pounds in 1965 and declined to 126,552 pounds in 1968. The "man-years" of Wildlife Services employees have also declined slightly since 1965, but funds will reach a new high of $7,300,050 in 1970, and Berryman foresees ever larger sums spent on control.

Berryman is confident that he can show that the Bureau is killing fewer animals over all but killing more where they "need to be killed." To him, the important factor is not the number killed but the economic assets protected. He also feels that he has had some success in persuading the sheepmen and others not to demand complete extermination of any animal. Berryman dismisses as unanswerable the question of what constitutes "economic need" to kill animals—whether, for instance, the protection of ten sheep, a hundred sheep, or a thousand sheep justifies poisoning a given area. "It is questionable whether local control can or should be the subject of economic analysis," he says. "To attempt such a justification could well be an exercise in futility." Instead, he relies on drawing up a "work plan" in each state, and this is developed from the requests of the people managing the land, who presumably have some economic basis for their desire to have animals killed. While this procedure involves more formalities than the old PARC system, it is difficult for Miss Harris, for instance, to see it as a basic change, since both damage data and the definition of values are as hazy as before. Berryman's critics feel that he has merely shifted some of the onus of control from the Bureau to whatever agency asks for it.

The Bureau, Berryman admits, has taken no new steps to determine the total cost to the ecosystem of distributing lethal devices. "There is not one ecosystem in the United States that is understood," he said recently. "If we waited until we understood an ecosystem, we would do nothing." This determination to go ahead with a course while lacking data to predict its results makes some ecologists shudder. They view poison as a monkey wrench tossed into an incredibly intricate machine, and feel that it cannot be anything but detrimental to wildlife. Berryman replies that scientists who "babble about the 'balance of nature' " are not taking into account how thoroughly that balance has already been altered, and must be altered in the future, for the "benefit of man." The new policies of the Bureau, Berryman believes, are best expressed in a policy statement issued in 1967. In this, for the first time, the government recognized the rights of what it calls the non-consumptive user of wildlife—meaning anyone, from bird-watcher to biologist, who values wildlife for a reason unrelated to sport or economics. The statement said, "Conservation must be practiced . . . for the ever-in-

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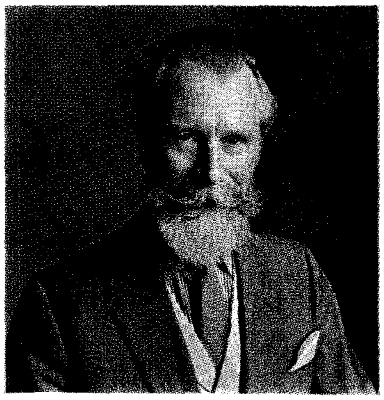

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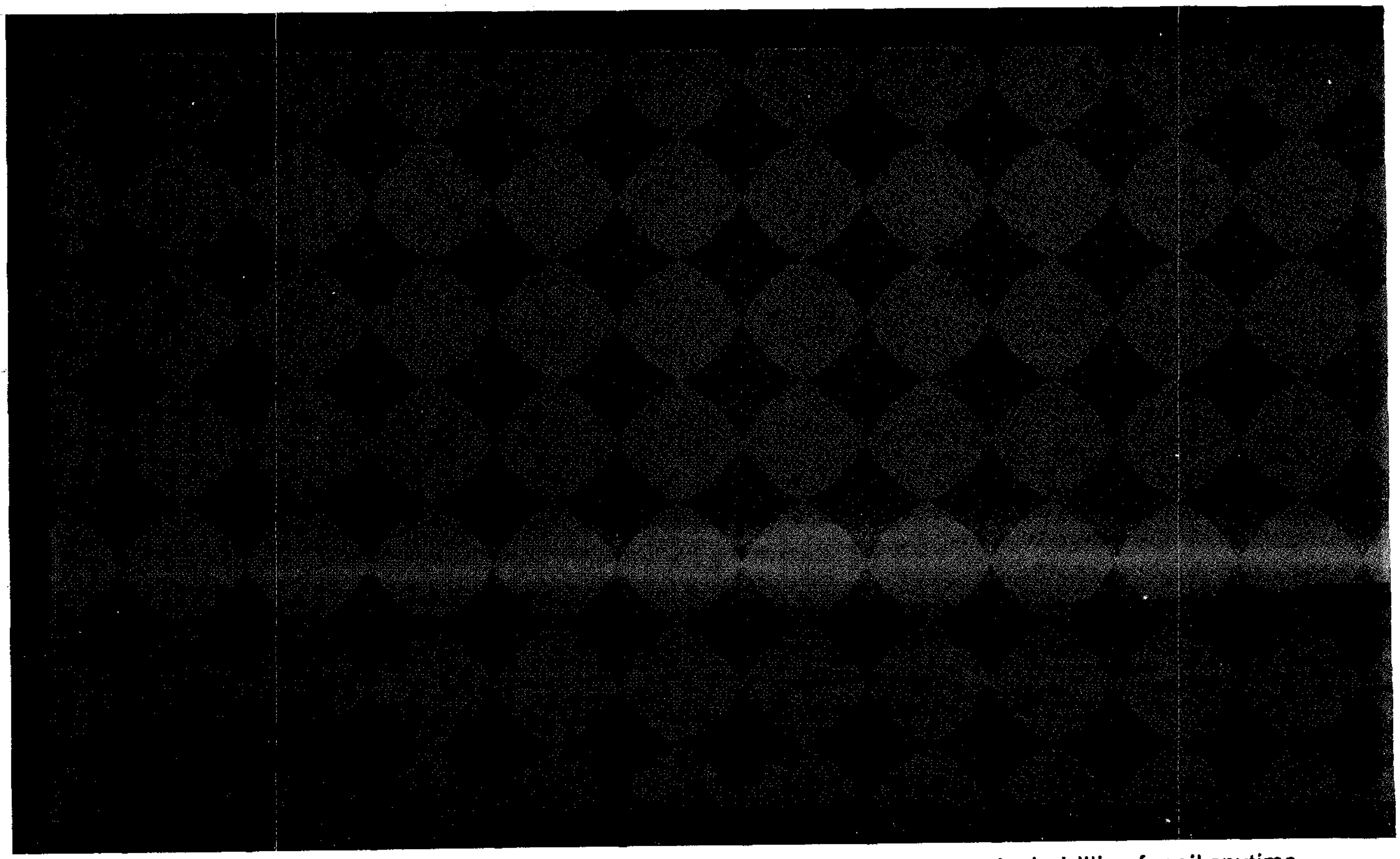

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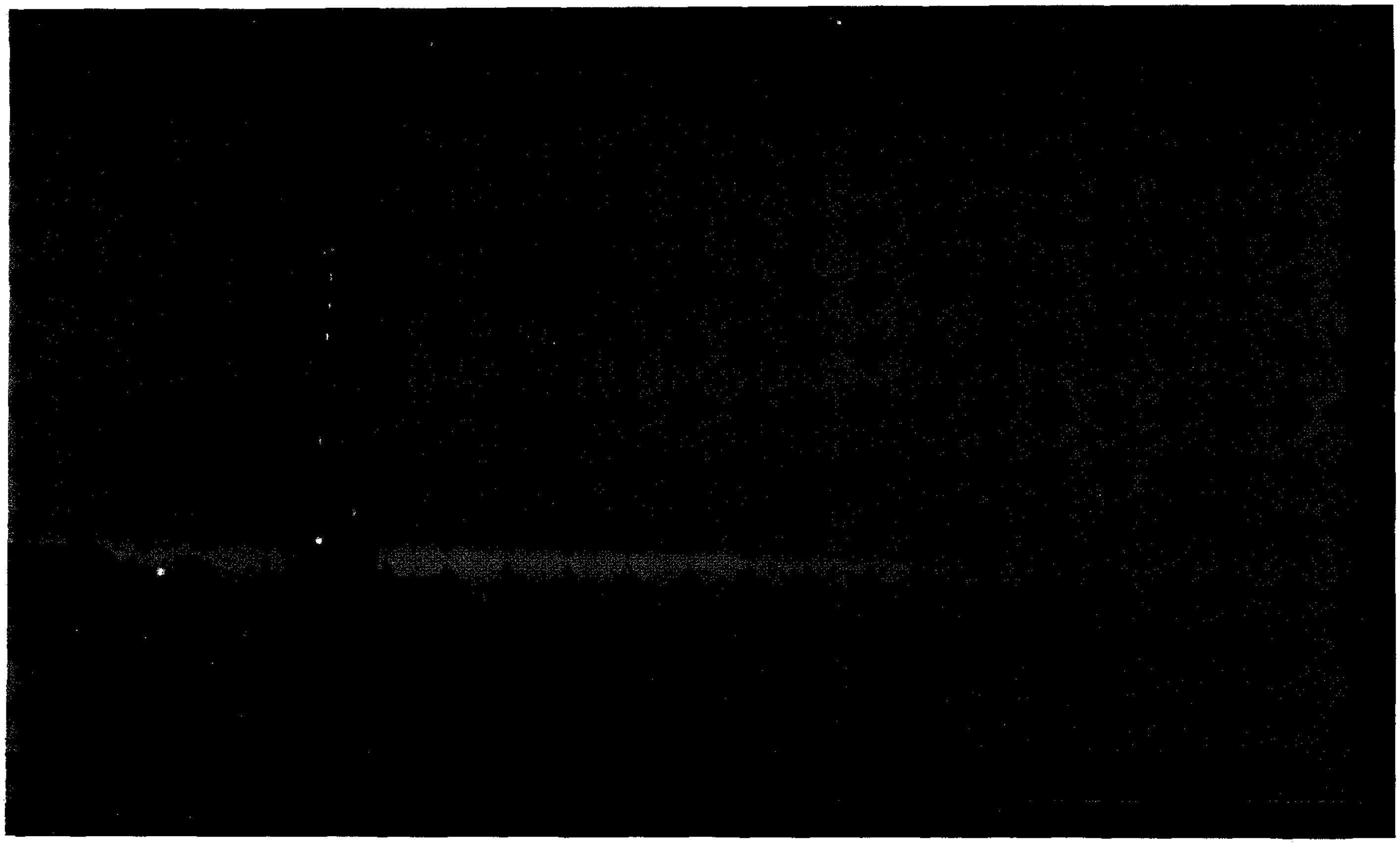

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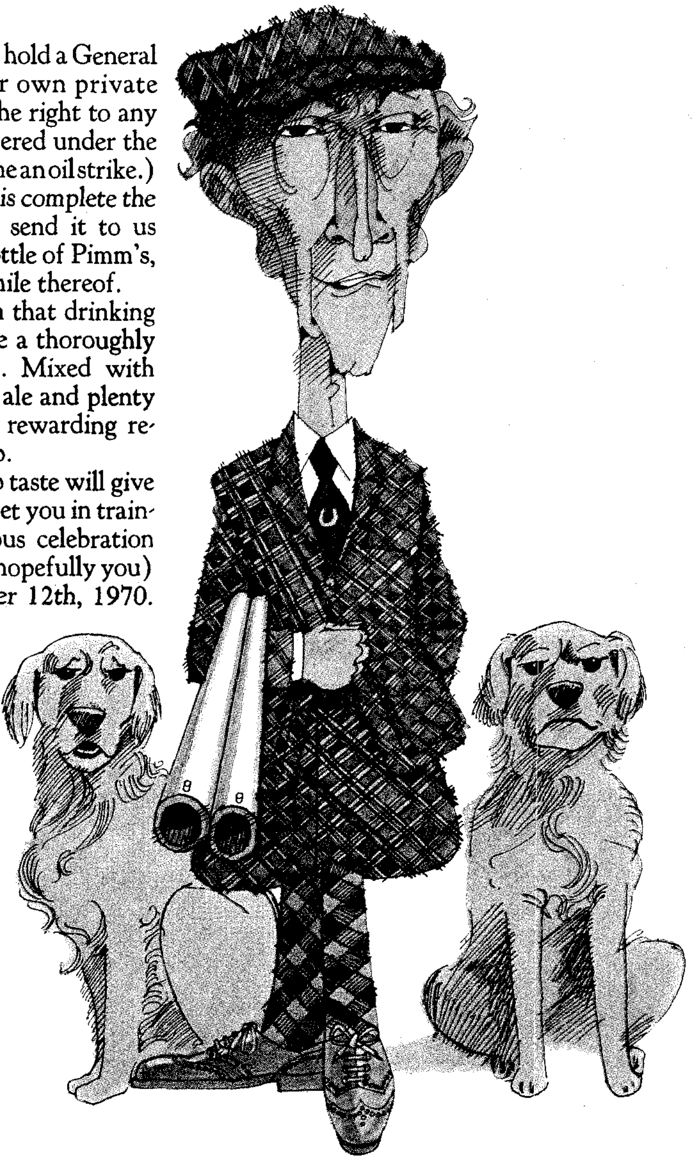

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creasing proportion of people who simply enjoy seeing and hearing wild animals in their native habitat. . . . The reduction or suppression of animal numbers should be undertaken only as a means of accomplishing specific management objectives. . . . Animal damage control . . . is defined as the management of damaging bird and mammal populations at levels consistent with the needs and activities of man." People like Miss Harris are delighted to have their rights recognized, but they wonder whether "populations at levels consistent with the needs and activities of man" might not eventually mean levels of virtually zero. Berryman resents such suspicions and the general lack of gratitude and appreciation for the Bureau's achievements. "The conservationists had better think twice before they try to abolish us," he says. "They might succeed. Then there would be no central supervision of control programs. The landowners would be left to their own devices. In my opinion, that would be ruinous to the nation's wildlife resources."

WHEN Robert Henderson identified the black-footed ferret on Earl Adrian's ranch in 1964, his first thought was that he would love to study the species, but this was remote from the job the state paid him to do—mainly, keeping track of the populations of game birds and deer. His boss, Robert Hodgins, the director of the South Dakota Department of Game, Fish, and Parks, like many game commissioners, is not a scientist but essentially a politician. Hodgins was preoccupied at that moment with a problem that had arisen when the pheasant population in South Dakota declined sharply. Pheasants are big business there. Hunting brings in twenty-five million dollars a year. When pheasants declined, so did revenues, and the Game, Fish, and Parks Department was on the spot. Nobody knew why the pheasants had disappeared, but most of the hunting clubs were convinced that foxes were to blame. Qualified biologists maintain that predators have little to do with such population declines, and a study was then under way at the South Dakota Coöperative Wildlife Research Unit at South Dakota State University, in Brookings, to determine just that point. Nevertheless, the state asked the Bureau to assign extra men to kill foxes. The Bureau refused, pending the outcome of the study, but Hodgins, acting on the recommendations of men in the Game, Fish, and Parks Commission (the Department's parent agency), ordered an immediate war on foxes. State game wardens roamed the countryside gassing foxes out of their dens and clubbing them and their pups. The blitz destroyed sixty-seven hundred predators—most of them foxes, but included were coyotes, bobcats, and badgers—and also undermined the study. Relations between the Bureau and Hodgins were strained by the incident.

With pheasants, not ferrets, on his mind, Hodgins told Henderson he could do whatever he liked about the ferret as long as it didn't cost the state money or cause trouble. Henderson had also been in touch with Dr. Paul F. Springer, at the South Dakota Coöperative Wildlife Research Unit. Dr. Springer, a Bureau biologist, was the head of the Coöperative Unit, a laboratory that is supported partly by Bureau funds and partly by state and private funds. He had been interested in ferrets for several years. The previous year, a mink rancher had donated a single male ferret to the university, but it died of pneumonia. Dr. Springer had wanted to make a field study of the species, and had discussed this with the local PARC man and in letters to Washington, but nothing came of his efforts, because there were no ferrets available for observation. Now, with a ferret available, Dr. Springer was determined to seize the opportunity. The Bureau consented, and the study of the ferret became a formal Unit project. Its funds were modest; the Bureau contributed a thousand dollars, the National Park Service two thousand, and Dr. Cottam's Welder Wildlife Foundation five hundred. The next question was who should do the fieldwork, for neither Henderson nor Springer could leave his other work. At this point, Earl Adrian stepped in. He said he wanted no "government people" on his ranch, but he suggested that his son, Dick, who had just graduated from Marquette University and was interested in wildlife management, might do the job. Henderson was asked by the Unit to help him. Accordingly, Dick was hired, and on August 17, 1964, he pitched a tent on his father's dog town and he and Henderson began their study, with Dr. Springer supervising from his post at Brookings.

The ferret had first been described by John James Audubon and John Bach-

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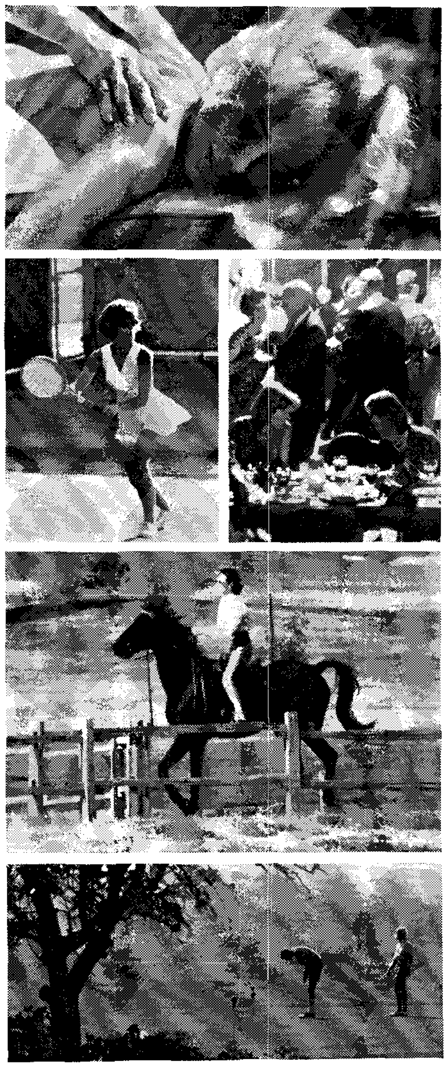

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man from a skin sent to them in 1851. They classified it as *Mustela nigripes*, or black-footed member of the mustelids, a large family that includes the weasel, the mink, the marten, the badger, the otter, and the skunk. In 1896, when Dr. Clinton Hart Merriam, of the Biological Survey, tried to describe *Mustela nigripes*, he could find only half a dozen specimens in museums. In 1929, Ernest Thompson Seton, the naturalist, found records of sightings of *Mustela nigripes* to be so meagre that he concluded the animal had always been rare and was probably waning. He predicted that the range of the ferret would turn out to be identical with that of the prairie dog, "unless we succeed in exterminating both species before sufficient notes can be made." He called the ferret "a robber baron securely established in the village of his helpless peasantry," noted that "its mating habits, call notes, love notes, song and amusements are wholly unknown," and went on to say, "We know that it . . . lives like a mouse in a cheese, for the hapless Prairie-dogs are its favorite food," concluding, "Now that the big Demon of Commerce has declared war on the Prairie-dog, that merry little simpleton of the Plains must go . . . and with the passing of the Prairie-dog, the Ferret, too, will pass."

During the nineteen-forties, the lack of scientific knowledge about the ferret attracted the attention of biologists in the National Park Service. The problem was discussed by the executive committee of the American Committee for International Wild Life Protection in 1952, and Dr. Victor H. Cahalane, of the Park Service, undertook a field survey of the ferret's range. He asked the field men of the Park Service and the Bureau to report any ferrets they encountered in the course of their work. Cahalane collected reports of some sixty ferrets seen mostly during the period 1948 to 1952. The sightings covered ten states, and stretched from northern Montana to New Mexico and Texas, but many were isolated instances. The only cluster of reports—sixteen of them—came from South Dakota, and Cahalane concluded that this must be the heart of the ferret's remaining territory. He noted that almost a third of the ferrets reported had been killed, and that most of the rest had been seen in dog towns slated for poisoning. While he was unable to prove that the ferrets would themselves be poisoned by feeding on poisoned prairie dogs or would starve when their normal food supply was destroyed, he believed that this was the most likely outcome. He urged further study of the ferret, and also suggested that some ferrets be trapped and released in protected prairie-dog towns in national parks. The Bureau and the Park Service agreed with the latter proposal, but, except for one abortive attempt, did nothing about it. In 1953, Walt Disney was filming a movie called "The Vanishing Prairie," and a Bureau trapper caught five ferrets in South Dakota for Disney's use. One died in the trap; another died of a previous gunshot wound. The others survived the movie and were turned over to the superintendent of Wind Cave National Park in southwest South Dakota, where there were prairie-dog towns. Two escaped and the third was released, but no ferrets have been seen there since.

The Park Service biologist Walter Kittams is credited with keeping interest in the ferret alive during the next decade. He persuaded the Service to keep on trying to transplant ferrets to a safe spot, and got in touch with numbers of people, including Bureau trappers such as Pullins, who were most likely to see ferrets, and asked them to let him know of any sightings of ferrets, dead or alive. Henderson was one of the men Kittams had talked with about his interest, and from the start Henderson had responded warmly. Henderson, a tall, jug-eared, intense man in his late thirties, combines the common Western passion for the outdoors with an unusual reverence for it, perhaps shaped when he was a student at the University of Kansas, for one of his teachers there was Dr. Hall. Henderson has degrees in botany and zoology, and in 1961 he was hired as a game biologist by the South Dakota Department of Game, Fish, and Parks. The thought that he might be instrumental in saving an endangered species fired his idealism, and he included the search for ferrets in his fieldwork, travelling hundreds of miles over remote reaches of the prairie, scanning dog towns, and talking with ranchers and Indians who might remember having seen a ferret. Kittams had compiled a list of past ferret sightings—the first step in an attempt to determine the status of a species—and Henderson began adding to it. The list was not heartening. In 1960, there were nine sightings (four of the ferrets were dead), in 1961 there were two, and in 1962 there were five. In 1963, Henderson's wide search paid off, and he recorded sightings of eight live ferrets and four dead.

But, in spite of countless hours of watching, it wasn't until he came to Adrian's ranch in 1964 that he saw a live ferret.

To an untrained visitor, a prairie-dog town is relatively featureless—an area of short grass or bare ground dotted with evenly scattered craters. The dogs are plump, tawny, short-legged rodents, weighing about two pounds. They are members of the squirrel family, and they have short, perky tails that jerk expressively. They are highly vocal, and signal to each other with a variety of calls. Their alarm call sounds vaguely like a bark; hence the name prairie dog. When an "all clear" is sounded after the departure of a predator, the whole town joins in a triumphal chorus. The population of a town is divided into coteries of one or two males and several females and their young. Coterie members keep in constant friendly communication and guard their boundaries against trespass by non-members. This territoriality spreads the population and insures that the food supply is evenly distributed. Group vigilance protects the dogs against predators. Thus, the prairie dogs' social life is an important factor in their survival. It is also engaging to watch. The dogs' main business is feeding on vegetation and improving their labyrinthine burrows, but they interrupt it frequently to enjoy each other's company.

Whenever two prairie dogs meet, they greet each other with a kiss, touching their bared teeth together. Even in flight to a burrow, two passing prairie dogs pause for a hasty kiss. "At other times," Dr. John A. King, an animal behaviorist, has written, the kiss "is more leisurely and prolonged. Two animals will meet and kiss; then one will roll over on its back, still maintaining oral contact. Often the kiss ends with both animals rapturously stretched out side by side; they then rise and move off to feed with their bodies pressed together." The kiss is probably a device to distinguish friend from foe. When two prairie dogs are uncertain of each other's identity, they creep toward each other on their bellies, flicking their tails and with teeth bared. If one is an interloper, he is intimidated and flees. If both are within their rightful territory, neither gives way, and they advance and kiss. After the kiss, they go on to what is obviously the pure pleasure of grooming. One prairie dog will nibble and paw the other, which will roll over on its back and respond with encouraging nuzzlings. All members groom each other regardless of sex or

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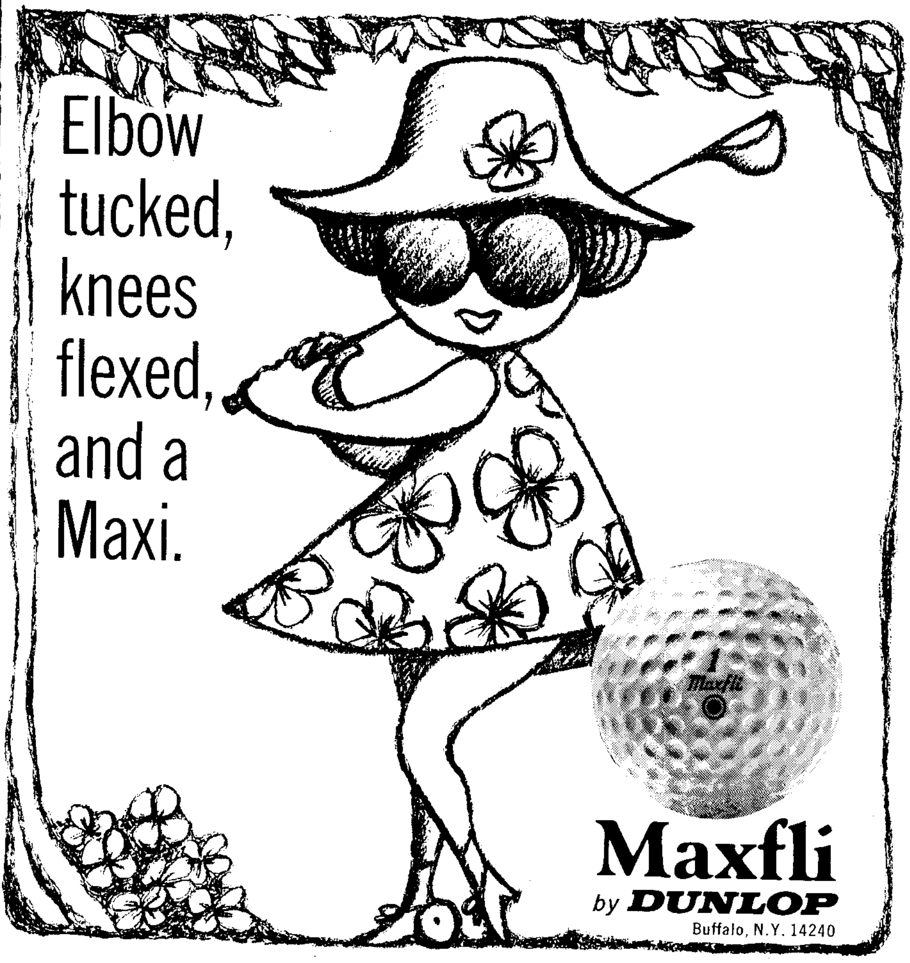

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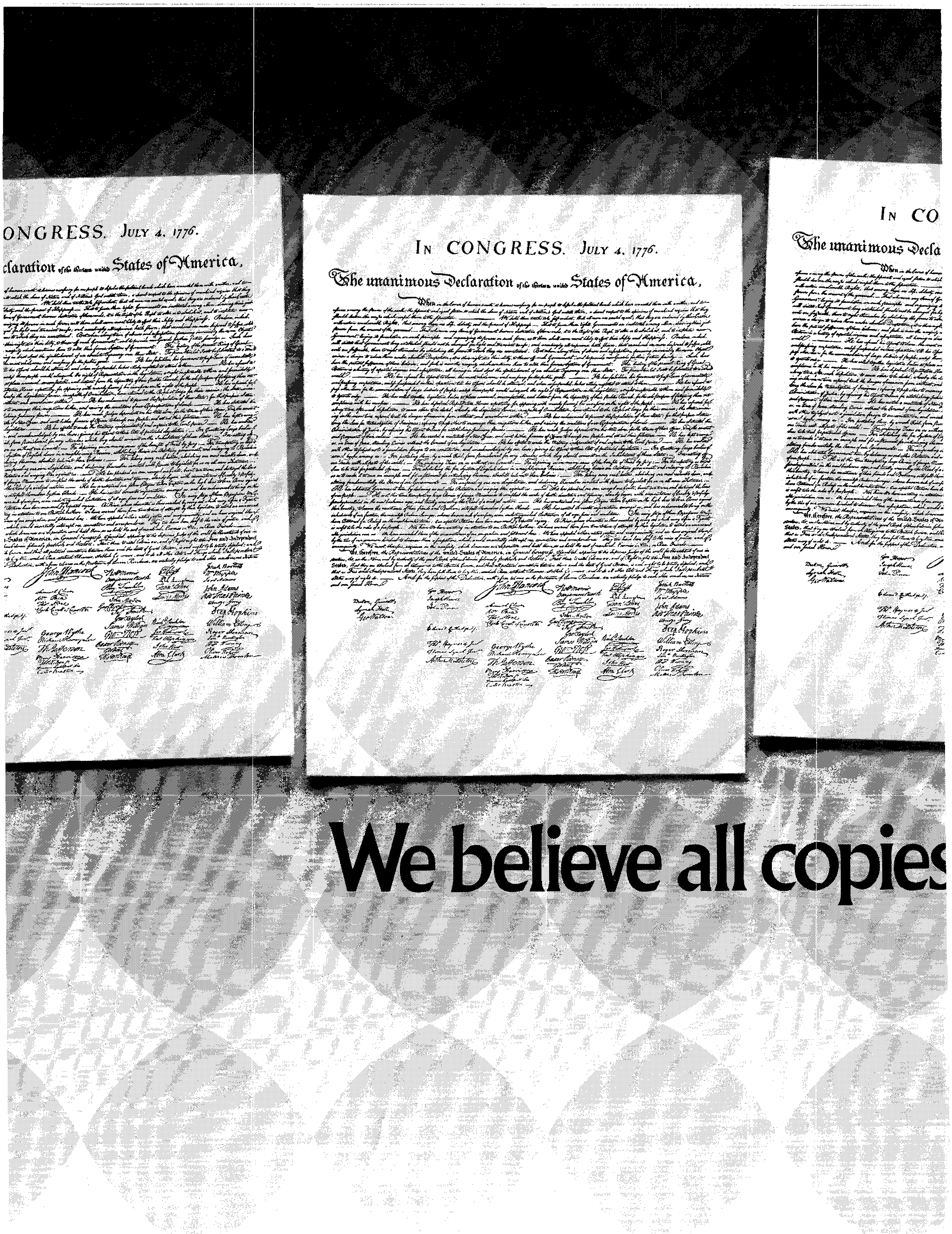
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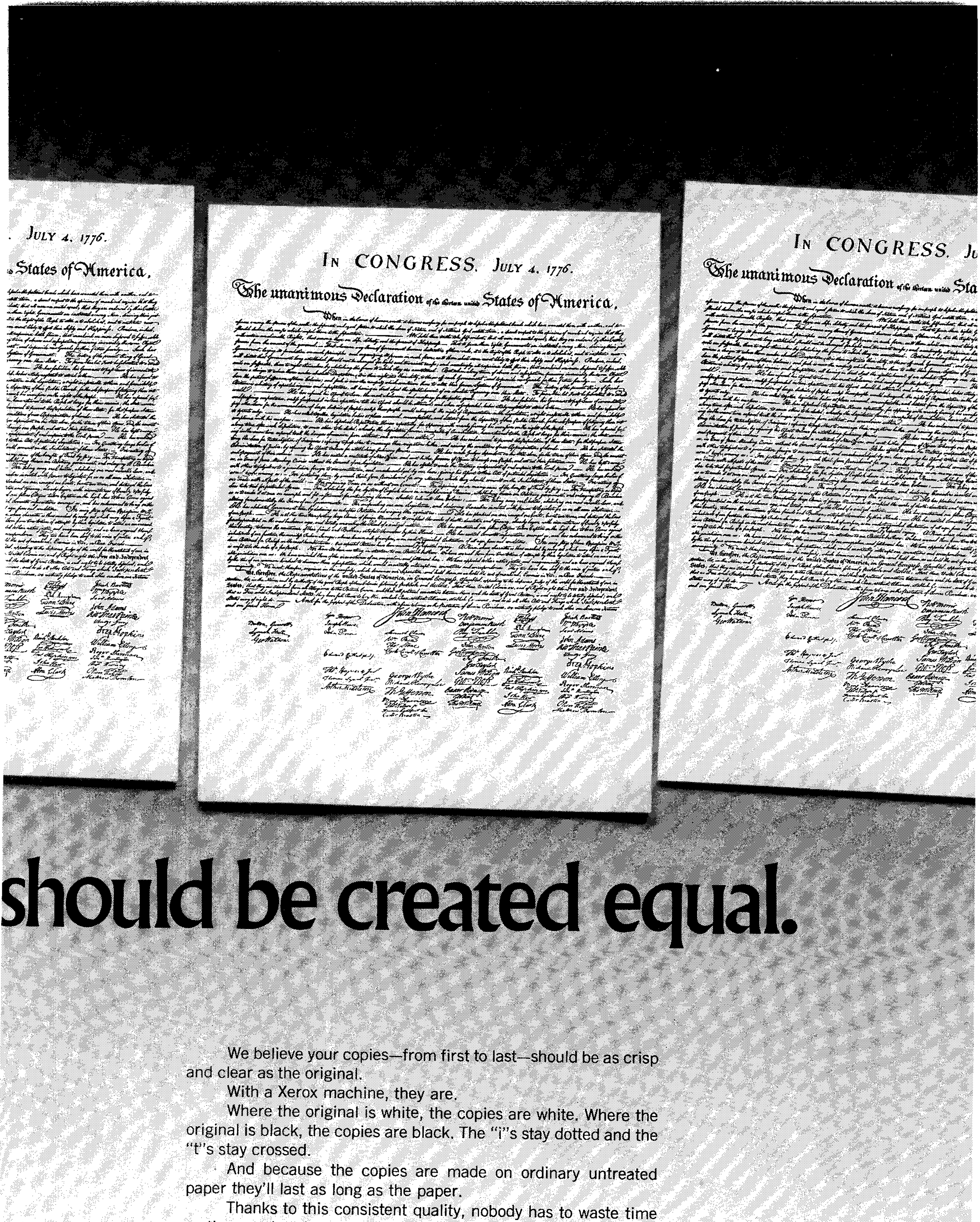
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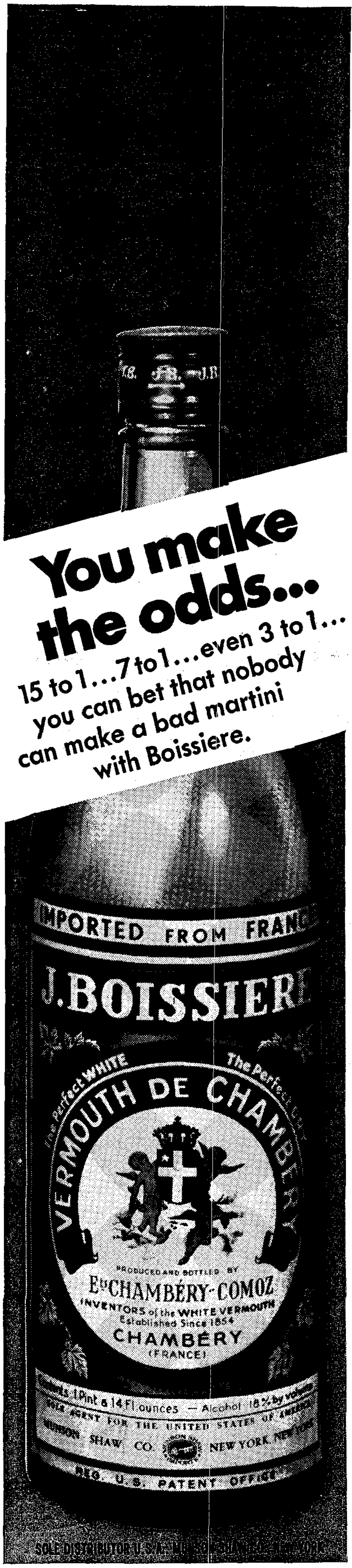

age, and this grooming takes up a good part of a prairie dog's day. The pups are especially greedy for it, chasing after the adults to attract their attention.

Prairie-dog pups emerge from their underground nurseries into what Dr. King calls a pup's paradise, in which they are gently taught the rules of behavior. All the adults in a coterie, male and female, kiss and groom any pup, and any coterie female will suckle him. His importunate demands for attention are borne with patience. When pups are small, they may wander into the territory of other coteries with impunity, but as they grow larger they are repulsed, at first gently, then more forcefully, until each pup learns the meaning of boundary and kinship. From March until May, while females are busy bearing young, coterie rules are suspended. Yearlings and some adults then wander to the edge of the town, where they construct new burrows. Thus, the population is dispersed and the land not overgrazed, and in suitable habitats dog towns may grow to cover hundreds, or even thousands, of acres.

Prairie-dog towns play an important role in the lives of a host of animals besides the ferret. The dogs' activities have an effect on every form of life in the vicinity, including the insects in the soil beneath them, the vegetation around them, and the whole range of plains animals—reptiles, other rodents, birds, carnivores, and herbivores. Prairie dogs are selective feeders, choosing the plants that are most nutritive at a given time of year. They eliminate taller plants and encourage fast-growing weeds with abundant fruits and seeds and the short blue grama, buffalo grass, and forbs. As though to clear the town of cover in which predators could lurk, they clip nonfood plants and leave them on the ground to wither. The ground in a dog town is usually barer than the surrounding area, and the variety of plants is quite different. Prairie dogs have an intimate relationship with grazing animals. The feeding of grazers, like that of prairie dogs, tends to spread blue grama, buffalo grass, and forbs. Early naturalists noted that prairie-dog towns followed the track of the buffalo. Buffalo moved constantly, seldom overgrazing, and so the prairie-dog population was large but stable. When cattle replaced buffalo, the cattle overgrazed, removing the tall grass, and prairie dogs increased far beyond their earlier numbers.

Not only do prairie dogs follow grazers but their towns are favorite gathering places for cows—or for buffalo, elk, or antelope, if they happen to be around. The trampling and manure of the cattle and the feeding of the prairie dogs make conspicuous changes in their little section of the world, but there are more subtle changes, too. Prairie-dog burrows are intricate catacombs averaging fifty feet in length. The distance between burrows varies, but the average number of burrows per acre is twenty-two. All this earth-moving changes the composition of the soil; the digging not only mixes the soil and aerates it but may enable it to hold water that would otherwise run off. The dogs further enrich the soil with the plants they carry underground, with their droppings, and with their bodies when they die. Thus, they help convert the prairie from silt to loam. The sites of abandoned towns turn green sooner in the spring than the surrounding land.

All in all, a prairie-dog town is something like a metropolitan center for other creatures. Ants, beetles, spiders, worms, and so on, come for the manure, for the seeds, or for each other. Horned larks, lark buntings, meadowlarks, plover, and mourning doves come for the insects and the seeds. Grouse perform their dances in the dusty earth. Prairie-dog burrows are cool in summer and warm in winter, and provide refuge for many uninvited guests. (One is the burrowing owl, which, like the ferret, is associated with prairie dogs and may be unable to carry on without them. The burrowing owl is now rare, and, because of the poisoning of prairie dogs, is likely to become rarer. Its extinction is quite possible.) No one has ever calculated the effect on all these creatures when a prairie-dog town is suddenly poisoned with 1080 and "cleaned up" with cyanide cartridges thrown down the holes. The question is highly complex, and it is economically too unimportant to invite study, but within their microcosmic world the event must be a Hiroshima-like disaster.

The extent to which prairie dogs compete with beef cattle for grass has never been scientifically determined, but the matter is more complicated than it seems. There are so many variables, such as the rainfall, the season, the choice of plants, and the condition of the range, that it is impossible to equate the foraging of a given number of prairie dogs with that of a given number of cows. Early cattle-

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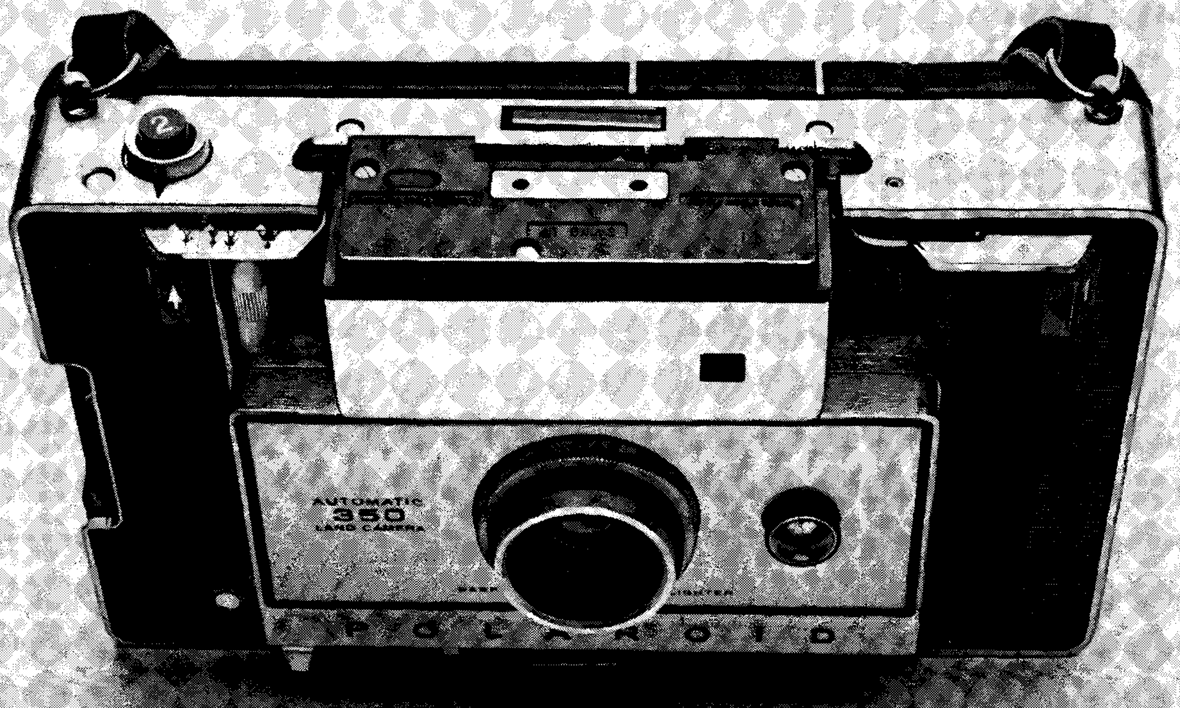

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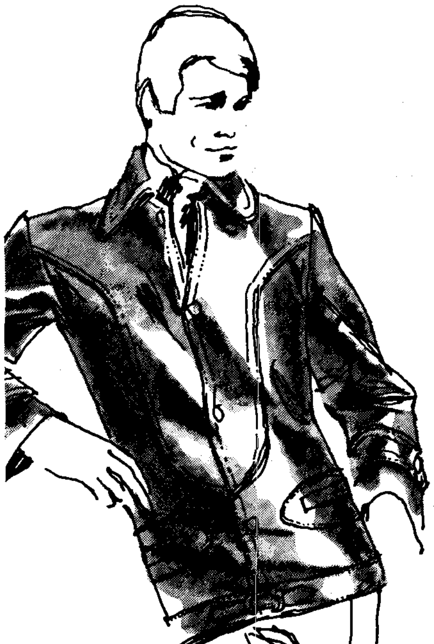

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men, however, merely looked at the barer earth around dog towns and concluded that their cattle were being robbed. In 1902, Dr. Merriam, of the Biological Survey, computed by an unstated formula that two hundred and fifty-six prairie dogs consumed as much forage as one cow. This ratio has been quoted ever since as a definitive indictment of prairie dogs. In 1958, a study made by Carl B. Koford for the New York Zoological Society and the Conservation Foundation found this figure highly exaggerated and the results of applying any such formula misleading. "It seems that . . . there was a tendency among men of the Biological Survey to overemphasize rodent damage in order to gain support for the work . . . [of] predator and rodent control," Dr. Koford wrote. One fact about prairie dogs is undisputed: they prosper and spread in conjunction with overgrazing, and thus may be blamed for a condition that was in fact brought on by the cattle. Poisoning prairie dogs will not restore overgrazed range unless the cattle are reduced as well. In the short run, prairie dogs may reduce the range capacity for cattle somewhat, but the full effect of their feeding is not understood. Koford found in almost every aspect of the prairie dog's ecological role "an array of unknown relationships, conflicting data, and controversial ideas" that aroused misgivings about the ultimate wisdom of destroying them. The Bureau, however, does not share his doubts.

Seton put the range of the black-tailed prairie dog during the latter part of the last century at about six hundred thousand square miles—an area that may have held as many as five billion animals. Cattlemen began poisoning the dogs around 1880. In the early nineteen-hundreds, state governments joined the war on prairie dogs, and the Biological Survey began poisoning dog towns on public lands. About 1916, the war intensified, and spread to cover millions of acres. In the thirties, the Civilian Conservation Corps and the Works Progress Administration helped with the job. In the forties, 1080 came into use, and the prairie-dog population shrank rapidly. Prairie dogs now cover only a small fraction of the area they inhabited fifty years ago. The Bureau still carries on the war against them, poisoning over a quarter of a million acres a year. Small colonies of prairie dogs are being preserved in national parks and by some landowners, and so, because the species recovers rapidly, it will probably not become extinct. But as a common ani-

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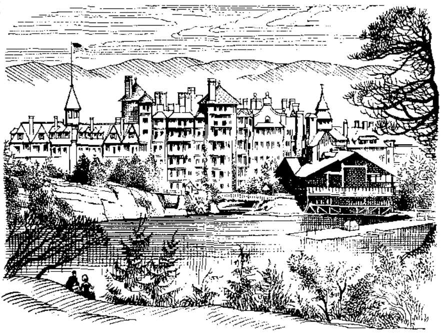

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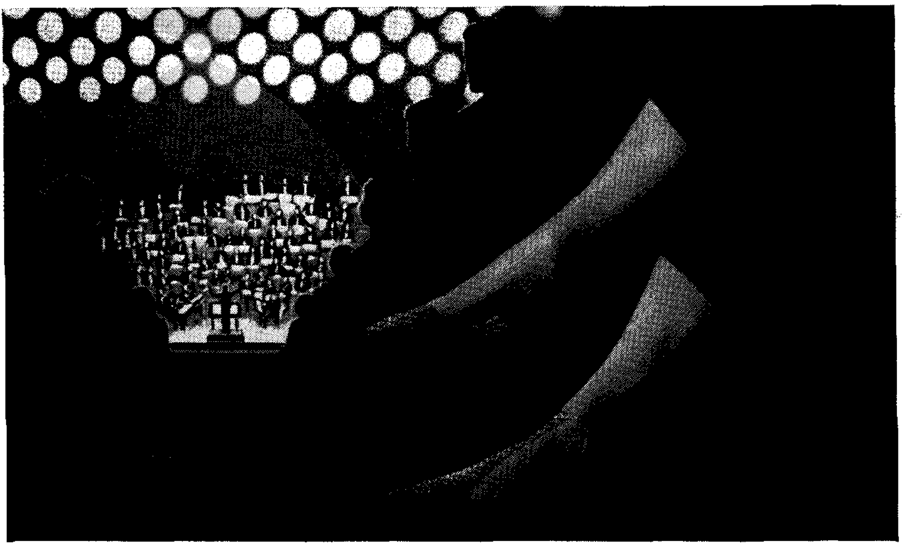
mal of the Great Plains the prairie dog has all but disappeared.

Until quite recently, the single area of the plains that had escaped the full brunt of poisoning was South Dakota. This was partly because much of it was Indian land, and so inspired less federal zeal for improvement, and partly because for some years it was on the fringe of PARC's operations. In 1964, South Dakota had the greatest remaining population of black-tailed prairie dogs. The heaviest concentration was in five counties in the south-central part of the state. It is here that most of the ferrets reported in the last six years have been seen.

To study the ferret on Earl Adrian's ranch, Henderson and Dick Adrian watched the south dog town around the clock, by day with binoculars and at night with a powerful spotlight (which did not unduly disturb the ferret). They were delighted to find that the ferret was a female with a litter of three, and were also pleased to rediscover the second family. Black-footed ferrets, Henderson found, are extremely beautiful little animals. They are small—no bigger than a mink. Their round heads, large round ears that stand out alertly, inquisitive shoe-button eyes surrounded by the mask of black fur, and black noses give them a face that is utterly beguiling. Their long, tubular bodies are pale brown on the back, shading to buff and almost white underneath. Their legs are black to the shoulder, and the ends of their tails are black, too. They look like the prettiest of stuffed toys.

The study lasted from August, 1964, through August, 1965, and made it abundantly clear why so little has been recorded about ferrets. They are among the most elusive of animals and the most difficult to observe. Most of the day, they stay belowground, although an adult may bask for a time in the sun or make brief trips around the prairie-dog town. At night, the mother ferret, who rears her young without help from the male, emerges for longer hunting forays and glides quickly from burrow to burrow, sometimes entering and shortly popping out again, at other times staying down for a longer time. In early summer, the young do not appear at all, but when they are half-grown the mother begins to bring them out at night. At first, the young are timid, and the mother must coax them out, or sometimes drag them out by the nape. Later, they gain confidence and follow her in response to a low, plaintive call note. Eventually, Henderson observed, she



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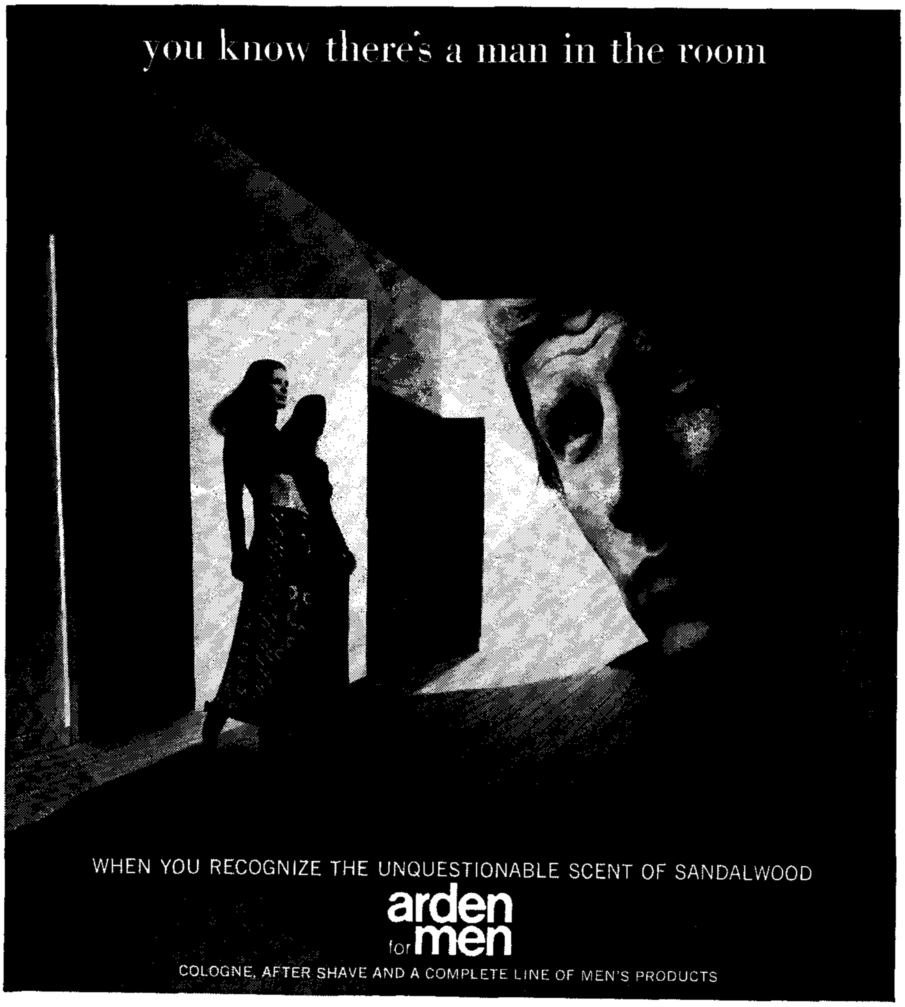
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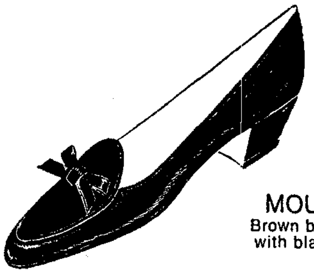

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would lead her young about the town in single file, so that they resembled a small toy train. As the young ferrets lost their fear of the open, they began to play, leaping and tussling like puppies. By mid-July, they were partly weaned. Several times, Henderson saw the mother come out of a hole with a dead prairie dog in her jaws and drag it to the burrow containing her young. On another occasion, she cached dead prairie dogs in a burrow one night and led the young to it the following night.

By the end of August, they were full-grown and independent. Dr. Springer believes that the young probably travel in search of new dog towns, but almost nothing is known about their dispersal. When they leave, they are vulnerable to predators, and if dog towns are far apart they must support themselves on other prey. If they scatter too widely, they may be unable to find mates. Thus, even if a ferret family escapes poisoning, the destruction of dog towns may have an equally lethal, though slower, effect on the species.

One thing that Henderson and Dr. Springer wanted to learn was how ferrets could be discovered. Ferret tracks are visible only in mud or snow or freshly dug earth, and the animals rarely leave droppings aboveground. One of the few clues to a ferret's presence is the behavior of the prairie dogs, which often fill the burrow it occupies with soil, apparently trying to entomb it. This presents no problem to the ferret, which digs itself out when it chooses and then disinters its young, but a number of stopped-up entrances are a hint that a ferret is about. Ferrets also do a lot of digging in prairie-dog burrows; no one is sure why. When excavating, the ferret backs out of the hole holding dirt against its chest with its front paws. As it drags the dirt away from the hole, kicking it backward, it leaves a trench in the loose earth. The trench is a sure sign of ferrets, but its absence is not proof that no ferret is there, for the industrious prairie dogs often destroy it.

Although the ferrets live in the midst of their food supply, they apparently must struggle for their meals. Henderson and Adrian noticed that as the summer progressed the female ferret became thin and unkempt from her labors to feed her young. Prairie dogs weigh as much as ferrets and are not quite pushovers. Henderson saw dogs chase the mother ferret, and even tussle with it. Ferrets probably hunt mostly at night, creeping through the long tunnels and seizing prairie dogs asleep in their chamber. How many prairie dogs a ferret requires is not known, but there seem to be biological factors that keep the ferret population in balance with its food supply.

THE discovery of the black-footed ferret in South Dakota came just as the Leopold Report was being studied and before Gottschalk and Berryman had taken over at the Bureau. The policy of protecting endangered species had been announced only very recently, and Dr. Springer's study of the ferret aroused little interest in Washington. Around this time, Springer learned that PARC was planning a large campaign of prairie-dog poisoning in South Dakota the following summer. The Bureau's South Dakota office had made an agreement with the B.I.A. to poison the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, which held the highest population of prairie dogs in the state and was probably the last stronghold of the ferret. Springer was concerned about the effect this program might have on ferrets. He discussed it with the regional supervisor, Clarence Faulkner, who instructed the district agent that poisoning at Pine Ridge should be done with "consideration" for any ferrets that might be present, and that if any were found Springer was to be consulted before poisoning proceeded.

The reservation, the home of the Oglala Sioux, is a tract of a million and a half acres of grazing land—ninety miles long and fifty miles wide—west of the town of White River. It was once twice as large, but over the years white ranchers gained title to half the Indians' land. Even what remains is not truly in the hands of the Sioux. Forty per cent is leased to white ranchers—a situation that has come about largely because the Indians, lacking capital to buy cattle and seldom able to get loans from banks controlled by white ranchers, have been forced to lease the land. Grazing policies, such as the number of cattle per acre, annual rents, and prairie-dog poisoning, are in the hands of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Pine Ridge escaped massive poisoning until the nineteen-fifties. About eighty thousand acres were treated then, but by 1964 the prairie dogs were again widespread. The ranchers holding leases complained to the B.I.A. that prairie dogs were reducing their income, and, on the recommendation of the B.I.A.'s range managers, the Sioux Tribal Council agreed to the poisoning, some of the

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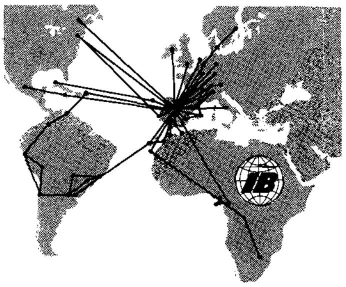

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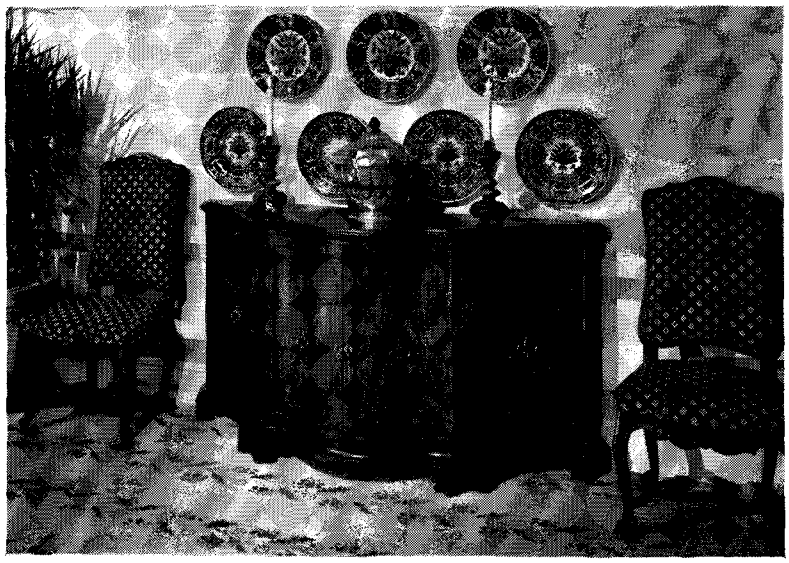
London Branch Office ☐ Representative Offices: Beirut, Caracas, Hong Kong, Paris, Taipei, Tokyo cost of which would come out of tribal funds. The B.I.A.'s Land Operations Officer, Duane Moxon, made arrangements with Jim Lee, the district agent for PARC, for the poisoning to be started in the summer of 1965.

Henderson had not been able to search the reservation thoroughly for ferrets, but he had collected quite a few reports of sightings from the area. He and Dr. Springer were convinced that a high proportion of whatever ferrets remained on earth were directly in the poisoners' path. In April, they met with Moxon, Lee, and Faulkner to see what could be done to protect the ferrets. The B.I.A. and PARC men were reluctant to make any concessions. They conceded that the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife's new policy was to protect any endangered species, but they challenged Springer to prove that prairie-dog poisoning would harm the ferret population. They questioned the assumption that ferrets depended on prairie dogs for survival, and expressed doubt that ferrets would eat poisoned prairie dogs and die from secondary poisoning. Since no specific studies had been made, Springer was, of course, helpless to demonstrate anything conclusive. The best he could arrange was an agreement that Henderson and Adrian would be allowed to search dog towns ahead of the poisoning crews. If they found a ferret, the area would be temporarily bypassed.

After the meeting, Springer wrote to Gottschalk to express misgivings. He pointed out that, of a total of ninety ferret sightings over the years in South Dakota, about a third were on or close to the reservation. He also wrote that, on the basis of all existing evidence, he thought it highly likely that the ferret did depend on prairie dogs and would eat poisoned prairie dogs and succumb to secondary poisoning. He particularly questioned the poisoning of a tract of land forty miles long and twelve miles wide just north of the reservation. The War Department had purchased most of this land—348,000 acres—from the Indian and white owners in 1942 for use as a bomb range, and now it held twenty thousand acres of prairie dogs, probably the highest concentration in South Dakota. The range supported some ten thousand cattle owned by Indians and absentee ranchers. These leases were of no benefit to the Sioux, because the range was federal land, and the annual income from it, which amounted to $161,604, went into the



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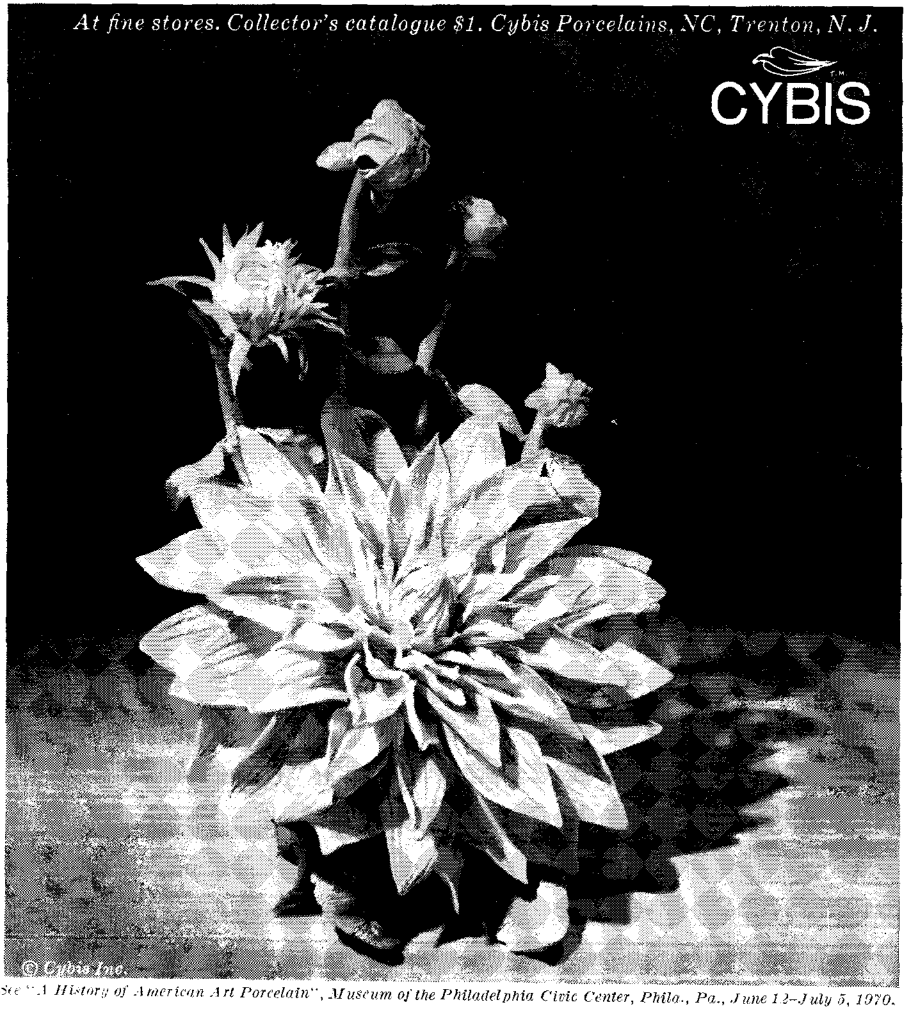

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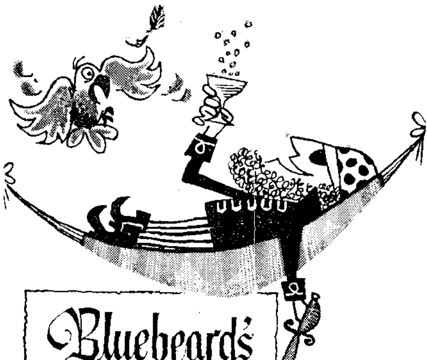

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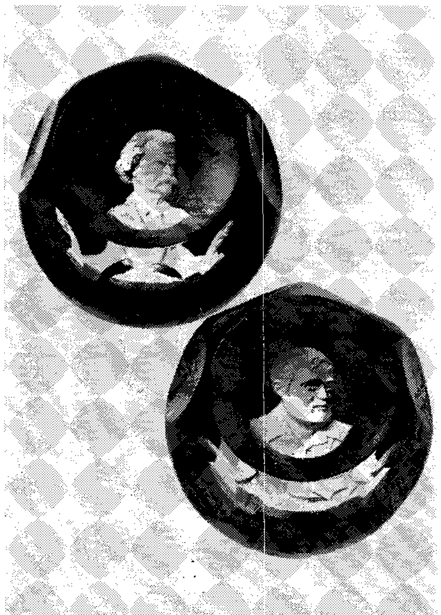

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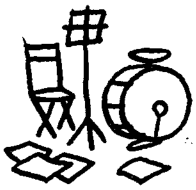
United States Treasury. Nevertheless, the B.I.A. was asking PARC to poison the bomb range for the benefit of the leaseholders. Springer reminded Gottschalk that it is always difficult for the Bureau to acquire habitats for wildlife, and noted that it didn't seem logical to destroy an ideal ferret habitat already in federal hands. He argued that PARC, instead of asking him to prove that poisoning would harm ferrets, should be asked to prove that poisoning was harmless to them. Gottschalk apparently was not impressed, and the bomb range remained in the plans for poisoning Pine Ridge.

The whole ferret matter might have ended there had not Dr. Stanley Cain, Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife and Parks, who had jurisdiction over the Bureau, received a call from Dr. Cottam, his former colleague on the Leopold Board and something of an elder statesman of conservation, who had heard that the Bureau was about to further endanger an endangered species. Dr. Cain was distressed, and just a few days before the poisoning was scheduled to begin he called Gottschalk, Berryman, and officials of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Park Service to his office to discuss the question.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs, responsible not to Dr. Cain but to the Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Public Land Management, protested that to halt the poisoning program would victimize the Indians for the sake of an unimportant and possibly nonexistent animal. Dr. Cain asked Gottschalk and Berryman for information on the ferret, and he was told that they possessed very little. They pointed out that contracts for the poisoning work had been signed, that Indian crews had been hired, and that the 1080 to do the job was already in the warehouse at Pine Ridge. Implicit in the situation was the fear that if the Bureau withdrew from the program it would jeopardize relations with its "sister agency" the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and possibly cause a commotion at a higher level. Furthermore, if the Bureau of Indian Affairs chose to go ahead and use the poison anyway, Dr. Cain could stop it only by an appeal to Secretary Udall, who had not been informed of the ferret's plight. Dr. Cain thus found himself helpless to stop the momentum of the system.



Finally, the officials devised a compromise that, it was hoped, would allow the Bureau to safeguard the ferret and still poison the prairie dogs. The scheme was embodied in a policy statement, which, while it conceded that "any form of control directed to the prairie dog will inevitably have some influence upon the ferret," described the dilemma: "The Department has the responsibility for protecting rare and endangered species and also to control animals significantly detrimental to the best interests of man." The solution made equal promises to both sides: "It shall be the policy of this Department to initiate an intensive survey of the black-footed ferret to determine precisely those areas where the ferret must be protected and the best methods for assuring its protection. Control bait will be made available by the Bureau . . . for prairie-dog suppression as soon as [it has] investigated any area proposed to be treated and . . . determined that it is not occupied by the black-footed ferret."

The responsibility for carrying out this program fell to Berryman, and he hastily ordered the poisoning held up until a way to make "ferret surveys" could be devised. The reaction in South Dakota was mixed. Henderson and Springer were elated. Moxon, the B.I.A. man, was annoyed. Jim Lee, the PARC man, who had worked closely with Moxon, was also less than enthusiastic. He found sympathy among friends in the state Game, Fish, and Parks Department, where he had a close relationship with Director Hodgins' second-in-command. The state was not directly involved with the Pine Ridge problem, since it had no jurisdiction over Indian or federal land, but Dr. Cain's policy statement applied equally to private land, and Hodgins decided that this was an invasion of states' rights. "For many years, the black-footed ferret has been protected in South Dakota under State Authority," he protested in a letter to Gottschalk. "By what authority does a Federal agency assume management of any resident species?" The Pine Ridge Tribal Council, for its part, was dismayed to learn that an animal it had hardly been aware of was going to cost it money. The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife had decided that the Sioux should pay part of the cost of the ferret surveys. Thus, from the start Berryman found the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the state, the field men of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, and the Indians arrayed to resist the policy of protecting the ferret.

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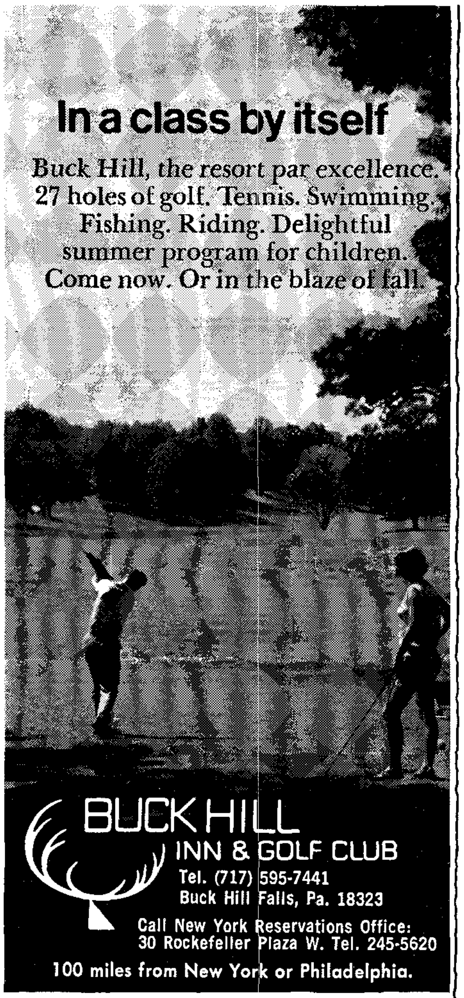

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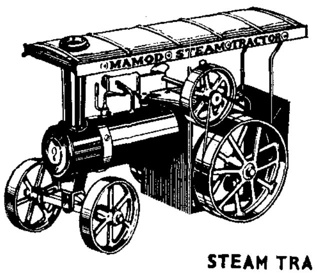

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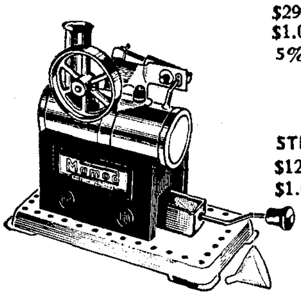

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visors from Minneapolis and a man from Washington to South Dakota to see what could be done to straighten things out. The start of the poisoning program was postponed for three weeks, and in this period there was a round of discussions on how best to carry out the awkward assignment. The delay displeased the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Gottschalk assured them that it was temporary. Then, firmly gripping both horns of the dilemma, he sent word to the regional office that the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife "attached great importance" to safeguarding the ferret and that it was essential to get on with prairie-dog control as quickly as possible.

The task confronting the field men—determining whether ferrets were or were not present in each dog town before deciding whether to poison it—must have struck them as absurdly difficult. Observations by Henderson and Adrian had indicated that ferrets show themselves only briefly in daylight. If the general location of a ferret was known, the field men might be able to sight the animal at night by catching its green eyeshine in the beam of a searchlight, but to cover thousands of acres with a searchlight would be clearly impossible. The only clues to the presence of a ferret—trenchlike diggings and plugged prairie-dog holes—were slim and short-lived. Finding ferrets was clearly a job that required infinite time and patience—elements that were in short supply just then. To judge by the ferret studies made before then, one man watching a hundred acres of prairie dogs for three days had at best a slim chance of seeing a ferret—provided that one was present. At this rate, a man might cover a thousand acres in thirty days, and it would take ten men a month to cover the ten thousand acres scheduled for poisoning. Even then, failure to see a ferret would not prove that no ferret was present.

Eventually, Berryman decided that two extra men would be hired to make the surveys. They were to take their orders from Lee, but Dr. Springer was to set standards for their work. From the outset, this forced marriage between research and control was none too happy. Dr. Springer's authority was limited, and Lee did not welcome any interference with the control program. Henderson was particularly unpopular with Lee, because his opposition to poisoning was well known, and so, although he had more field experience with ferrets than anyone else in the world, he had no official place on the team. Springer announced, however,

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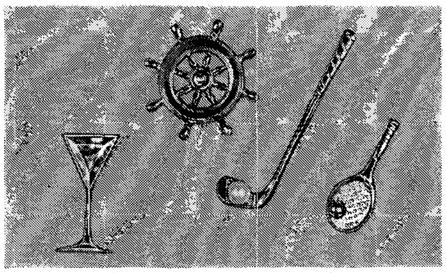

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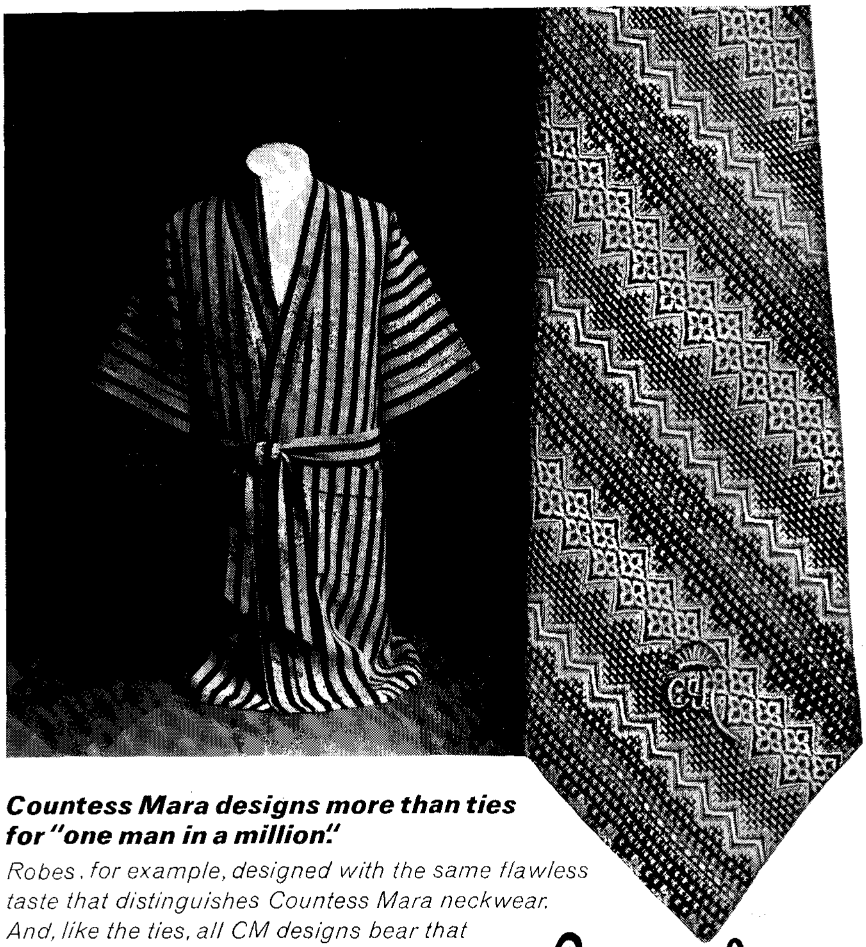
that he wanted Henderson's help, so Henderson was grudgingly included.

Shortly thereafter, Springer, whose base at Brookings was several hundred miles from Pine Ridge, asked Henderson and Dick Adrian to meet with Moxon and Lee to iron out the final details of the surveys. At this meeting Henderson found, besides Moxon and Lee, three men from the B.I.A. and three control men. The meeting was hardly harmonious. Moxon challenged Henderson's right to take any part in the arrangements, and Henderson replied that he was both Springer's deputy and a representative of the state. Since the state had shown little sympathy for the ferret, it was obvious that this was shaky backing. Lee, in charge of the meeting, introduced two old-time trappers named Burgee and Barnes as the "ferret experts" hired to make the surveys. In Henderson's view, their attitude was no different from that of any of the Bureau's other "gopher chokers." Both men had seen ferrets from time to time in their years of poisoning prairie dogs, and Barnes had trapped the ferrets Walt Disney used in "The Vanishing Prairie." In a rough way, they might be called "naturalists," but their orientation was an odd one for the task at hand. Henderson asked Barnes how he planned to search for ferrets. Barnes declined to specify, but in answer to another question he said he had two cages in which to trap and hold ferrets. Adrian asked Barnes what he intended to feed captured ferrets. Barnes said he wasn't going to feed them anything. Lee remarked that the ferret program was greatly overrated. In his opinion, he said, it would be better to poison the prairie dogs first and do the research later. Henderson said that the research should be done first, since the reservation might be the last place in the United States where ferrets could be saved. Laughter erupted around the table. Moxon then announced that he had detected what he called "a public-relations problem" with the Indians, arising from having too many people looking for ferrets. It had been decided, he said, that Henderson, Springer, and Dick Adrian would be barred from the reservation. Lee nodded agreement. He said that matters relating to Indians had to be handled carefully, and that since the ferret surveys were his responsibility, he felt any search by Henderson, Springer, or Adrian to be unnecessary. There the meeting ended.

Moxon next informed his Washington superiors that "in the interest of public relations and expediency" he



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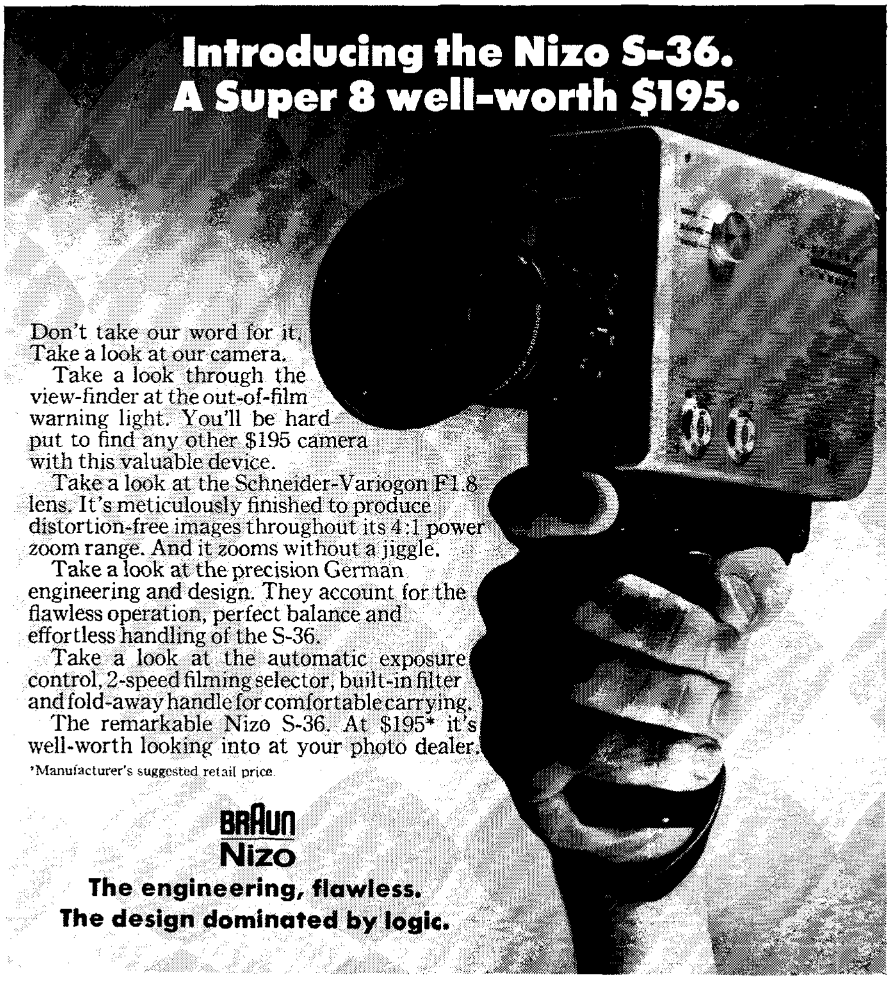

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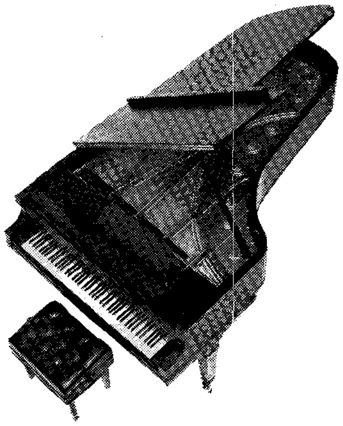

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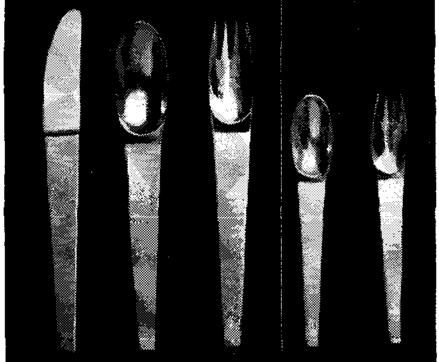

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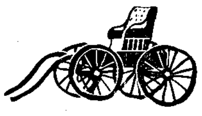
had decided that ferret surveys would be conducted "only by procedure established" and "other activities discontinued as unnecessary and detrimental to the . . . protection of the black-footed ferrets." Gottschalk and Berryman, eager to avoid further friction with the B.I.A., decided to appoint a young biologist named Lorin Ward to supervise Burgee and Barnes and a third trapper in Springer's stead. In mid-August, Ward and the three trappers set forth, driving and walking over the endless, empty grasslands day after day, scanning the dusty mounds of the dog towns with binoculars and checking some of the holes for signs of ferrets. Behind them were the poison crews, bags of poisoned oats slung over their shoulders, who dropped a few grains at each hole. At one small dog town, what might have been ferret droppings were found, and the town was bypassed. Otherwise, the search was uneventful. When it ended, six weeks later, 12,350 acres had been certified "clear" of ferrets and 8,500 acres poisoned. Ward reported to Washington, "We can't say there are no ferrets in this area. All we *are* able to conclude is that we did not find . . . positive signs of their presence." Outside the reservation, Bureau trappers were instructed to look for ferrets before poisoning. None were found, and 2,634 acres of land were also poisoned. The Bureau's efforts on behalf of the ferret that summer had cost an extra $17,000.

PARC's old enemy Defenders of Wildlife shortly got wind of the procedures followed in South Dakota and published a furious article, "How to Endanger a Ferret," in its magazine, *News*, questioning the good faith of the Bureau's survey effort and charging that Dr. Cain's policy had been emasculated in the field. Gottschalk and Berryman were angry and hurt over what they felt was an unjust attack. They believed that they had made unprecedented efforts, braved the wrath of the B.I.A. and Hodgins, and, by devising the surveys, taken the only means open to them to help the ferret. In their view, they deserved bouquets from conservationists rather than the same old abuse. Gottschalk answered a questioning taxpayer by saying, "This was one of the most closely supervised control operations ever undertaken and is a credit to those responsible for its conduct . . ." He didn't mention that since no ferrets had been found, none had been protected.

After being ousted from Pine Ridge, Springer had to confine his ferret work to studying data collected by Dick Adrian, who was spending a second summer watching the ferrets on his father's ranch, and by Henderson, who was still collecting reports of sightings. Dick Adrian decided at the end of the summer that he had seen enough, and he quit the project. His place as researcher for the Unit's ferret study was taken by Conrad Hillman, a young man who was brought up on a farm in North Dakota. Hillman had just graduated from Utah State University with a degree in wildlife management, and was making the ferret study the subject of his Master's thesis.



After the first summer's search, Gottschalk and Berryman were aware that the ferret question was by no means resolved. Pine Ridge had been only partly poisoned, and the rest of the job would take two more summers, at least. There would also continue to be requests for the Bureau's services on private land within possible ferret range. The ferret problem would be with them as long as there was evidence that any ferrets survived. The obvious solution—to stop poisoning for several years, until the ferret had been fully studied and a captive breeding population safely established—was out of the question, they felt. Politically, this course had little to recommend it. The ferret was an obscure cause, unlikely to generate much public interest. The Bureau was estranged from organized conservationists as a result of past hostilities. Nor could the conservation forces be any match for those interested in control. Ever since the Leopold Board's report came out, the livestock industry and its supporters in Congress had been watching the Bureau suspiciously, ready to fight any reduction of control. Berryman had been trying to reassure them that what he called "the new look in predator control" would be as effective as the old. If the Bureau stopped control to spare the ferret, the livestock men would conclude that it was knuckling under to conservationists. They would view the precedent of valuing wildlife above dollars as dangerous indeed, and their alarm would make it even more difficult for the Bureau to reduce its poison programs. Then, there was the matter of what would happen in the field if the Bureau refused to poison ferret areas. The B.I.A. and the landowners could poison prairie dogs on their own, with any of a number of available poisons and without even the slight protection that the surveys had afforded the ferret. Only the Secretary

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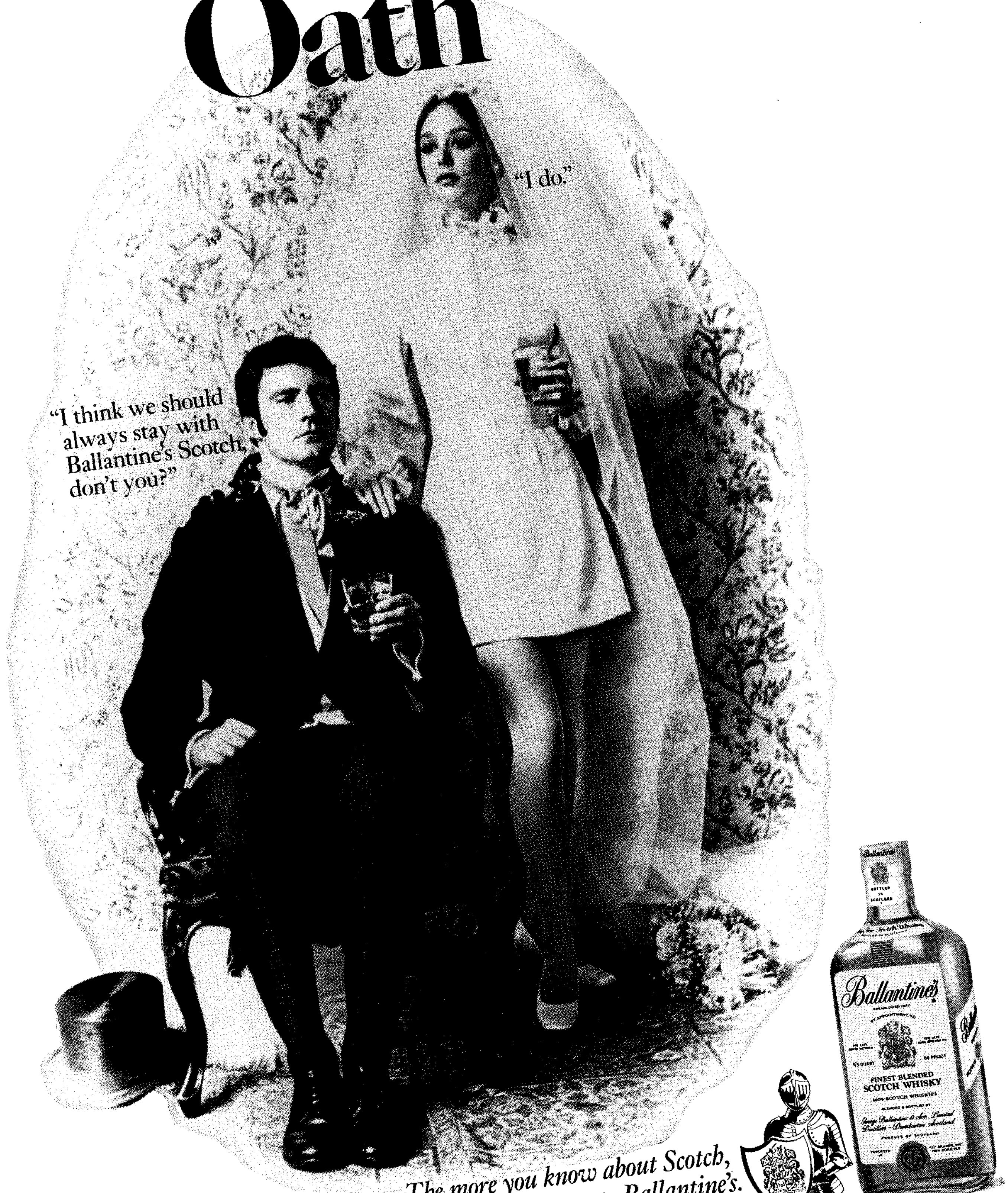
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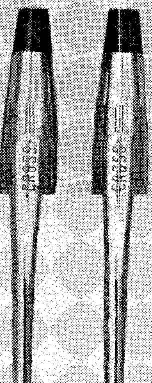

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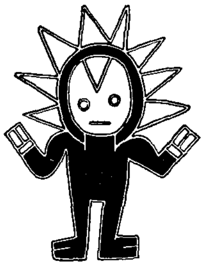

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of the Interior could halt poisoning by the B.I.A., and only an act of the state legislature could halt private landowners. Neither action was likely.

Gottschalk evidently decided that his best course, therefore, was to go on with control and to continue to believe that surveys protected ferrets. He wrote indignantly to the National Audubon Society, "I would like to state emphatically that no control measures are undertaken until we are convinced that an area containing prairie dogs has no ferrets. That statement deserves to be reiterated: *no control except on ferret-free areas.*" How he arrived at such a conviction would be hard to explain.

Gottschalk was well aware that in the annals of conservation the ferret was an important test case. If the ferret vanished, conservationists and scientists would blame the Bureau. In devising means to avoid poisoning the ferret—other than prohibiting all poisoning—the Bureau was badly handicapped by ignorance. It would have been very helpful, for instance, to know how many ferrets existed, and where, and whether their situation was as critical as it seemed. Were ferrets scattered over a large range, or were those in South Dakota the last of their race? How many prairie dogs were required to support a ferret family, and how thinly could the ferret population be scattered and still survive? Most helpful of all would have been to find a way to locate ferrets without endless and costly hours of search. The ferret's elusiveness, which had served it well in a wild world, was now the trait most likely to hasten its destruction.

In the hope of answering some of these questions, the Bureau assigned a biologist to work full time on the ferret project. He was a young man named Donald Fortenbery, who had previously worked in predator control and might be presumed to understand both sides of the problem. In January, 1966, Fortenbery moved into an office in Rapid City, and Henderson and Springer turned over to him much of their data and took him to the Adrian ranch, where Fortenbery soon saw his first ferret. Fortenbery's job, however, was not only to study individual ferrets but to try to define the ferret's original range and its present one, to estimate the number of ferrets surviving, and to discover how ferrets are affected by such variables as food, climate, and "land-use practices"—among them poisoning. His studies were to be tactfully separate from the activities at Pine Ridge, where Lee continued to have charge of the surveys. "Your role will

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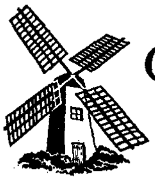

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be to make an occasional field appraisal of the techniques being used, to satisfy yourself as to their adequacy commensurate with the scope of the problem," Fortenbery was told by the Bureau's Washington office. "You should not expend your time in routine participation in the pre-control survey exercise." Fortenbery went to work in his office, assembling data on file cards, plotting lines on maps and graphs, and racking his brain for a way to determine the presence of ferrets.

In July, 1966, Hillman found a female ferret with five young on a ranch west of White River. By great good fortune, the rancher, a young man named Jim Carr, possessed a strong interest in wildlife and an aversion to poisoning. He was pleased and proud to harbor ferrets, and eager to have them studied. Hillman pitched his tent on Carr's dog town and spent the summer watching the ferret family. At about the same time, Fortenbery learned that the Defense Department had declared the bomb range surplus land. He explored the range and found it to be a dramatically desolate piece of landscape with a minimum of good grazing land. Although two-thirds of the dog towns had been poisoned in 1965, he still felt it would be ideal for a wildlife refuge, and particularly for a ferret and prairie-dog refuge. In a report to Washington, he described it as an "area [of] pinnacled spires high and somber, stark buttes topped with western juniper or buffalo grass, by flat tables two to three hundred feet high with precipitous sides . . . low sandhills and high prairies . . . tortuously twisting intermittent streams which have carved rugged, deep, steep-sided canyons . . . springs . . . yield good water and marshes [suitable for waterfowl]." Although it was ideal for a varied animal population, wildlife was not abundant, perhaps because of hunting by Indians and poachers, perhaps because of the 1080 bait stations that the Bureau had put there to guard a small flock of sheep owned by one of the most influential woolgrowers in the state. Neither coyote poison nor hunting had bothered the prairie dogs, and they had thrived there until the poison crews had arrived the previous year. "They are very efficient at their job," Fortenbery wrote of the poisoners. "I spent one day looking at practically every town that had been poisoned . . . and saw less than twenty-five dogs. By late fall the same story can be told for the rest of the area. The Bureau of Indian Affairs is . . . pushing the poisoning program which Wildlife Services is carrying out. . . . I don't dis-

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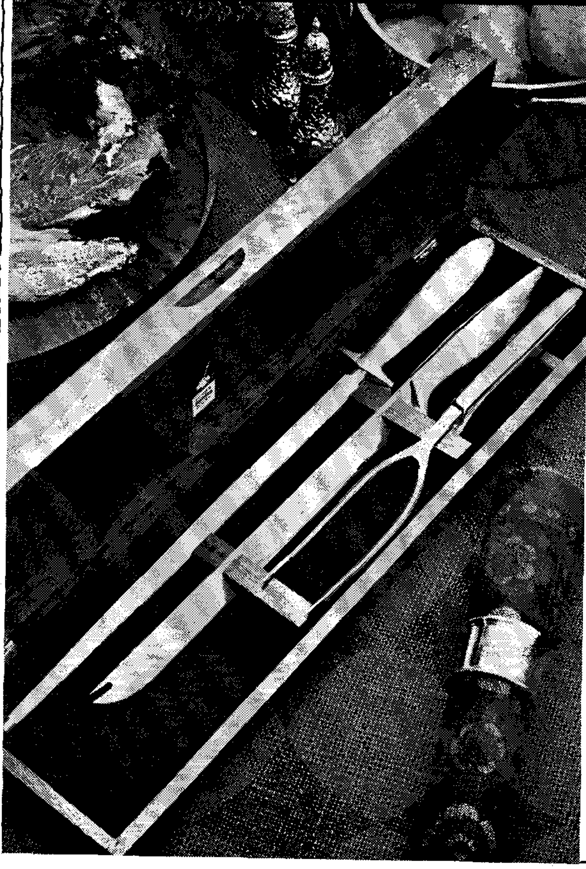

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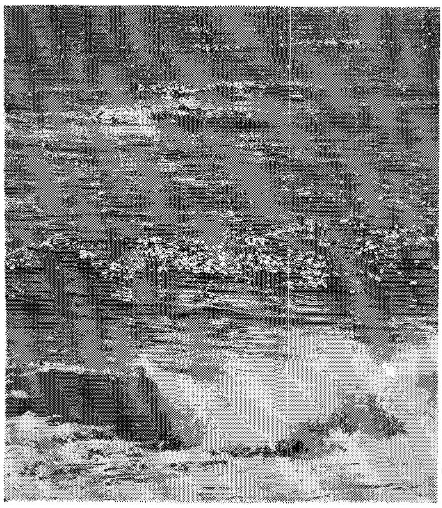

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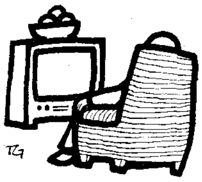
agree basically with prairie-dog control. . . . I question poisoning prairie dogs on . . . government land for the questionable benefit of eight or ten ranchers; particularly in view of the fact that a great part of this area will probably be given to the Badlands National Monument, who will then spend public money trying to restore the prairie dog. Dogs haven't been poisoned in this area since before World War II. Why then shouldn't poisoning wait until the disposition of the area has been decided? One or two or even three years more of living with dogs is not going to force the ranchers out of business. I believe that with the land situation in the U.S. what it is we can ill afford to tie up a quarter of a million acres for the personal benefit and satisfaction of eight or ten ranchers. Here, in South Dakota, at least, is probably the last place where one can see real concentrations of prairie dogs. I have no personal knowledge that ferrets actually exist on the range, but they have been reported there. . . . I can think of no reason why they shouldn't be there, and there is every reason why they should. I suggest that we . . . try to get a moratorium on the range until the General Services Administration disposes [of it]. . . . I further suggest that we bid for a portion of this area for a ferret project. . . . It would seem that if we are going to try to protect the ferret . . . then the wisest course is certainly not to destroy the dogs on one of the last areas where they exist in any numbers and where their conflict with man is at a minimum.”



A ferret refuge had a great deal to commend it. It would be a buffer between the Bureau's conflicting responsibilities. If ferrets were safely preserved in a refuge, the question of whether they were being poisoned elsewhere would be less crucial. Best of all, the ferret might thus be saved. Accordingly, the Bureau dispatched a representative to a hearing before the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, which was considering the disposition of the range. Representative Berry, of South Dakota, still an ardent enemy of non-marketable wildlife, ridiculed the Bureau. He said it was difficult for him to understand why a Bureau that had been poisoning ferrets and prairie dogs for thirty years was now trying to save them. The room rocked with laughter. “I was not asked to testify,” the unhappy Bureau man reported later. “In view of what appeared to be a hostile reception . . . it would probably have served to inflame an already unreceptive audience.”

The Bureau narrowed down its request to an area of twenty thousand acres in the northeastern part of the range which had not yet been poisoned, and presented the case for the ferret to the General Services Administration. The Bureau underscored the point that Gottschalk had refused to concede to Springer the year before. “The area lies in the heart of the range of the . . . ferret. . . . It goes without saying that it is necessary to preserve the prairie dog in order to preserve the ferret,” it said. Pending the outcome of its effort, the Bureau ordered poisoning halted on the bomb range. The B.I.A. immediately rose to protest this “unilateral action,” and the Bureau hastily explained that it intended to exempt from poisoning only the twenty thousand acres that it hoped to obtain, and forty-two thousand acres adjoining it that the Air Force hoped to retain. Then it resumed the “cleanup” and poisoning of the very area it had itself called “the heart of the range of the *endangered* black-footed ferret.” For the second summer, ferret “surveys” were conducted. Two Bureau trappers, under Lee's direction, looked for ferrets on land scheduled for poisoning. They turned up not a single sign of a ferret. Teams of poisoners moved across the reservation, and some eight thousand acres of prairie-dog towns were destroyed.

ON October 15, 1966, the cause of the ferret and its companions on the road to extinction won a victory in Congress with the passage of the Endangered Species Act. This legislation declared that the loss of native species of wildlife was unfortunate; directed the Secretaries of the Interior, Agriculture, and Defense to protect threatened species and preserve their habitats insofar as this was “practicable;” and directed the Secretary of the Interior to prepare a list of such species as an official guide. The first list contained the names of thirty-six birds, six reptiles and amphibians, twenty-two fishes, and fourteen mammals. The mammal in perhaps the most precarious position was *Mustela nigripes*. Along with this paper victory went an appropriation to the Bureau research center at Patuxent, Maryland. There the Bureau hoped to establish a stock of captured ferrets. But even such an apparently innocent project as breeding ferrets ran into complications. Hodgins, who was then engaged in negotiating a new agreement with the Bureau, refused to allow the capture of a "resident species." It was not until late 1969, when a new state-federal treaty had been signed, that he gave his consent.

Meanwhile, Dr. Ray C. Erickson, the assistant director for Endangered Wildlife Research, began preparing for the arrival of ferrets at Patuxent by building pens and breeding domestic ferrets there. From his experience with the domestic ferrets, he foresees no great difficulty in raising black-footed ferrets, provided enough breeding stock can be captured. To have a large enough gene pool, it would be necessary to start with three litters—about a dozen animals. Since ferrets are presumed to be polygamous, Dr. Erickson hopes he will have more females than males. After two generations, if all goes well, there should be enough young to start releasing them in protected dog towns in parks and refuges. Dr. Erickson's hopes of capturing ferrets were raised when, in the summer of 1969, a graduate student working with the Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit located a litter on land that the rancher planned to poison. The rancher was persuaded to postpone poisoning until the summer of 1970, and if another litter appears it will be captured. Then much will depend on whether two more litters can be found. There is, of course, the ferret that has appeared each summer on the Carr ranch, which recently was sold to a man named Edward Nielson (unfortunately, only one young ferret was seen there in 1969), but as long as ferrets are protected on the ranch Dr. Erickson is reluctant to capture them, deeming them safer and more useful in the wild, where they provide the only known breeding stock that is not in danger.

Fortenbery, meanwhile, continues to collect reports of ferrets from people here and there—park rangers, ranchers, Bureau trappers. About a dozen such reports came in last year, but only one was verified. Despite his diligent assembling of records, Fortenbery's chart of the ferret's range is based on too little data to be really enlightening. He has no idea of the rate at which the ferret has diminished; all that is fairly clear is that it *has* diminished. There is a sprinkling of reports of ferrets from states other than South Dakota, but Fortenbery is unsure if they indicate only scattered individuals or if undiscovered pockets of ferret population exist here and there outside

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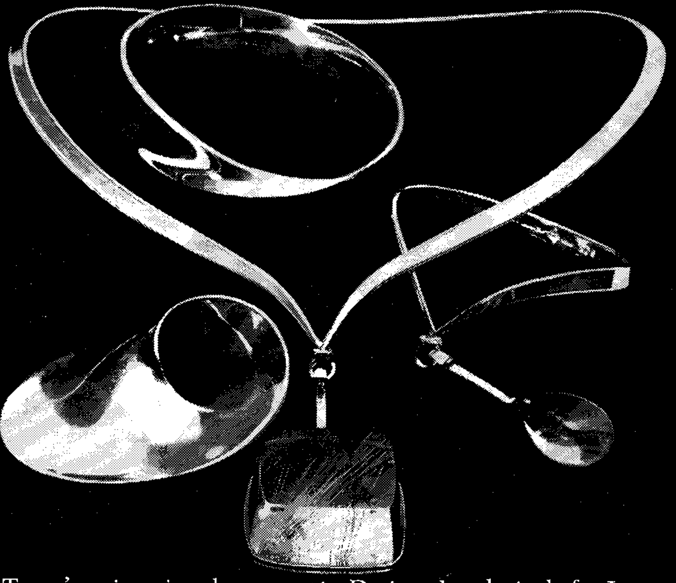

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South Dakota. He believes the answer may depend on the history of poisoning, but, again, records are scanty. He also thinks that a full-scale effort—perhaps twenty men working for a period of two or three years—could find whatever ferrets exist in South Dakota, but there is no prospect of such an undertaking. Though he has tinkered with camera devices and lures, he has been unable to devise any way to find ferrets other than by an exhaustive search. Fortenbery concedes that surveys such as the Bureau conducts are unlikely to find ferrets except by a stray bit of luck, but he feels that they are worth conducting on that chance. Of one thing he is convinced—that for any population of ferrets to survive there must be prairie dogs.

In the summer of 1968, Congress divided the South Dakota bomb range among the rival claimants—the Sioux tribe, the Badlands National Monument, and the range's former private owners. Roughly half the range goes to the Badlands. The decision to keep or eliminate prairie dogs there will be up to the Park Service. On the rest of the range, the owners will be free to destroy all surviving prairie dogs. Although the Bureau did not get a ferret refuge, it is not entirely displeased with the outcome. It has negotiated an agreement that will enable it to protect prairie dogs (and ferrets) on the forty-two thousand acres that the Defense Department is keeping. Fortenbery estimates that there are thirty dog towns, totalling three thousand acres, on this land, and a ferret was seen there by a Bureau biologist on September 26, 1968.

Thus, the Bureau continues on its schizophrenic course—its left hand struggling to preserve the ferrets while its right goes on destroying their habitats. Officially, the Bureau still professes to believe that it is not endangering ferrets, on the ground that its surveys prove they don't exist in the areas to be poisoned, and it still leans heavily on ignorance of the biology of the ferret, contending that there is as yet no proof that poisoning prairie dogs damages the ferret population. "We are still not sure that the conflict between poisoning and the ferret is clear-cut," a spokesman said recently. Conservationists doubt both propositions, but for obvious reasons have not been able to produce a poisoned ferret. Without a corpus delicti, there is no case. The Bureau's own policy on control, adopted in 1967, states that when such precautions as surveys are inadequate to protect a threatened species, no poisoning

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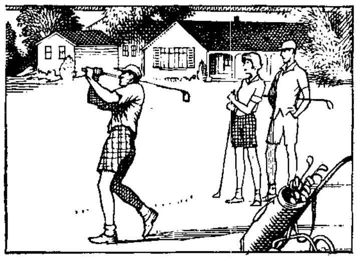

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will be undertaken. As long as surveys find no ferrets, the Bureau can poison prairie dogs and remain snugly within this policy. Ironically, it was only when a ferret actually turned up that the fallibility of the survey system was demonstrated. On September 2, 1969, a trapper who had nearly completed the job of poisoning a dog town north of Pine Ridge happened to see a ferret, and poisoning stopped. On three subsequent nights, Fortenbery searched for the ferret but didn't find it. In this instance, the pre-control survey had been inadequate, and the Bureau had indeed violated its own policy by poisoning in the vicinity of a ferret. The episode brought no change in an otherwise smoothly working system, and the fate of the ferret is unknown.

When the survey system was so hastily devised back in 1965, it may have seemed a credible solution of a problem, but it has been of more service to the Bureau than to the ferrets. From the point of view of the ferret, it has changed nothing. Every acre that was scheduled to be poisoned has been poisoned, and each year new poison programs to kill prairie dogs will be deemed necessary. At the same time, the Bureau assures the public that it "exempts from control" dog towns inhabited by ferrets. The future of the ferret now rests on the outcome of the race between the Bureau's left hand and its right. If Dr. Erickson can capture ferrets, and if his breeding project succeeds, it is possible that the species will remain on earth. Meanwhile, the Bureau is not likely to swerve from its grim business. The cause of the ferret was never a match for the forces working against it. It is not remarkable that the ferret and its supporters lost. What is remarkable is that there was even a small struggle.

A WHILE ago, I went to South Dakota to visit the scene of the ferrets' last stand. The grasslands were a pale yellow green, the winding valleys and watercourses darker with the shade of thick shrub and small trees. Rocky hillsides were dotted with evergreens. Along miles of straight, empty highways, crossroads were far apart, houses were rare, even cattle were few. Everywhere, the land stretching to the horizon seemed prosperous and undisturbed, offering everything needed to sustain countless forms of animal life. There were water, sun, flowers, grass, seeds and berries, the shelter of shrubbery and canyons, rock ledges and buttes, even high crags for eagles and hawks. There are indeed a great

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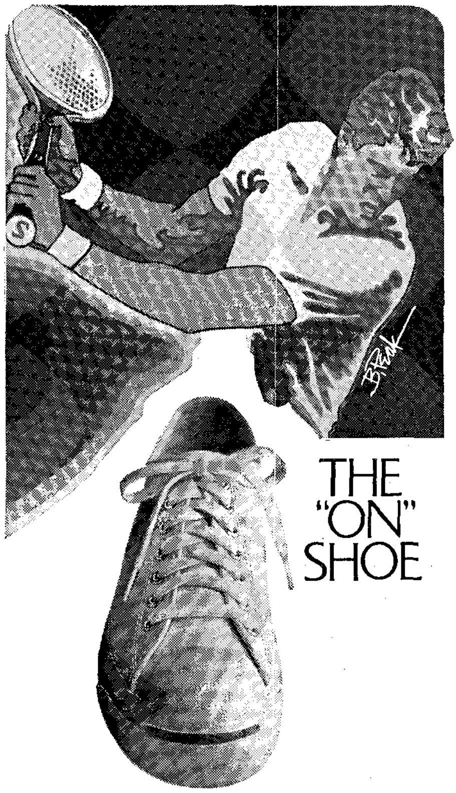

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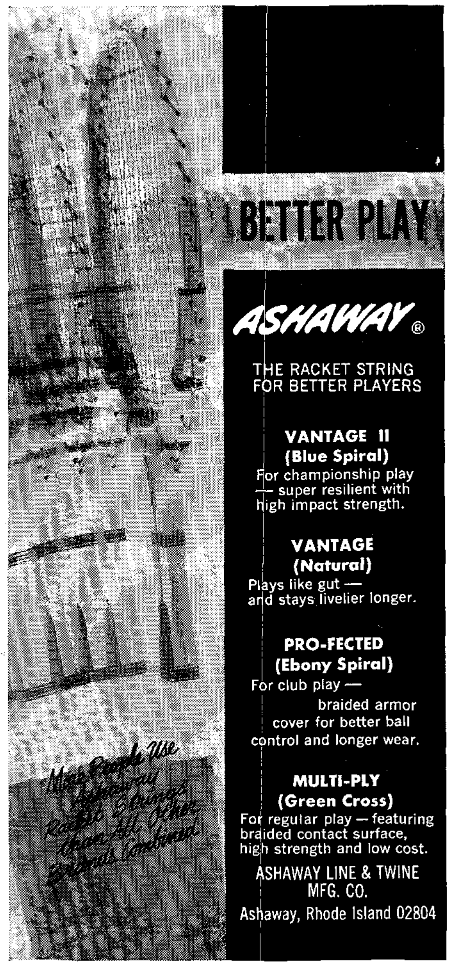

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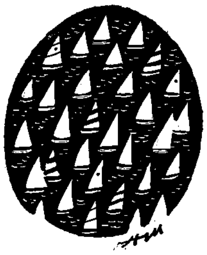
many animals there—deer, coyotes, bobcats, badgers, rabbits, and small rodents. Perhaps as many animals survive there as anywhere else in the United States. They are important to the human population. Killing them provides almost every man and boy in the region with his greatest source of excitement and entertainment. Almost every driver of a pickup truck has a gun with him, in case an animal is seen on the road. Hunters rent small planes from which to shoot coyotes and bobcats. The bounty plus the price of the pelt pays the cost of the plane. Jeeps make it possible to explore the trackless grasslands for birds, deer, or whatever else turns up. In some circles, a popular sport is running coyotes with packs of dogs, which tear the quarry to pieces. Target shooters spend their Saturday mornings on prairie-dog towns picking off the small, upright figures of the prairie dogs. Even schoolchildren are enlisted. A group called Pheasants Unlimited offers prizes to the children who kill the most predators for "conservation." In addition to the hundred and thirty-one thousand dollars South Dakotans pay the Bureau to eliminate predators, the South Dakota Department of Game, Fish, and Parks has wardens who are also engaged part of the time in killing wildlife and pays eighty-seven thousand dollars a year in bounties.

F. Robert Henderson had left South Dakota in June, 1968, sad and bitter that his efforts on behalf of the ferret had come to naught. Dr. Springer had been transferred to less controversial research in North Dakota. Jim Lee had also departed, and the new state supervisor for Wildlife Services was Wesley Jones, a dry New Englander in his mid-forties, who expressed no doubts about the wisdom of killing animals that cause economic damage. He also expressed considerable antagonism toward "protectionists" who represent this work in ugly terms. Asked if he thought any species should be exterminated, he reflected for a few moments and said that except for the rat "they all have some redeeming features, I guess." For Jones, the ferret situation has been a ticklish problem—one that complicates the work of control and has considerable potentiality for causing trouble. His attitude toward protecting the ferret was cool but correct. His concern, he said, was to see that the trappers followed the procedures ordered by Washington. Of the animal itself, he said, "It hasn't been proved to me that the ferret *is* endangered. If it is, I don't know whether it is worth saving at financial sacrifice to a landowner. I think those who benefit from something should pay for it." He was unconvinced that poisoning endangers ferrets, he said.



Bill Pullins, a big, strong man in work clothes, with faded reddish hair and a wind-burned face, was angry and puzzled over the whole matter. "It sure has made more goddam trouble," he said. "I wish I'd never said nothing about it. I don't see all this fuss over ferrets. Outside of saying, 'We got 'em,' what's the sense? The damn protectionists try to make it look like people working for the government are doing a mean, wrong job. It ain't fair. Nobody kicks when a sportsman kills a coyote. If the protectionists had coyotes and coons eating up their property, they'd damn well want to get rid of them."

Jones had as his assistant a slightly built young South Dakota native in his late twenties named Leonard McDaniel, and it was his job to pick up reports from and transmit orders to ten Bureau trappers and one pilot west of the Missouri River. I found McDaniel's air of Western manliness even more conspicuous than that of most men in the area, and much of his small talk hinged on hunting experiences—shooting a badger's head off at four feet, or picking a bobcat off at a hundred and fifty yards. He was also a mine of anecdotes illustrating the high cost of animal damage—foxes that chewed the tails off cows, coons that laid waste acres of corn, and so forth. He began working for PARC in 1962, to pay his way through college, and has had little use for "protectionists" ever since he found his classmates whispering that he was a "poisoner." McDaniel drove me across the plains in a shiny new government station wagon to meet a crew that would be poisoning prairie dogs on a ranch on Pine Ridge. We turned off the highway onto a rutted single-track dirt road that wound between soft, grass-covered hills. Clumps of small sunflowers and spiky purple blooms bordered the road. It crossed a canyon flanked by turreted sandstone formations and came to a windmill, where water spilled from a tank. A few cattle drinking there were watched over by the rancher, an old man on a black cow pony. He was Edison Larvie, and he told me that he had been ranching there fifty-two years and owned a thousand acres. "It's a nice place, if you don't mind the rattlers and the thunderstorms," he said. On a nearby pasture was a hundred-acre dog town. He had decided to have it poisoned because badgers sometimes dug out the holes and a horse might break a leg if it stepped in one. "We call 'em widowmakers," he said, smiling.

I asked Larvie if he had heard about the ferret.

"Yes, I have," Larvie said. "Just heard the government is checking on 'em. I guess these little critters is danged hard to see."

I asked if he would be willing to protect one if it were found.

"Sure thing," Larvie replied warmly. "I heard these things is getting scarce."

A pickup truck piled with sacks was parked on a slope below the windmill, and three Indian men in bluejeans, cowboy hats, and checked shirts were sitting by it. With them was a burly young man named Dick Lemm, a student at Black Hills State College, in Spearfish, who had been hired for the summer to continue the Bureau's ferret surveys. Lemm said that he had already checked the town over and that the crew was ready to begin poisoning. The men poured grain from the sacks into bags, slung these over their shoulders, and moved into the meadow. Small earthen craters were scattered over the hillside, and here and there prairie dogs could be seen running through the grass to their holes. Their warning calls sounded from all sides as the men approached. An owl rose, battling the wind. Lemm and McDaniel walked through the nodding heads of grass, ankle-high and dotted with blue flowers. The sky was beautifully clear, the sun benevolent and warm. The wind pressed the grass into silver waves ahead of the work crew, who were now walking from crater to crater on a methodical course, dropping poisoned oats from long-handled spoons as though they were leaving a tiny gift on each doorstep. The prairie dogs had disappeared. "They don't come out and eat right away," McDaniel said. "But if you come back later and watch, you'll see 'em feeding. Then, all of a sudden, you'll hear that little ol' dog scream, and see him head for his hole."

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MANILA HILTON

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

“The Serpent,” the Open Theatre's variations on the Book of Genesis, is as remarkable and fascinating as its “Terminal,” and a lot funnier. The only element I missed was astonishment, and that was because I had seen “Terminal” first and was prepared for the company's great skill and style. “The Serpent” was directed by Joseph Chaikin, and perhaps the greatest wonder of all is that the individual scenes and performances should be so sharp and strong in a production that is so ritualistic and disciplined, even regimented. In the most powerful and agonizing of its scenes, Raymond Barry, as Cain, kills his writhing brother Abel, cracking and crushing him bone by bone. Peter Maloney, munching away as one of Abel's sheep, makes a better sheep than a sheep. As Sarah, a young woman named Jayne Haynes becomes an old woman in a matter of seconds before our eyes. The funniest scene is a group copulation, which leaves the men considerably enfeebled, and the next funniest is one in which five or six men become a multi-headed serpent, hissing and with flickering tongues. As with “Terminal,” the action was originally improvised and then was set down in scenario form—this time by Jean-Claude van Itallie. There is no narrative, but a pair of unblinking ladies with glassy smiles read bits of Scripture from time to time. The show becomes a set of sounds and images, many of which fade more rapidly than one might expect—but why demand permanence of a production that tries for immediacy and completely succeeds? The last performance of “The Serpent” at the Washington Square Methodist Church will take place on June 11th, but the auditorium is small and tickets are scarce.

Samuel Beckett's “Endgame” is and always will be “Endless Game” to me, I'm afraid, and the Open Theatre's production of it is anything but helpful. What were aural and visual images in both “Terminal” and “The Serpent” become just tricks and affectations in “Endgame.” The playwright doesn't get much of a break (but I am not about to take to the barricades). All I have to report is that as I watched the blind, paralyzed tyrant Hamm, with his dark glasses, being catered to by his slave, Clov, I thought for the first time of James Joyce, with *his* dark glasses, and wondered what kind of life he led his secretary, Samuel Beckett. Once that notion hit me, I found much in the play that seemed to make it a drama *à clef*. (Something had to be done to pass the time.) The Open Theatre concludes its engagement on June 14th.

“Akokawe,” at the St. Marks, which closes the Negro Ensemble Company's current season, is an evocation of Africa in songs, poems, prose pieces of assorted length, dances, and music (and also stunning costumes, of many origins). Assembled here and directed by the Nigerian actor Afolabi Ajayi, the show falls somewhere between a recital and a revue, and although it is rather insubstantial and seldom catches fire (or that's how it was at the preview I saw), and although the words are disappointing, it has its moments all the same. The evening, loosely knit and unpretentious, does have charm, especially for anyone to whom Africa seems as romantic as it does to me. The production is a joint effort of the N.E.C. (four actors) and a company that calls itself the Mbari-Mbayo Players. In the latter group is a young Tanzanian named Amandina Lihamba, who is so dynamic and pretty and funny, and such a delightful actress and dancer, that “Akokawe” might almost be considered simply the occasion of her début (in these parts, anyway). Almost, but not entirely. The mercurial presence of Mr. Ajayi, as always, adds a great deal; there is a good South African dancer named Paul Makgoba, who is also a good scowly comedian; and the music—guitar (Mr. Ajayi) and drums—is quite stirring. In the best and most haunting number, pictures of African masks are projected onto a screen as the company sings and sways and dances on the dimly lit stage. All that should be enough, I guess.

What a treat it is to find a cast and orchestra who appear to be in love with their own show! “Whispers on the Wind,” at the de Lys, is worthy of devotion; it is a charmer—fresh, modest, and with a rare light touch, and also with the backbone (rare, too) to be itself. It is what it is, which happens to be, among other things, all-white and non-rock. The agreeable score is by Lor Crane, the delightful orchestrations are by Arthur Rubinstein, and the words—book and lyrics—are by John B. Kuntz. The show is made up mostly of songs and recitations, with almost no direct dialogue, and through it all runs the simple story of a boy's growing up in a small Midwestern town, presumably during the fifties, and then coming to New York, finding a place to live, getting a good job (after a few bad ones), and acquiring a girl. As thus sketchily outlined, the book may seem too conventional to work, but what frees it of banality is its humor and its tenderness. The first act, which is concerned with childhood, may be reminiscent, in a way, of the writings of Booth Tarkington or of Eugene O'Neill's “Ah, Wilderness!,” but Mr. Kuntz's details are his own. The first act is better than the second, but not so much better as to throw the show out of balance. The underlying theme of the second act—loneliness and wonder in the big city—has been used many times before, and often more emphatically or more boisterously, but that does not make it any the less valid. I do have some reservations: I wish the hero, as Mr. Kuntz conceived him or as Patrick Fox plays him, were more interesting; there are lapses into rhapsodic writing; and, especially in the second act, there are lapses into sentimentality. Even the sentimentality, though, is occasionally punctured by comedy. (“[In Ohio] the people are sons of bitches, but they're *friendly*.”) What makes the show attractive is the funny little encounters within big scenes at school and in offices and at cocktail parties, and the chipper little songs within big numbers. In one of the best numbers, “Children's Games,” a pair of small girls, arms entwined, case each other with calculating, dead-eyed intimacy as they sing a song called “Best Friends.” David Cryer, Nancy Dussault, R. G. Brown, Mary Louise Wilson, and Mr. Fox are the whole cast. Except for Mr. Fox, who

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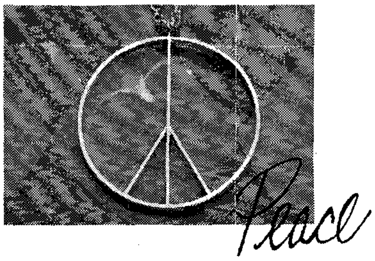

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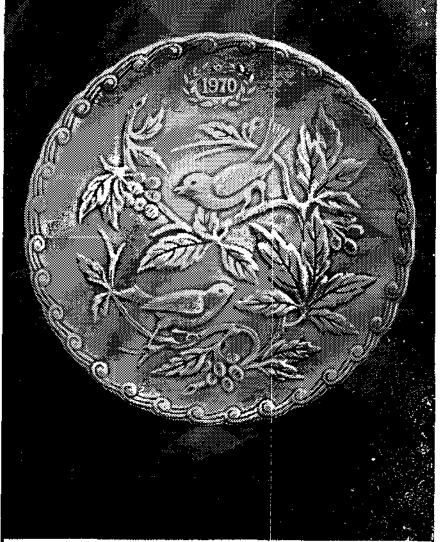
plays the hero (perhaps a more appealing hero than I've let on) at various ages, they slip in and out of heaven knows how many parts with considerably more than competence, and every one of them sings well. Mr. Cryer, a strong singer and actor, is often the narrator or commentator; the attractive Miss Dussault plays many attractive girls and young women; Miss Wilson is a fine comedienne and quick-change dialectician; and Mr. Brown is funny, too, especially as a New York cabdriver singing a patter song called "Carmen Viscenzo." Every move that everyone makes, under Burt Brinckerhoff's direction, seems right. David F. Segal is responsible for the handsome scenery. "Whispers on the Wind" may be too gentle to thrive in 1970, but I hope not.

THE latest version of "Amphitryon," which finishes off the current season at the Forum, in Lincoln Center, was written by Peter Hacks and translated from the German by Ralph Manheim, and it trips right along for two of its three acts. The dialogue, with its sprinkling of colloquialisms, is quite sprightly, but the pompous moralizing at the end of what is essentially a ribald, familiar old fable is certainly a bore. The production, under the direction of Robert Symonds, is the surest-footed of any that I've seen at the Forum this year, and so is most of the acting. Philip Bosco makes a noble, godlike, and appropriately impatient Jupiter, with seduction on his mind. James Ray is amusing as his Leporellish Mercury, always at the boss's service but just a little put upon and irritable. Funniest of all is Harold Gould, as Sosias, Amphitryon's tiresome, long-winded philosopher slave—a tough part to make lively, but Mr. Gould does it. Poor cuckolded Amphitryon, who, along with the rest of his troubles, is on the receiving end of those windy pieties, is misassigned to James Patterson, but Priscilla Pointer, his Alcmene, is pretty enough to be worthy of the favors of a god. I must not forget Dan Sullivan, who, as silent, shrouded, and beskirted Night, comes fluttering in to fine comic effect when summoned from on high, and obligingly outlasts the usual stay in order to give Jupiter more time in Alcmene's bed. The costumes, by James Hart Stearns, who also designed the setting and masks, are resplendent indeed. Mr. Hacks' "Amphitryon" is nothing to be ashamed of, but I think we should be able to make do now with the ones we have.

—EDITH OLIVER



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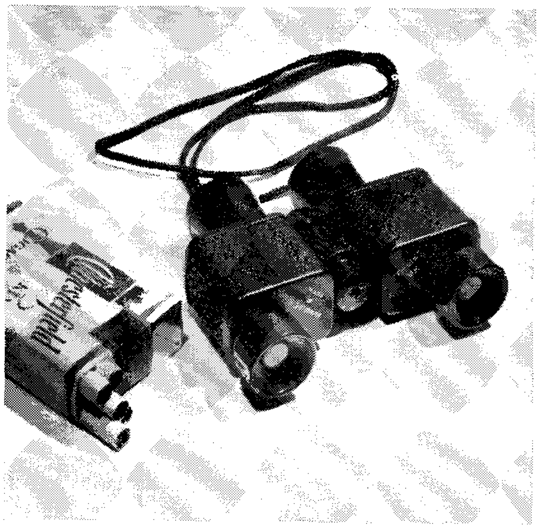
NEW YORK, N.Y.
JUNE 1, 1970

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

A SHORT time ago, I had the opportunity of reviewing for *The New Yorker* an extraordinary book—published here by the Columbia University Press—by the distinguished Russian geneticist Zhores A. Medvedev. Dr. Medvedev was, until his dismissal last year, the head of the Department of Molecular Biology of the Institute of Medical Radiology at Obninsk, in the Soviet Union. His book, "The Rise and Fall of T. D. Lysenko," concerned the all but incredible attempt, under Stalin, to obliterate from the Russian mind the entire science of modern genetics and to replace it by a completely fraudulent biological "theory" of heredity that, because of its philosophical connotations, had caught the fancy of Stalin. It was clear to me that despite Dr. Medvedev's strong criticisms of aspects of the Russian past, or perhaps because of them, he was a patriot in the best sense of the word. Moreover—and despite the fact that Medvedev had not been able to get his book published in Russia—the book left an optimistic impression of the future of intellectual and scientific freedom in the Soviet Union. It seemed that the Soviet scientists had lived through a nightmare, and that some sort of lesson about the impossibility of suppressing truth had perhaps been learned.

Medvedev must have been well aware that in allowing and encouraging the publication of his book outside Russia he was putting himself in a situation of grave risk, and, indeed, he lost his position because of it. According to recent reports, he had not been able to find another one, and just yesterday the *Times* learned that Medvedev has been arrested and sent to a mental institution—a favorite Soviet tactic for dealing with critics of the regime. The *Times* also reports that several very prominent Soviet scientists have organized a protest against this act. It is with mixed feelings that a Western scientist, like me, comments publicly on such a matter. One can imagine the reaction there would be in this country if, for example, a Soviet scientist commented on the still comparatively mild tendencies toward the repression of dissent that have been developing recently in our own political life. On the other



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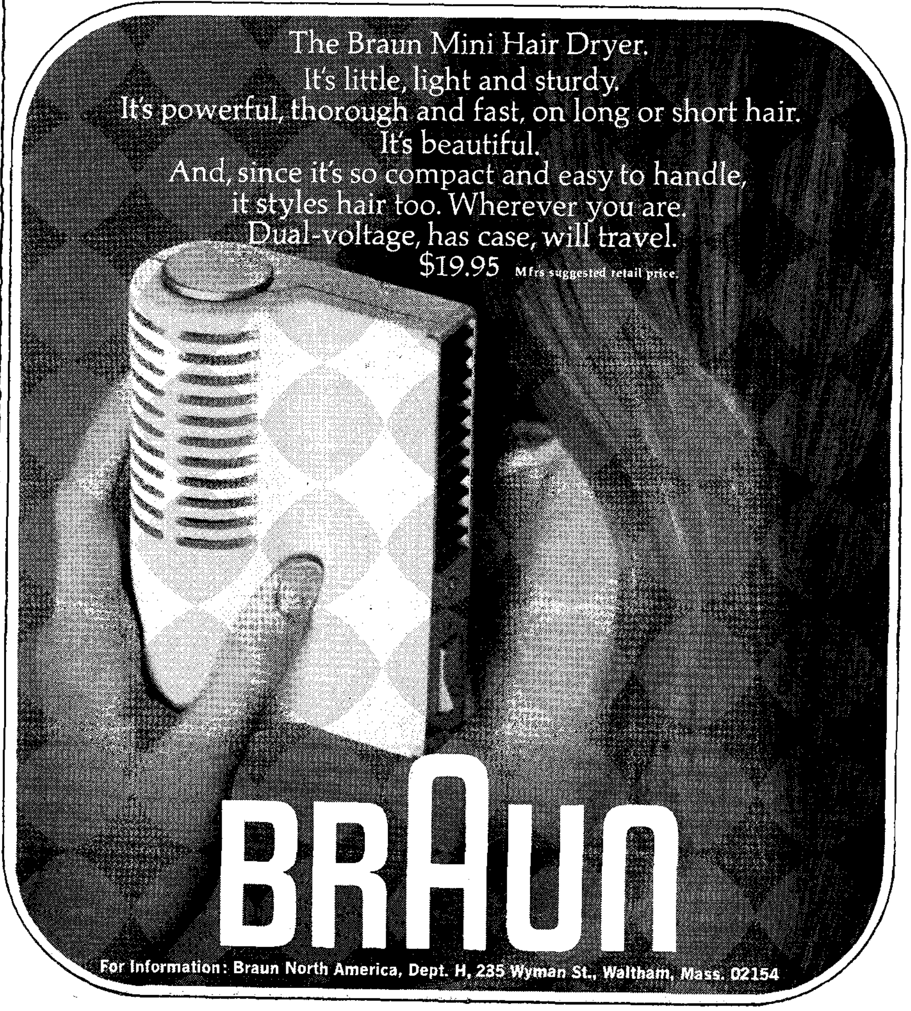

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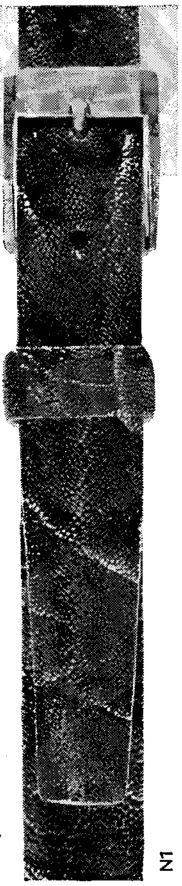

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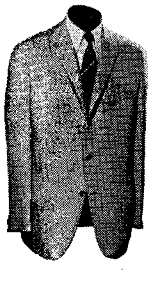

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hand, Medvedev, in his book, gave several examples of instances in which protest on the part of the Western scientific community, even during the Stalin era, was helpful in influencing the way the Russians treated Soviet scientists who had previously been arrested or otherwise harassed. Perhaps the same thing is true now. In any case, it appears to me that intellectual freedom is indivisible. Any action that diminishes the freedom of a Russian scientist, or any other, diminishes my own, and makes silence dangerous and intolerable.

Yours sincerely,
JEREMY BERNSTEIN

•

Referring to the blue skies of Monday, the Weather Bureau noted that "an unending beautiful blue sky spans the earth. It appears as if this blue is fathomless. The variety of its tints are infinite, changing from day-to-day and from one point of the sky to another."

What causes this blue, asked the Weather Bureau, answering its own question:

"If it is light emitted by the atmosphere itself, then nights also would shine. However, the beauty of the dark background and the twinkling stars seen at night eliminate the possibility of a source of blue light far out in space.

"In actuality, the light of the sky is simply scattered sunlight. Sky color mostly is violet, to which our eyes are not very sensitive, and a fair amount of blue and a little green and very little yellow and red—the sum of which makes the sky blue."

It further was noted by the Weather Bureau that "neither grains of dust nor small particles of water and ice produce the scattering to color the sky blue."

"It is the molecules of the air itself, acting as scattering centers which cause the noticeable brightness in the atmosphere—along with a decided preference for the violet and blue rays," the Weather Bureau said.—*South Bend* (*Ind.*) *Tribune.*

We never knew the old Bureau had its sentimental side.

•

"What," asks thick-voiced Captain MacMorris from Ireland in Shakespeare's play Henry V, "ish my nation?"

The question, according to Richard Rose, professor of politics at Scotland's Strathclyde University, is one worth answering.

He's just published his findings in a report called "The United Kingdom as a multinational state," which shows that, apart from the English, few of the inhabitants of the British Isles think of themselves as primarily British.

This is despite the fact that most foreigners still call the United Kingdom "England" and its inhabitants "les Anglais."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Just born linguists, those foreigners.

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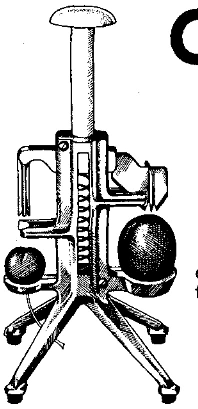

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THE RACE TRACK

All in the Family

AS High Echelon came splashing through the mud to victory in the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday, I thought for a moment of the old saying that two arrows in the quiver are better than one. John Jacobs, who trains High Echelon and Personality for his mother, Mrs. Ethel Jacobs, had taken Personality, the favorite for the Belmont, out of the race the day before because the little colt was coughing. Of course, this was a deeply depressing setback to the hopes of the stable, but, with High Echelon fit and ready, Jacobs was still in business. And very much so, as it turned out. Once Personality had been scratched, additional, unexpected entries brought the field up to ten, and heavy rains added to the confusion of horseplayers trying to pick the winner; there hadn't been a sloppy track for a Belmont since 1959. High Echelon certainly rose to the occasion. Curiously, he runs like Stymie, who was campaigned by Hirsch Jacobs, John's father, and was the darling of racegoers more than twenty years ago. Stymie, you may remember, usually started off slowly and finished with a great rush. Well, in the mile and a half of the Belmont, High Echelon, handled with skill and assurance by Rotz, was last for nearly half a mile and was seventh at the mile mark, but in the stretch he mowed down the leaders, winning by three-quarters of a length from Needles n Pens, with Naskra and Climber a neck and a head behind in the order named. My Dad George, the favorite, was fifth.

Despite a drizzling rain, the crowd in the paddock at saddling time was as big as it usually is for a Belmont. There was no picture horse, like Majestic Prince, in the lot this year. High Echelon, who is officially listed as a roan but is a dapple-gray if I ever saw one, looked particularly fit; on the other hand, My Dad George's coat was not as bright as it had been for the Preakness. Delaware Chief, for whom the Dansar Stable paid a supplementary fee of $5,000 to get him in the race, appeared ready, and so did Naskra, whose hind legs were tightly bandaged. The surprise of the race—to me, at any rate—was Climber, whose form had been only moderate but who led from the break until well into the stretch. The disappointment to most of the crowd was My Dad George, who was never better than fifth. It was a very slowly run race, no doubt because of the mud; the times by quarters were 0:24, 0:48⅘, 1:14⅘, 1:39⅘, 2:06⅖, 2:34. High Echelon, who is by Native Charger out of Luquillo, herself by Princequillo, has had plenty of racing—nineteen starts at two, and ten this year. The Belmont, by the way, was his first victory this season. As for Personality, he seems to have only a light case of the coughing sickness, as they call it, and the chances are that he will be under colors for Monmouth Park's Invitational Handicap on August 8th. The stable's luck held to the end, because the day after the Belmont High Echelon wouldn't have been able to run; he was coughing, too.

But for the weather, Belmont Park would have had a banner day. As it was, there was a crowd of 54,299, who bet $5,980,442.

THREE days before the Belmont, America ran one-two and Great Britain ran third in England's Derby Stakes at Epsom Downs when Nijinsky carried the colors of Charles Engelhard home two and a half lengths ahead of Winston Guest's Gyr, and Gerry Oldham's Stintino, an Irish-bred colt who had done all his racing in France, finished third. A victory for Canadian-bred Nijinsky, unbeaten in his seven previous starts (the last hardly more than a good gallop in the Two Thousand Guineas), seemed such a foregone conclusion that there were only eleven runners in the Derby—the fewest in sixty-three years—and he was favorite in the betting at 11–8. (Over there, you need a ready reckoner to keep up with the bookmakers' odds.) It's generally agreed that the most gruelling stage of the mile-and-a-half up-and-down Epsom course is from Tattenham Corner, a sharp left-hand turn into the homestretch, to the winning post, three furlongs away, with the last fifty yards uphill. It was at Tattenham Corner that Nijinsky, who had been running sixth, came through on the rails and went on to win with authority. I daresay that when the news reached E. P. Taylor's Windfields Farm, where Nijinsky was bred and

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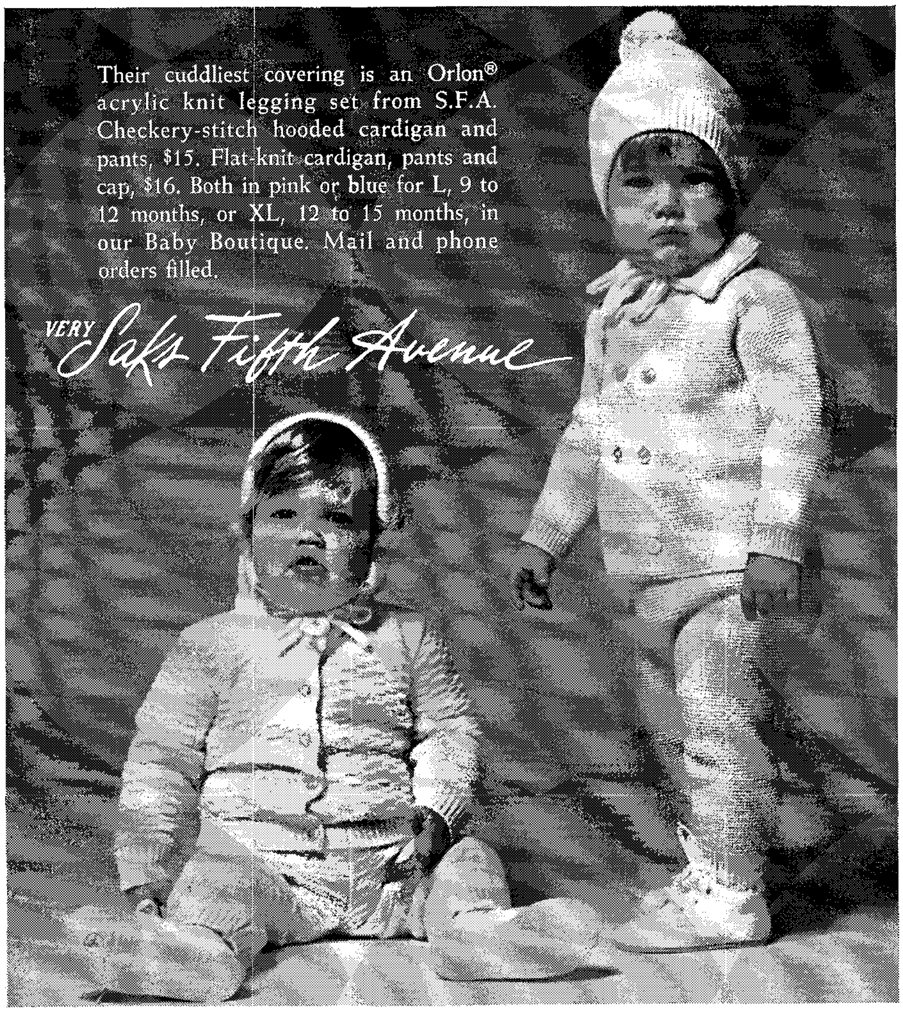

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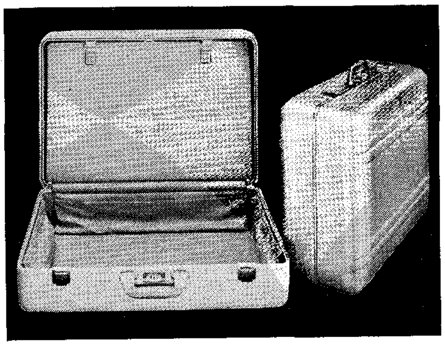

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sold to Mr. Engelhard for $84,000, there was a small celebration. Well, I saw Nijinsky's sire, Northern Dancer, and his dam, Flaming Page, win Queen's Plates. Now I'd like to see Nijinsky himself run at Ascot, in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, for example. As you may know, he is the first Canadian-bred to win an English classic; in fact, he's won two, the other being the Two Thousand Guineas. Also, for the record, he's the third Derby winner trained by Vincent O'Brien, who in 1962 saddled Raymond Guest's Larkspur and in 1968 Mr. Guest's Sir Ivor, and it was the fifth Derby victory for Lester Piggott, who rode Nijinsky. One more and he'll tie Steve Donoghue's record.

To get back to Belmont, all sorts of things happened in the ninety-fourth running of the Juvenile Stakes on Wednesday. Only six two-year-olds went to the post, and they'd hardly reached it when Executioner, the odds-on favorite, unseated his jockey, Vasquez, and ran off—once around the main track and then for a turn of the training track and a romp in the stable area before he was caught. He was withdrawn, and Lone Cowboy, who thereupon became the odds-on favorite, led until he was passed by Helio Rise, who won by a neck. Lone Cowboy didn't keep second place, however; he was disqualified for crowding Three Martinis, the smallest horse in training I've seen for some seasons. . . . Other items worth noting: Ta Wee gave from five to twenty-one pounds to seven members of her sex in the Hempstead Handicap and won by nearly four lengths. Cathy Honey, winner of her division of the Acorn Stakes, just couldn't make it in the Mother Goose Stakes, at nine furlongs—the second event in the trilogy for three-year-old fillies. Thirteenth of the sixteen starters at the end of the first quarter, and tenth at the far turn, she closed fast from there, but not fast enough to catch Office Queen, who won driving. I look for Cathy Honey to turn the tables in the Coaching Club American Oaks next weekend. It's a furlong longer.

—AUDAX MINOR

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 3

THIS has been a feverish fortnight in France, preceded by a series of alarming, mysterious bombings in the handsome city of Grenoble, the reduction to cinders of a huge new supermarket outside Lyon, and sporadic outbursts of dynamiting here and there, plus a rising background of *attentats*, or aggressions, against individuals, with public and private violence in the very atmosphere, like a special pollution. And last week saw the temporary resurrection in Paris of the May, 1968, Left Bank student riots, but in better-organized and more warlike form. On Wednesday night, the Latin Quarter and Saint-Germain-des-Prés had their opening night of the new turbulence. It was a mass demonstration ordered by La Gauche Prolétarienne, a militant Maoist group made up of amalgamated *gauchistes*, in protest against that day's trial of the two editors of the Maoists' small, virulent tabloid *La Cause du Peuple*, of which M. Jean-Paul Sartre is now the editor. It began at sundown on the Rue Bonaparte with a set-to between Beaux-Arts students and the special riot police, and ended sometime before dawn on Thursday with the two sides throwing tear-gas bombs and paving stones at each other down by the Sorbonne's off-campus Faculté des Sciences, in the old Halle aux Vins, and it left the familiar savage, insane path of destruction behind it all the way back to the Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Decades ago, this correspondent lived for twenty-one pleasant years a few steps away from the Place, and last week lacked the heart—or perhaps had too much—to go over the next morning to stare at the familiar scene and its fresh marks of abuse. Of four barricades built near the Boulevard Saint-Germain—or so the Thursday-morning newspapers reported—one, on the Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés itself, between the Deux-Magots and the church, had been set on fire. As a consequence, the Café de Flore lost its windows, and the modern chichi snack bar called Le Drugstore, on the corner next to Lipp's, was badly damaged, with its interior partly burned. Near the post office on the Rue de Rennes, the famous old men's-shirt store called Cent Mille Chemises was broken into and looted. It seems that the Wednesday-night riot served as popular entertainment for the Paris nighthawks and a crowd of tourists, who trailed it faithfully, following its convulsions with the devotion of movie-gang-war experts for once seeing it like it is—except for no deaths, *mirabile dictu*.

The riot was not the spontaneous amateur affair the riots of two years ago were. It had a precise plan of organization, and it did not consist only of young students. This time, the students were subalterns in commando units of fifteen or twenty that were led by older men, whose tactics were to alert them by a war cry (for one group, behind the Boulevard Saint-Germain, the cry was the name "Patrick") and send them rushing out at the police in a violent offensive foray, then to withdraw them suddenly, so that they seemed to disappear underground, like real guerrillas—a tactic that at first mystified the police. This year, too, the young rioters were better prepared; many wore crash helmets, goggles, and, often, a bandanna tied over the nose. At the same time on Wednesday night, also on orders from the Gauche Prolétarienne, the Paris riot was being repeated in Grenoble, where it began at the Law School; in Rouen; and, with the fiercest fighting of all, in Marseille. In Paris, the students were considered to be winning the battle until past midnight, when the police began pulling themselves together and adjusting to the new form of battle. The Thursday-night Paris riot was minor in violence.

For the Paris riots, a new population of police flooded the Latin Quarter in a quantity never seen before: tough country *flics* and hard-bitten former Army sergeants enrolled in the national riot police—men from all over France ordered flown to Paris. The students were outnumbered. Furthermore, the police used some new equipment: small motorcycles, on which they could pursue isolated students fleeing down side streets, and small jeeps, which they drove on the sidewalks, leaning out with special long clubs to batter, *en passant*, anyone within reach—bystanders, tourists, lone young men merely trying to go home, swains with girls on their arms, trying to find their parked cars. Another new element consisted of police disguised as civilians, whose role was simply that of surprise aggressors, suddenly attacking a young man—any young man—on the edge of a crowd.

On Wednesday night, the second French TV channel ran a propaganda feature that must have outraged those Left Bank viewers who could hear what was going on in the streets below. It was called "Le Portrait d'un C.R.S."—meaning the Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité, the full title of the riot police. It was, in a way, like a striptease portrait, first displaying a uniformed policeman, who looked like the Commendatore in "Don Giovanni," and then showing him unaccoutred and identifying all he wore or carried in the way of arms when at work: his plastic helmet, with its attached face shield; his circular plastic body shield, carried over the left arm, like a medieval warrior's; his belt, with hooks for carrying tear-gas bombs and a pistol; his splendid boots and gloves; and his flexible nightstick. When he had been reduced to his mere police uniform, he became a different fellow—a smiling, affable, and even vulnerable-looking man, who, in his twenty-minute talk, explained how he loved his family and his two children, and how he had always had a political preference for order and public service, though he advised his young son never to become a cop. It was one of those mistaken bits of official propaganda that probably should never have been made at all, and certainly should not have been shown on Wednesday night, when the Left Bank streets were filled with police-hating students, with their parents hanging out of the apartment windows above watching the fray and betting on their sons to win.

At the request of the Minister of the Interior, the Gauche Prolétarienne movement had been officially outlawed at the Wednesday-morning meeting of government Ministers, just in time to make *La Cause du Peuple* vulnerable, along with its editors, at their trial that afternoon. One editor, the Beaux-Arts professor Jean-Pierre Le Dantec, read aloud in court an endless, politically slanted defense, filled with anti-Trotskyite slogans but at least delivered with energetic conviction—more than was heard from his colleague, the weak-voiced Michel Le Bris. Both were accused of "provocation of crimes against the security of the state, and incitement to robbery, pillage, arson, and murder." (Their sentences, pronounced the next day, were one year in prison for Le Dantec and eight months

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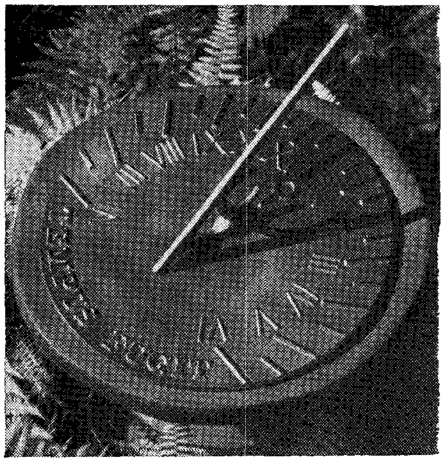

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for Le Bris—mild penalties just after the Gauche Prolétarienne riot.) But no one in the courtroom, crammed with black-robed lawyers come merely to see the show, cared what was said by anyone except Sartre, the star defense witness and public figure. Loyally accompanied into court by Mme. Simone de Beauvoir, he complained in his opening statement that on taking over the editorship after the two others had been arrested—for their personal political opinions, he claimed, rather than for what they printed (the two sets of opinions actually seemed identical)—he had not been arrested, this being a publicity gift that the government was, naturally, too smart to make. The Paris newspaper reporters even described what Sartre wore (such recognition being the height of masculine fame in the Paris press)—a beige polo coat over a suède jacket. No report was given of Mme. de Beauvoir's pretty flowered jerkin, which photographed nicely. In the May 1st number of *La Cause du Peuple*, a bottom line in small type on the back page declared, "*Directeur de Publication: Jean-Paul Sartre.*" Since then, the judge has spoken of a "person unknown." "*X—c'est moi,*" Sartre said indignantly to an interviewer, and, later, "Why have I been treated differently from the way they were?"—as if he did not know. *Figaro's* trial portrait of Sartre was touching and rather merciless. "It is difficult to grow old well," *Figaro* said. "A defrocked professor, a philosopher who no longer incites enthusiasm but only respect, a famed writer who on his pedestal no longer feels himself to be on the same level as the times, he retains his nostalgia for the young. The novelist of decay, of the absurd act, heroic and desperate, the theorist of engagement in revolutionary causes and of the spontaneity of the masses, he sees widening around him the abyss that his years create in separating him from the new generation, its personages, and its reality, its dreams, and the revolution that never arrives. For him, May, 1968, and its riots were [or so he said] '*une divine surprise.*' "

After the noisy, explosive modernity of contemporary Paris these last weeks, and its riotous cacophonies, theatregoers here had the good fortune to be able to drop back three centuries, if they succeeded in obtaining seats to what was a brief but rarefied and elegant production. This was "Bérénice," which has been traditionally regarded as the most beautiful love drama ever

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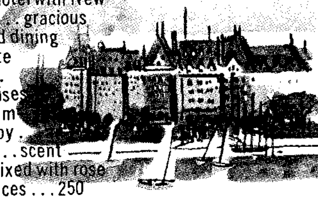

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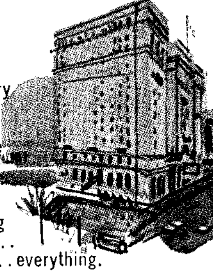

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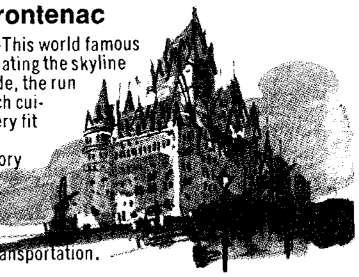

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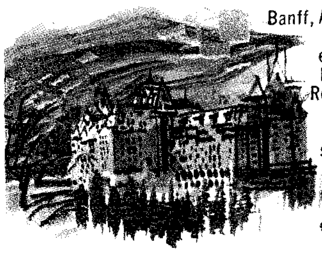

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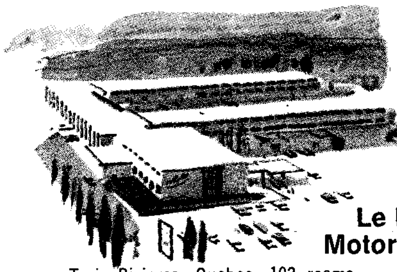

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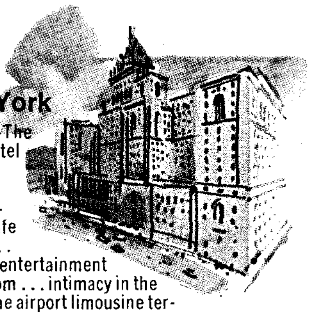

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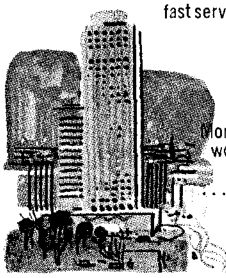

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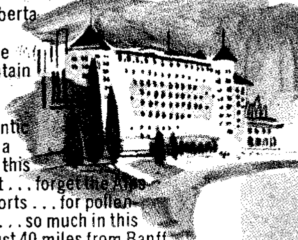

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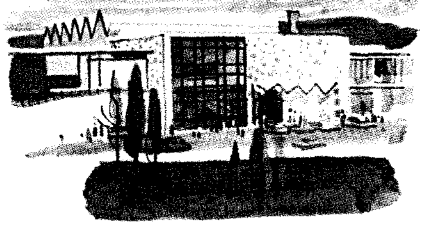

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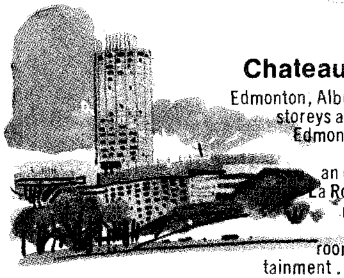

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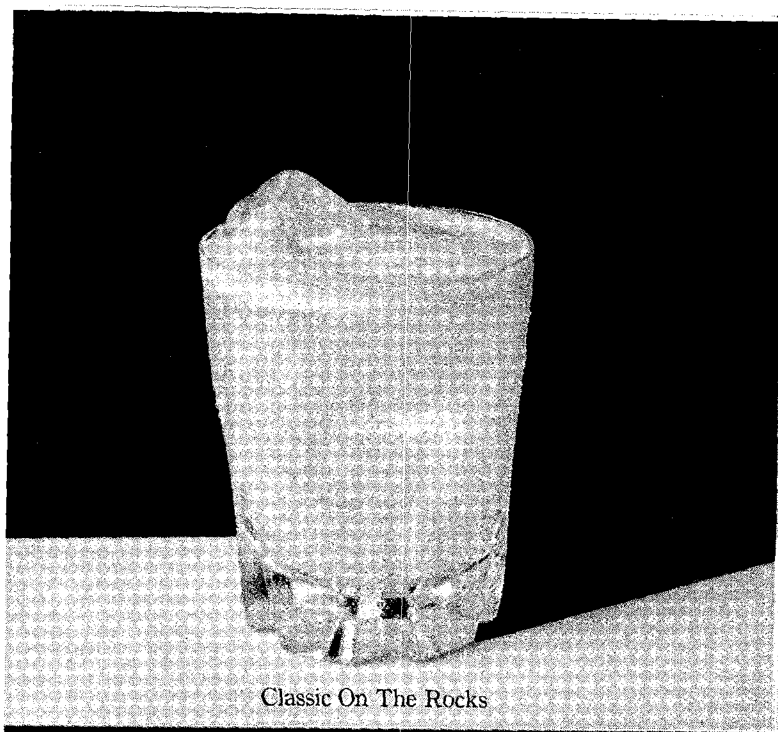

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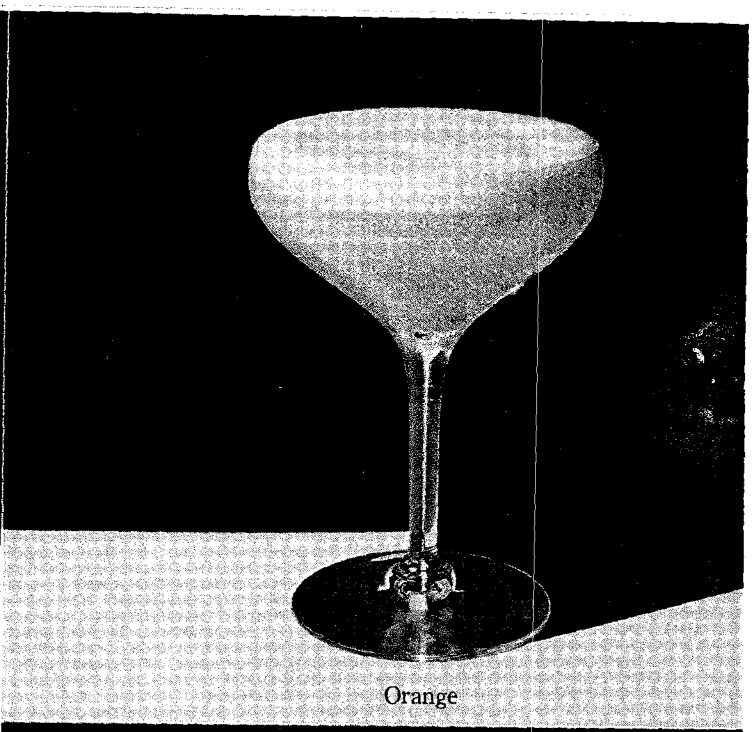
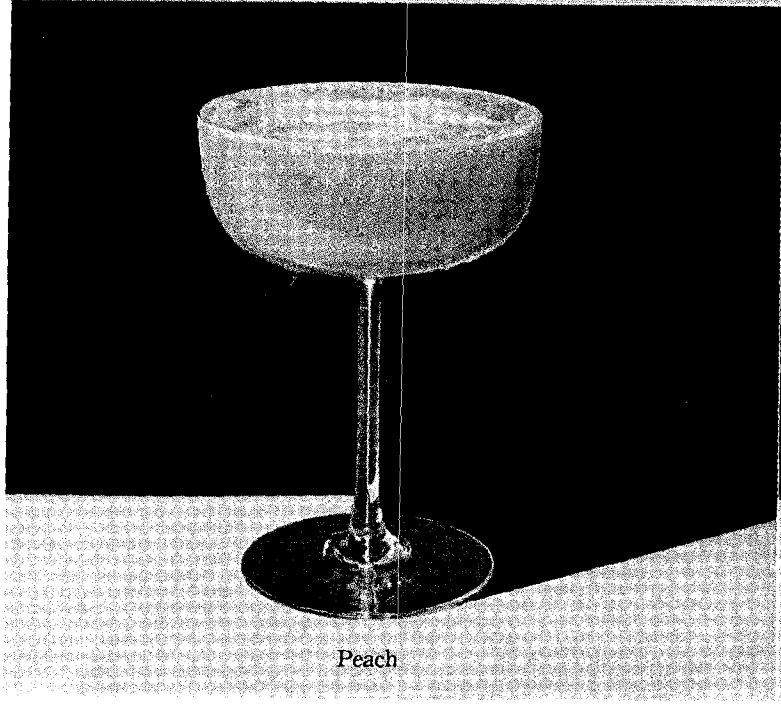


Orange



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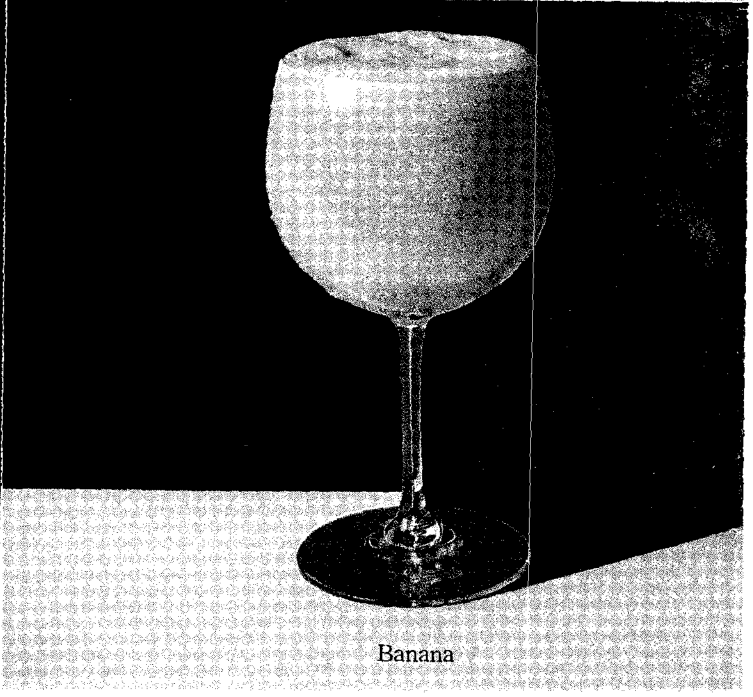

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written in French, and which is the creation of Jean Racine, the great seventeenth-century master of rhymed alexandrines. Certainly it was also the most exquisitely artificial formalized stage production one has seen in modern times, and it is this that gave it its peculiar fascination. It was acted at the Théâtre Montparnasse by Roger Planchon's famous Théâtre de la Cité troupe, from Villeurbanne, outside Lyon. Planchon directed the poetic tragedy about Titus, Emperor of Rome, and Bérénice, Queen of Palestine. It is the French classic before which generations of literate French have wept in their suffering over its love story, and in which, a generation ago, it was even considered permissible for the actor playing Titus to weep visibly on the stage—provided he was a really great star—during those emotional rhymes that demand the lovers' separation because his true love, frankly, is not the Queen but the City of Rome, with its imperial power. To enlarge the Montparnasse stage, it was built out in front in a peak, like a ship's prow, and the right-hand side was widened and carpeted with white fur to simulate an entryway to the Queen's temporary palace. The cast was dressed in various shades of white, the males wearing white broadcloth Louis XIII straight trousers, subtly rich short jackets, and exquisite white kid boots to their thighs. In its romanticism, the play is a long, interrupted poetic farewell. At the rear of stage right there was a succession of tall mirrors, as narrow as pilasters, one behind another, which reflected slices of every motion that the actors made, and also served as a magical porch of exit—an extraordinary stage invention, and perhaps a unique one, by Planchon's gifted scenic artist and costumer, René Allio. But it was Planchon's geometry of physical movement, which he has created as a new classic stage style, that was the most strikingly visible innovation in his "Bérénice." In his program notes, he said, "The characters in the play move or walk in straight lines and right angles. This movement was chosen to give an equivalent of the constraint imposed by the text, which is in verse containing twelve syllables per line. Following a straight line on the stage seems right for tragedy. It affords style to the actors' movements, and in the search for naturalness the movements back and forth are justified by the psychic pulse of the characters within a geometric frame of such delicacy that it gains increased interest. Furthermore, this angular stage method permits cer-

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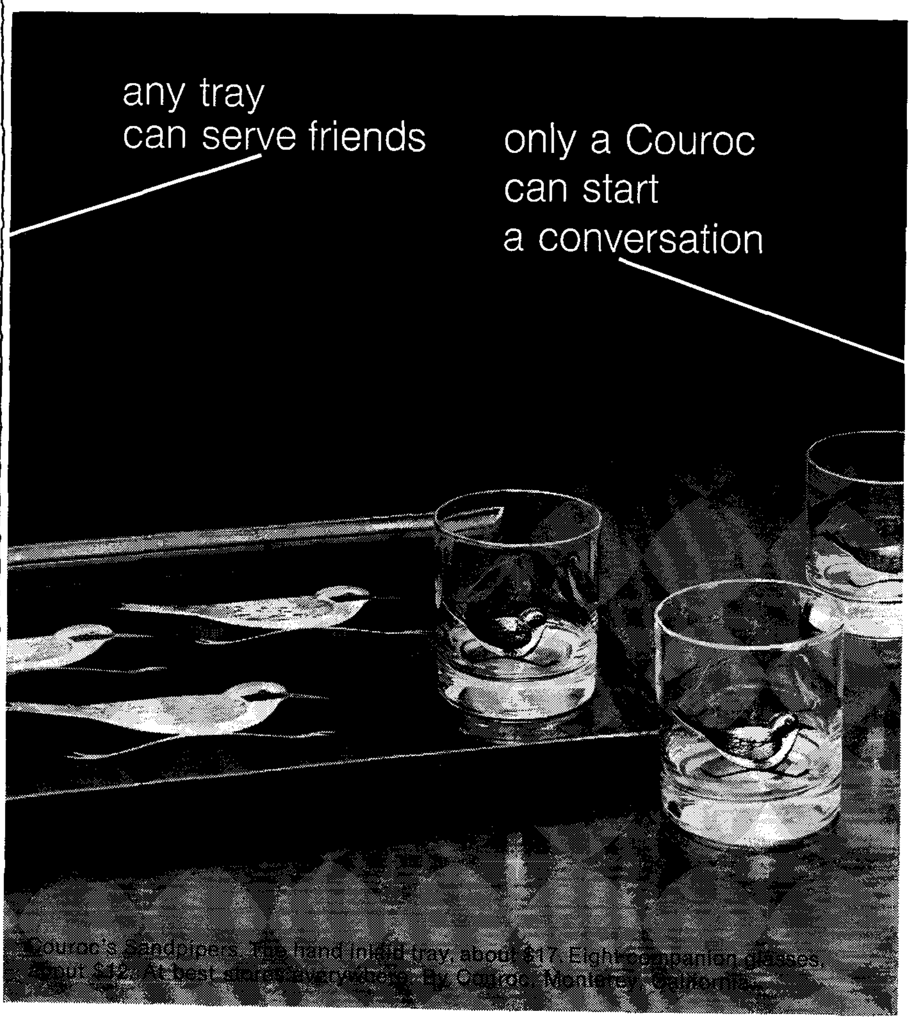

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tain isolated curved movements by the actors, which thus become all the more significant. This favoring of the angular style can be questioned. But in the end the rigor it forced seemed seductive." Apropos of the stage set, he added, "The spectator of the seventeenth century, for whom the play was written, dreamed—Racine was clearly the first dreamer—of an ideal society in which the princes were equally remarkable as politicians, valorous warriors, and sublime lovers. The scene shown is an evocation of a palace in such an ideal society. This society is not of Rome or of the Versailles of Louis XV. It is a Louis XIII court, in a dream that borrows the armorial decorations of Rome and the mirrors of Versailles. This box of mirrors seems to me to afford a poetic connection with the way in which the characters question themselves and one another. They are reflected in it in their monologues and are written in the glass. It is a form of reality created backward, by mirrors. The mirrors multiply their unsure world. Titus believes he still loves Bérénice, doesn't know that he no longer loves her. Perhaps mirrors are sometimes necessities for recognizing one's likeness even as a costly illusion." Francine Bergé was the beauteous blond Bérénice, whom Planchon drilled to shout her lines occasionally. Sami Frey was a meditative, sombre Titus, the symbolic man of state and power, who finally banishes love from his idea of government as if it could be an opening form of rebellion. "Bérénice" was as close to unforgettable as a three-hundred-year-old French classic can be today. —GENÊT

•

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bergman

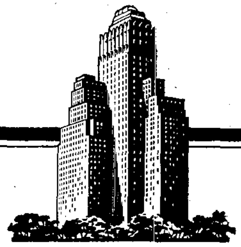
INGMAR BERGMAN'S "The Passion of Anna," which is a masterpiece, is one of the most specifically modern films I have ever seen, yet there is barely a modern object in sight. No traffic, no frozen food, no push-button sophisticated speech. It is the characters' plight that seems so modern. The people in the film live on an island off the Swedish coast. Bergman presents their world as theologically created, but the Theos is mute about what to do next. Blunders have the weight of heresy; idle errors have barbarous consequences.

I am not religious, but I can see how much our atheist epoch may have impoverished Western art by formulating no substitute order of good and evil. The flower children are about the only people poetic enough to have tried. The reign of black comedy, satanic comedy, has diminished literature, on the whole; it is very easy to write about evil, very hard to write about good and evil. The reason that so many rollicking anti-war films are nothing very much—the reason that they offer no convincing account of the diabolical—is that they present war as a given and uncontrollable condition outside any system of cause and effect, and therefore morally as banal as awful weather. They show within that condition no one who makes you suppose that he and his like might have created it. The lack of religion in a non-theistic sense—of a bond between a man and his scruples—has led lately to many rather absurd attempts to manufacture a plastic sort of heresy instead. We have had, for instance, our glum orgies of blue films, which represent a supremely comic effort to blaspheme, considering that the effort is instantly scuttled by its own liberal argument that there is nothing blasphemous about pornography. And in the amoral world of our new, "liberated," but really rather line-toeing wacky comedies that specialize in the far-out, where nothing in the presented world remotely works but where anything goes, one simply misses somewhere to put one's feet; it seems that there is no floor—only falling.

"The Passion of Anna" is Bergman's second feature film in color. We see Max von Sydow at the start as a withdrawn, droll-looking hermit called Andreas Winkelman, with reddish hair and beard. He is mending a roof. The sunlight comes and goes. He has few friends. There are brief reprieves, but his soul lives mostly in the cold. We hear that he is divorced, "in a way." Much later, when he is living with someone, he has a terrified daydream about an unidentified woman. The image mixes up lovemaking and hospitals, and he comes out of the daydream to say that he was thinking of cancer. So did he leave his wife when she was deathly ill? Is that a part of his own mortal unease? His ex-wife's pottery barn, where we then see him twirling the potter's wheel and getting as drunk as he can, is "left exactly as it always was," except that he is now boozed out of his mind in it. On sacrilege, he and Bergman's film are experts.

As time goes on, Andreas gets to know two women. One of them is Eva (Bibi Andersson), married to a bilious architect called Elis. She has a brief and pretty melancholy affair with Andreas. The other is Anna (Liv Ullman), lame after a car accident that occurred when she was driving and that killed both her child and her husband, who was also called Andreas. Anna and the visible Andreas start living together, more or less happily. "There was violent dissension," she later says of this period, "but we never infected each other with cruelty or suspicion." She says the same thing of her first marriage, and we believe every word of it for a while. In a technically amazing monologue at a dinner party, she turns her head swiftly to the off-screen Elis, Andreas, and Eva, and the camera, unlooked at, presses in on her, close up, like the stare of a conscience, as she talks about her marriage and about "living in the truth." She looks transparently honest, but she is really lying in her teeth, for her marriage was a bad one and she half-consciously meant to kill the husband and child whose deaths now genuinely make her suffer so much—just as she means, later on, to try to kill the present Andreas in the same accidental way.

The film has partly to do with the malign hold that the past can have. The people in it wreck the present by too much reënacting. They can't escape. The past has a grip on their feet, like mud in dreams. They can't make a move, and past behavior consumes the possibility of present action, just as the old, unseen Andreas begins so to requisition the present Andreas that there is a moment when von Sydow actually goes out into the garden and shouts his name to himself to call back his swallowed soul. And the two women—Anna, an angel-faced liar who at first seems really anxious for the truth, and Eva, a girl who thinks herself shabby-natured but who talks miserably well of sorts of puniness that are beyond the first one's comprehension—actually fit together like the halves of a walnut. They are described as inseparables, and their personalities flow in and out of each other, like the psychic exchangings of the two women in "The Silence" and "Persona." So do the temperaments of every other pair in the picture, which is sexually geometric. (It even emerges, when the architect is talking to Andreas, that Eva, the architect's wife, also slept with the Andreas whom Anna killed.) There are extraordinary closeup two-shots—again like the ones in "The Silence" and "Persona"—in which two faces will move across each other in talk and sometimes slightly hide each other. (The cameraman, as always, is Sven Nykvist.) The composition is a little like a Picasso Cubist painting, one face often in full front view and one in profile; it is also entirely theatrical—an image of power in flux between one person and another, like the theme of Strindberg's "The Stronger," in which a silent woman slowly takes over the authority from a prattler. One of the more trite questions of modern art is whether one can be two different people at the same time. Bergman is more interested in the opposite: Can two people melt into one? And, if so, what about the simultaneous deadly combat to remain separated? He has made, again and again, films that are about people's terror of being eaten alive spiritually and about their mesmerized longing to risk it, all the same. In the old days, he often went into that notion in stories full of charades, magic shows, apparitions, and the occult. Now he does it simply. Alma, in "Hour of the Wolf," typically pointed out that old people who have lived together all their lives begin to look like each other. In "Persona," in the scene when the two women are picking over mushrooms and their sunhats tip across each other, the characters quietly hum tunes pitted against each other in contradiction of the merging image. Bergman makes films that are about girls half formed until they are with other, stronger women, about men's abiding terror that the women loved in their maturity are going to eat them up and return them to the immurement known



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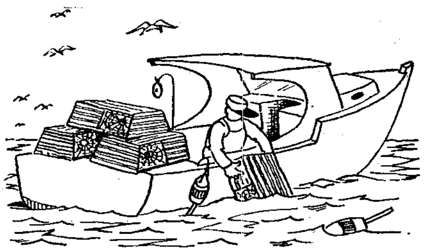

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before birth. In this film, Andreas tells us that he has claustrophobia and that he used to dream of falling down potholes.

Andreas has no perceptible job. Now and again, he writes at a desk. The hero of "Hour of the Wolf" was a painter, the hero of "Shame" a musician; like Andreas, both were not working and seemed obscurely stalemated. People sometimes assume that because Bergman so often makes films about artists he is being autobiographical and self-important about creativity, but I think the artists are there because they are the most natural examples of men who work on their own and who can easily hit rock, in a way that moves and interests Bergman about people in general. The universe in his films is God-made, the invention of a Being who keeps His own counsel about how to live in it, and the inmates are hard-pressed by that silence. It rings in their ears. There are moments of conviviality that break up the isolation. Friendship. Love (never very erotic, and always tinctured with some dread of departure). Great tenderness (Andreas gently looks after a puppy that some madman loose on the island has horribly strung up by the neck from a tree). But such warmth of the sun is fast gone, and Bergman's people are again left to cope for themselves on a loftily conceived planet where they feel perpetually humiliated. Lately, his heroes have often spoken of that—of a humiliation that he sees as the companion of modern humanity, and hard to bear. Our social system is based on it, he says: the law, the carrying out of sentences, the kind of education we have, the Christian religion. Andreas feels himself stifled and spat upon, but without an alternative. He has a police record, the punishment for minimal crimes of rebellion. "I am a whipped cur," he says quite proudly, rage his only weapon. Does he bite? We'll see. The God whom Bergman's characters now rather prefer not to believe in is implacable and unexplanatory, much like an artist who declines to interpret his work. This Creator will not be His own exegete, *and there are no footnotes*. He remains entirely mute, without the ghost of a smile. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of His order stumble around in it, aware that there are rules, damned for breaking them, and sometimes powerfully longing to be out of *the* game. Evald, *in* "Wild Strawberries," said, "My need is to be dead. Absolutely, totally dead."

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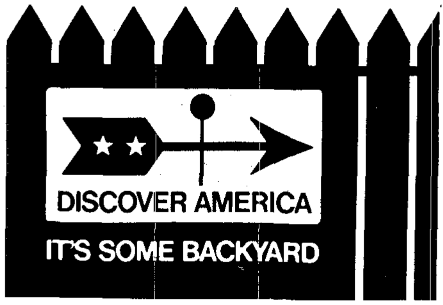

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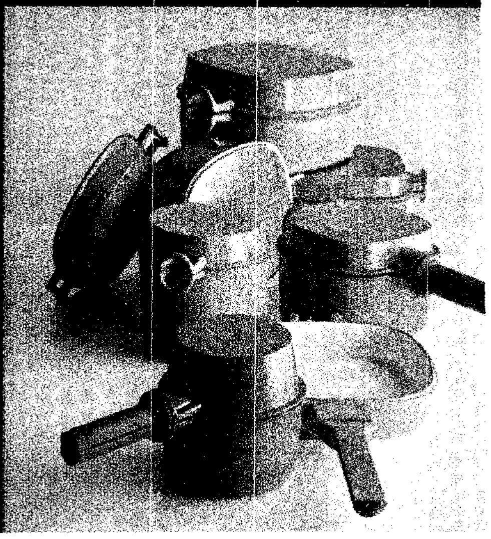
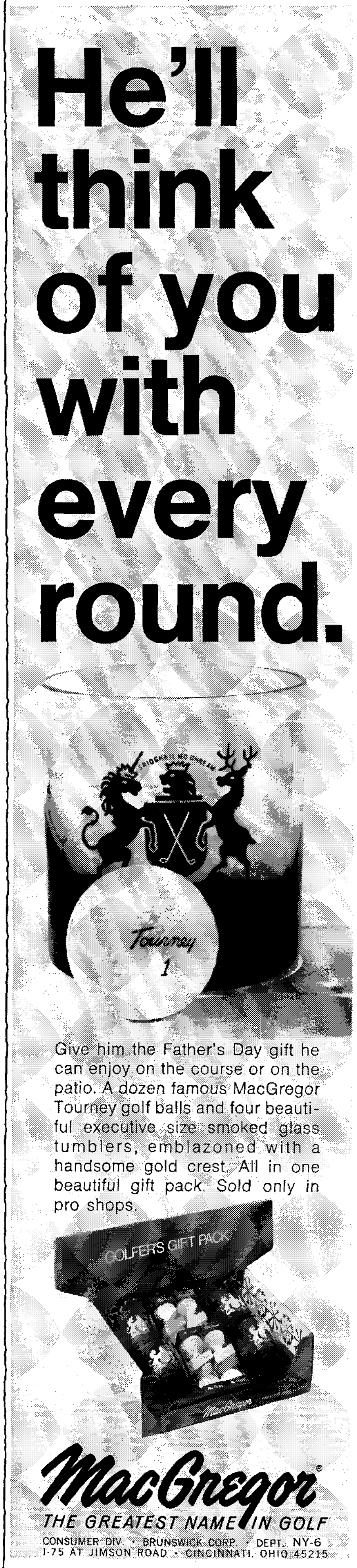


death, and who is therefore—as people are—the least enlightening about it to anyone else. She talks of the car crash distantly. She remembers herself walking away, and her child's head in "a funny position." She speaks of thinking, "What a ghastly accident," and of wondering "why someone wasn't coming to help those poor people," including herself. The alienation is complete and rather frightening. And then we see a dream of hers, in black-and-white, starting off in a boat that is like the boat in "Shame." She runs up a road, longing greatly for company and knowing somehow that it has gone forever. There is nowhere to go. A woman on the road is hurrying; she might be someone to befriend, but she turns aside and says, "I've changed all the locks." Then Anna sees another woman, sitting dead silent with a face of stone. Someone says that the woman's son is going to be executed. Anna falls on her knees in front of her and says, out of nowhere, "Forgive me. Forgive me." One remembers then that she was at the wheel of the car that killed her own child, and remembers having been told that this dream "troubled her at Easter." The word "Passion" in Bergman's title is certainly theological as well as vernacular. Bergman has always been one of the most Christian of filmmakers, but his old and rather affected apparatus of symbolism has now been replaced by pure human behavior, both more direct and more truly mysterious. He is also pulling farther and farther away from orthodoxy. There can seldom have been a Christian artist who held out less hope of an afterlife. It is as though he felt that if people can already be so troubled and so barbarous when they are in the temporal world, eternity must be unthinkable. ("For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" St. Luke wrote. Bergman makes one dredge up verses from the Gospels that one didn't know one remembered.) The un-Christian possibility of suicide also comes up, when the four main actors jump out of character and speak directly to the camera about what they think of the people they are playing. Bibi Andersson says that she thinks Eva might try to kill herself. "I hope they'll manage to save her," she says, and adds that she hopes Eva will look at her own old ego with affection. This is one of the warmths in Bergman—his wish for people to extend charity to themselves. He does something amazing at the end of the sequence, just after Bibi Andersson speaks about Eva's possibly someday becoming a teacher and feeling blessed: on the word "blessed" Bergman changes the exposure and floods the screen with light. There are other halcyon seconds in the film that make you catch your breath. In the middle of violence and carnage—sheep killed by the madman, a gentle peasant called Johan committing suicide because he can't bear being accused of the outbreak of animal slaughter on the island—Andreas and Anna suddenly look after a dying bird that threw itself with a thud against their window while they were watching war news on TV. The island is racked with "physical and psychical acts of violence": we keep seeing the words tapped out on a typewriter, part of a letter left by the first Andreas, which reveals a good deal of prescience and also a dangerous degree of truth about the marriage that his widow has coaxed herself into thinking ideal. Bergman now seems free of the dank respect for passivity and the gluttony for suffering that clung to his earlier films. We hear in this film, after a stable has been set on fire, of "a horse that ran around blazing" and "damned well wouldn't die." There is another line, spoken by Andreas, in the same spirit of admiration for mute refusal to give up in extremity: "Has it ever occurred to you that the worse off people are, the less they complain? At last, they are quite silent." Silence. Bergman's obdurate theme for many pictures now.

"The Passion of Anna" (called "A Passion" in Swedish) is a wonderful piece of work, even better than "The Silence" and "Persona." Again and again, Bergman effortlessly tops some amazing piece of invention. The material is complex, but everything seems simple and lucid. The human details are often strange but are always convincing, in a slightly shattering way. Andreas, for instance, lets out a terrific wordless roar when he is lying alone on a bed after the insufficient, saddened Eva has left his place to take the ferry. "It's not enough," the roar says. "None of it's enough." Andreas and Anna don't love each other enough; Eva is out of reach.

Eva talks hopelessly about her cynic architect husband, who is building a culture center in Italy. "Building a mausoleum over the meaninglessness of Milan," he has said earlier, at their dinner all together. The scene seems improvised. The actors look a little flushed with wine and with the fire behind them. Bergman is one of the very great directors of acting. When the commentary here suddenly goes into



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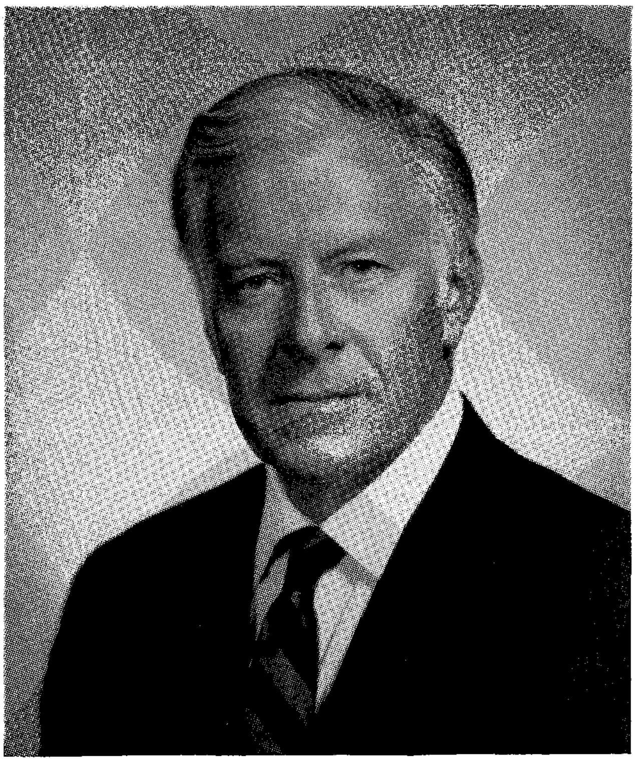

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the present tense and talks about Andreas as feeling "a rush of affection for these people," the affection is really there—even for Elis, the alien. Eva's husband is a pagan in Bergman's world of unwilling agnostics, and a further element in the film's scheme of the devouring and the devoured: Eva talks about herself as "nothing but a small part of his sarcasm." (When she is alone with Andreas, playing some rather horrible old dance music, she suddenly says, "What is to become of us?" Of all of them, she seems to mean.) Her husband, more buoyant, cheerfully collects photographs of people in the midst of violent emotion, which is his study. He arranges the pictures neatly in indexed boxes. The subject disagreeably fascinates him. "You can't read people with any certainty. Not even physical pain gives a reaction," he says, showing Andreas a picture of Eva looking beautiful. "She was just starting a migraine," he goes on—this eerie aesthete of pain, one of the jaded, the out-of-heart, dead from the neck up and trying to quicken himself with snapshots of other people's intensity.

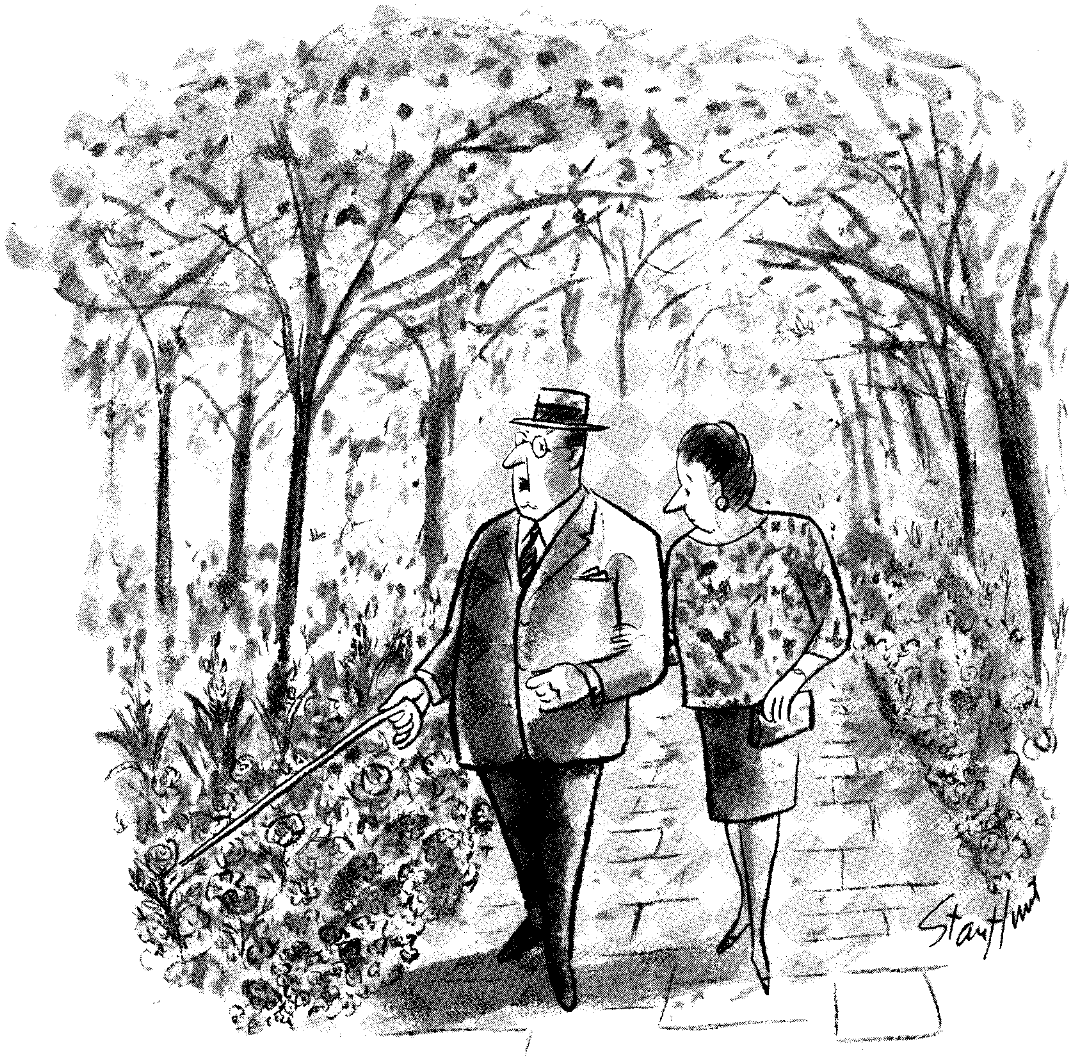
The whole movie is pitched very high, and is made by a man technically at the top of his powers. He catches people in fibs that ricochet: in a tiny stinginess about pretending to have asked a telephone operator what a call cost on someone else's phone, in a lie about not having had an affair, in a lie that everything is fine. The method of the film forces the characters into absolute clarity of intention. It is as if they were pressed up against some invisible wall, with the camera unremittingly on their faces. Few films can have had so many closeups. Instead of flashbacks, people describe things; Bergman is loosening the traditional film links between sound track and image. The moments when the actors slip out of their parts to talk about their characters are not modish, not neo-Godard, but brilliantly necessary. They have much the same effect as the showing of film stock breaking in "Persona"—it is as though the dramatic medium itself had for the moment snapped under stress. Like the work of Renoir, Beckett, Buñuel, and Satyajit Ray, Bergman's new film is religious in the sense that it restores a lost weight to the human act, and an essential existence to its characters that is more significant than their existence in the eyes of the people they are addressing. There is agony in the material, but the attentiveness and the talent of the film-maker are altogether reviving.

—Penelope Gilliatt

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Huey Long and Joe McCarthy were the first Grade-A American demagogues to win national—as distinct from regional or sectarian—followings. Four years after Long entered the Senate, he was assassinated, and four years after McCarthy, who had served most of his first Senate term in obscurity, became almost overnight a national and international figure, he was finished as an influence of any kind. He was censured by his fellow-senators, and while this need not have ended his career—other senators had endured censure with no notable diminution of authority—he simply stopped trying. Some demonologists might argue that George C. Wallace, the once and future governor of Alabama, is more gifted than either Long or McCarthy, and some might argue the contrary, but it is now beyond dispute that by winning a clear, though narrow, victory in last week's Democratic runoff primary he has set a record for durability. Ever since 1964, when he first moved out of the South and scored impressively and alarmingly in Democratic Presidential primaries in Maryland and Wisconsin, he has been an awesome and disquieting presence in national politics. He will continue to be one for at least two more years, which means that he will have stayed the course for twice as long as either of his famous predecessors, and it now seems more than likely that his impact will exceed theirs by far. Had Long lived, he might have been a major threat to Franklin Roosevelt, and McCarthy, had he tried, might have moved from the manufacture of tumult and mischief to the leadership of a real mass movement. Wallace has for some time been a threat to the national leadership of both parties, and he has already gone a considerable distance toward building a mass movement. Once again in control of the machinery of state in Alabama—particularly its police—and once again having access to its funds, he will be in an excellent position to continue the organization of his American Independent Party in every part of the country.

The most direct and immediate threat he will pose is, of course, to the Nixon Administration, whose leading members would gladly have traded off a defeat for Wallace in Alabama for just about any political or legislative victory they have lately sought. It is not altogether certain that if Wallace had lost in Alabama he would have been eliminated as a candidate in 1972—he is more popular in several other Southern states than in his native one—but a good many Republican leaders believed that to have been the case, and certainly the humiliation of defeat and the lack of a power base in Montgomery would have made things much harder for him. As it turned out in 1968, Nixon did not need the forty-five electoral votes that went to Wallace—it has been a long time since the Deep South has held a balance of power in Presidential politics—but he might need them in 1972, and unless he is now willing and able to buy off Wallace at a very high price, in patronage and in policy, he is unlikely to get them. (Should he be willing to deliver what Wallace wants, he might still be unable to do so. The Democratic Senate isn't likely to help Nixon appease Wallace for Nixon's benefit.) But even if Nixon himself did not run in 1972, the Wallace victory in Alabama would be a blow to the Republican Party and to many of its other leaders. The "Southern strategy" is more than a way of putting together a winning combination for one man. The basic idea—as is apparent from the title of the basic text, Kevin Phillips's "The Emerging Republican Majority"—is to fashion a coalition that can capture and hold for some time not only the White House but the Congress and most of the state governments. Wallace's continuing influence may not defeat this enterprise but it will delay its realization—assuming that it can be realized, a proposition that many question. Actually, the Southern strategy doesn't require Republican victories in *all* the Southern states that Wallace carried two years ago, and its pursuit has never required his elimination. But it was assumed that in a straight two-party conflict two



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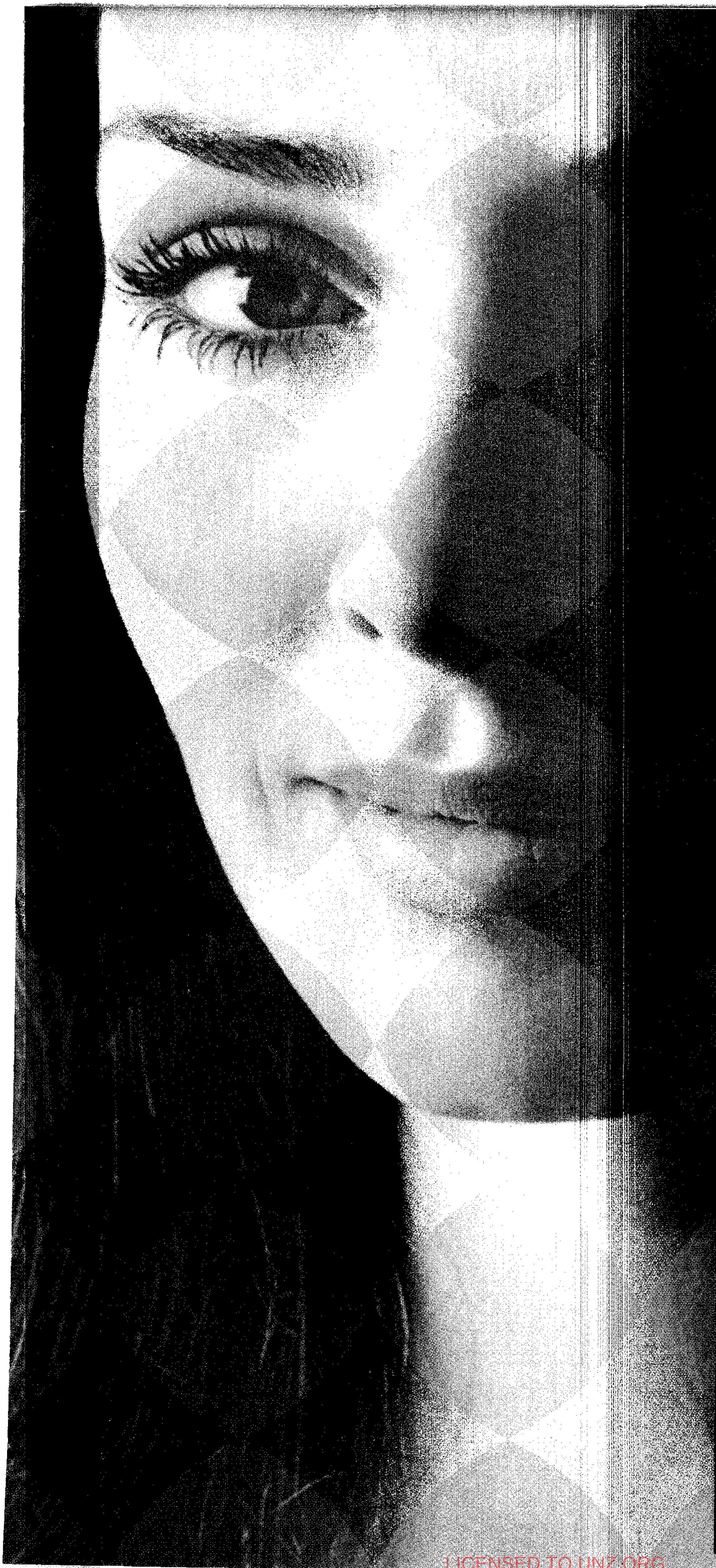
years from now the Republicans would win some electoral votes in the Deep South and a few congressional seats, and that these, in addition to the impetus they would give to party-building, might come in handy in offsetting anticipated Republican losses elsewhere in the country. It now seems improbable that there will be any Republican gains in Wallace country in 1972, and there is reason for Nixon Republicans to fear that Wallace country may be larger in 1972 than in 1968.

"Wallace's victory won't affect the Administration's plan to desegregate schools in the South," the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare said in his last news conference before being transferred to the White House staff from that office, where he was sorely embattled by his own troops and by the high command in the Justice Department. He also said that this autumn would be the occasion for the "biggest school-desegregation program" thus far undertaken. Robert Finch is a truthful man, but he has been overruled as often as Judge G. Harrold Carswell; moreover, when he speaks of "the Administration's plan," no one can be certain of what, precisely, he is talking about. It has been suggested, however, that one course the Administration could take, now that it knows it will have to contend with Wallace over the next two years, is to go ahead with as many desegregation suits as it can in the next few months. This would give Wallace something to rant about for the rest of the year—a period in which he will not be governor but governor-apparent and, later, governor-elect. Whatever in the way of desegregation can be accomplished this year—and some experts say that, if sought with vigor, it could be a good deal in terms of percentages—would be a *fait accompli* by the time he takes office in Montgomery, which will be a year and a half before campaigning for 1972 becomes a more or less full-time business. A strong effort now would impress the Northern liberals, according to some Administration tacticians, and might help a bit outside the South in this year's congressional elections. And, they go on, it wouldn't hurt much in the South in 1972, because it would be over and done with, a thing of the past. There is a cleverness and plausibility about this that makes one suspect not only the underlying premises but the willingness and ability of the Nixon Administration to carry it out. For one thing, the departments—H.E.W. and Justice—that would mount a desegregation blitz have been depleted in energy through resignations and internal warfare. For another, while it is true that voters in general have short memories, this is conspicuously not the case in the South. Finally, such long-range planning seldom works out in American politics, and it is probably less effective in this period of volatility than in earlier, more predictable times.

Another course open—theoretically, at least—to Nixon and the leaders of his party is to abandon the Southern strategy and look for new sources of strength in other regions and in other classes. The Southern strategy is essentially a defeatist one. It rests on the assumption that Democrats cannot be dislodged from power in the great centers of population—an assumption whose fallacious nature can be demonstrated by the fact that New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois all have Republican governors, and that some of these states have two Republican senators. Early in Nixon's term, it looked for a while as if he and some of those around him were ready to build an entirely new constituency, even though this would have meant abandoning some of the voters who had contributed heavily to his 1968 plurality. But if the intent was ever really there, it had little or nothing in the way of fervor behind it, and it is probably too late now to attempt a shift from one political base to another. It would require a transformation not only of Nixon's political personality but of that of his whole Administration, and the spectacle might be seen as evidence not of a Pauline conversion but of pure opportunism. The likeliest prospect, then, is that the Wallace victory, as a political phenomenon, will be regarded simply as part of Richard Nixon's fate, a fact of his life to be lived with, and Wallace's almost inevitable candidacy in 1972 a force to be dealt with as it was in 1968, with aid from Strom Thurmond, Billy Graham, Claude Kirk, Spiro Agnew, and the Southern-strategy technicians on the White House staff. If it should be reckoned that the odds are against Nixon the second time around, the campaign may be shriller than the last one; if, on the oth-



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er hand, things are about as they are today, it will probably be no more than a replay.

Though, over the long run, Wallace and other Southern spoilers have done vastly more damage to the national Democratic Party than to the Republican, Democratic leaders have in recent months been persuaded that another Wallace candidacy would be in their interests. They assume, as they have assumed for years, that the Wallace country will go either to a George Wallace or to a right-of-center Republican but that it will never again go to a liberal Democrat, even if, like Lyndon Johnson, he should have sound Confederate connections. They assume also that by 1972, unless Nixon has ended the war in such a fashion as to be able to claim credit both for peace and for a political settlement that has the appearance of victory, he will be in far worse shape than he is today. In 1972, the Democrats will not have to explain away Lyndon Johnson or make any defense of the war; they will be free to blame the Republicans for everything that has gone wrong or has not been righted under Nixon. Their targets will be the big industrial states, and if Wallace takes the Deep South, so much the worse for Nixon. This is the conventional logic of two-party politics in this country, and it has its obvious merits. It may be greatly at fault, though, because it does not give much weight to the fact that George Wallace is far more than a regional figure. If racial antagonisms mount in the North in the next year or so, and if the radical young and the yahoos continue to antagonize each other, what the Democrats now regard as their assured constituency may fall apart, pieces of it going to Nixon and pieces to Wallace, who, being pretty much assured of victory in the states he carried last time, may spend most of his time storming the North. In all probability, Wallace will not be able to carry a single state outside the South, but it might be within his power to draw off enough Democratic votes to turn normally Democratic states over to the Republicans, or to throw the election into the House of Representatives. If any such development should threaten, the Democrats, who are generally as astute as they are power-hungry, would perceive the threat and respond to it with a "Southern strategy" of their own. This would be a strategy aimed not at the South as a region but, rather, a strategy (it might be called a "Procaccino strategy") designed to benefit from the ra-

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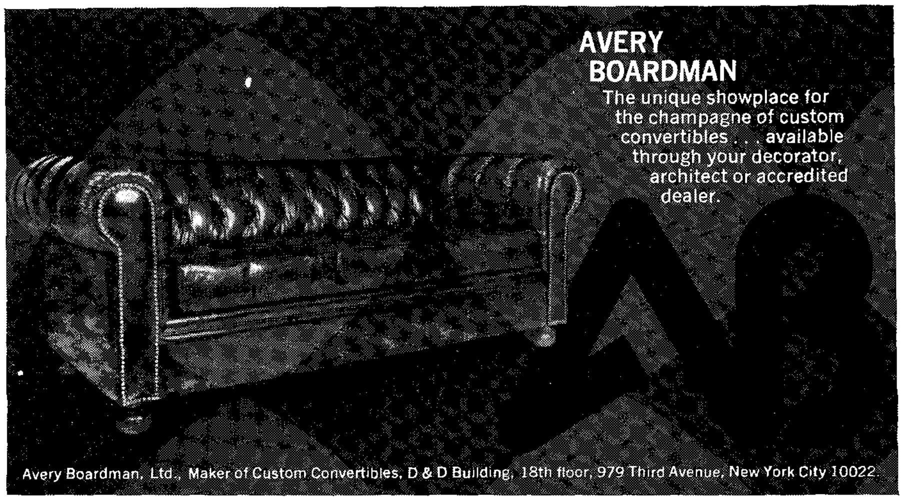

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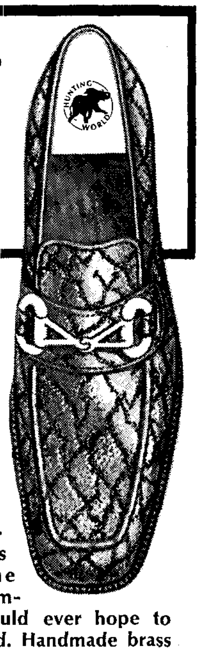

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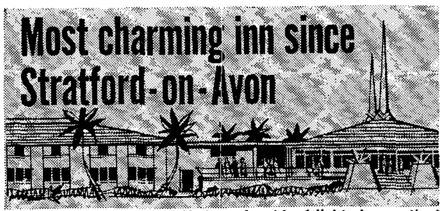
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cial and anti-youth backlash. Thus, a situation might arise in which the admirers of George Wallace, North and South, could hold, or appear to hold, the balance of power, and in which both major parties could be courting the support of this minority. At present, the Democrats appear to have no national leader who would lend himself to anything of this sort, but that is saying very little, because at present they have no one who is anything like a national leader at all. Indeed, as is always the case between Presidential elections, the party out of power can scarcely be said to exist. The Democratic Party of 1972 will be formed in primaries and conventions almost a year and a half from now, and it could turn out to be a very different organization from the one currently spoken for by Senators Mansfield, McGovern, Muskie, and Kennedy. If Democratic Richard Nixons, Spiro Agnews, and John Mitchells turn out to be what the Party wants, they will emerge. And George Wallace may turn out to be a larger figure in American history than he has ever dreamed of being.

THE President's "interim report" on Cambodia might as well not have been made, as far as its impact on opinion here is concerned. It did not heighten the zeal of his supporters or lessen that of his critics. It did, however, intensify the debate over what purpose he and his military advisers believed would be served by the opening up of a new theatre of war. Most people accept more or less at face value the claim that the mission was undertaken to cut American and South Vietnamese casualties in the border areas. Given the decision to continue prosecution of the war, this seems, to military and non-military minds alike, a reasonable aim and, since Cambodia had tolerated the establishment of Vietcong and North Vietnamese bases, one not entirely without legal justification and precedent. But it must have been clear from the moment the scheme was conceived that it would have profound political consequences, not only in this country but in most others, and particularly in Indo-China. Since the President has given some selected reporters a peek at the scratch pad on which he balanced the "pluses" against the "minuses," we know that he foresaw some of the domestic and international minuses, even though he underestimated their magnitude in certain cases. What he and his aides seem not to have taken into serious account—and this has been

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a large part of the story of the entire war—was that their objectives and those of the South Vietnamese would be very different, and that our plans might be compromised by theirs. Whether or not it is true, as he said in his report, that "this has been the most successful operation of this long and very difficult war," surely one of the greatest failures of the war has been the miscalculation—if that is what it was—of the consequences of South Vietnamese participation in the Cambodia campaign. We intend, the President says, to withdraw within a matter of weeks. But the South Vietnamese intend to stay on indefinitely, and the suggestion that they follow our schedule has been dismissed by their Vice-President as "a silly argument by silly people." He has a point. Since they cannot stay on without our assistance, the President will have to choose between leaving them to their fate in Cambodia and going back on his word and supporting them in Cambodia as we have supported them in their own country.

This dilemma could have been foreseen years ago, and probably was. One would suppose that a mere awareness of it would have been enough to discourage any further thought of an incursion. But if Nixon and those around him were aware of it—and some, at least, must have been—they went ahead anyway. It may be that they were emboldened to do so by the number of highly optimistic reports coming in about the growing ability of the South Vietnamese to look after themselves on the battlefield, requiring only logistical help and some air support from us. This would suggest gullibility; another explanation may be cynicism. From the day Nixon took office, a number of observers have felt that he was determined to get out of Vietnam even if it meant leaving the country, or the entire peninsula, to the Communists. The only deterrent to a speedy withdrawal, holders of this view felt, was a political time factor. If disengagement meant that the Vietcong would topple the Thieu government just as the last American contingents were pulling out, the political costs would be unacceptable to the Administration—though not, of course, to those Americans who feel that the war is indefensible and should be stopped regardless of the cost to the Nixon Administration or any other. But if we withdrew and left behind a government capable of hanging on for a short period—a year, perhaps, or even six

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or eight months—the political costs might prove altogether acceptable. In such an interval, the President could tell us, and some of us would tell ourselves, that we had done our level best, that the South Vietnam we had left was a sovereign state, and that we had nothing to feel guilty about merely because our former ally lacked the political stability to maintain its sovereignty. If the President sees things in this light, as some believe he does, he may think of the drive into Cambodia as a means of buying time for himself. He can hardly persuade himself that the "sanctuaries" will not be reëstablished once his troops return to South Vietnam. There are more guns where the captured ones came from, and more rice where the burned crops came from. But if it takes a year or several months for the enemy to regroup and to amass quantities of new supplies, those few months might be enough for us to withdraw with what in this country could pass for "honor."

To those who think of the war itself as the ultimate in cynicism, there can be little objection to a cynical design for ending it. But though such a design makes sense of a kind, its existence can only be conjectured. Another, and more ominous, possibility is that what looks like a renewed attempt at a military solution is exactly that. Nixon took office knowing that the war had driven Lyndon Johnson from it, and determined, it seemed, not to let that happen to him. But Lyndon Johnson had felt much the same way in 1964, his past example being Harry Truman. He nevertheless climbed the tiger's back and thereafter could not or would not control the beast. Nixon, in his speech announcing the widening of the war, said that if doing what he thought "right" meant that he would have only one term in the White House, so be it. Some of his listeners thought this a cheap plea for unwarranted sympathy, but he may have spoken altogether in earnest.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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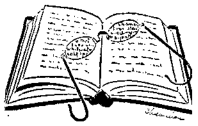

THE future of the craft — the achievement of art in part, at least, through the skillful application of technique—has been looking dark. In poetry, as in the novel and the short story, craft has, over the last twenty years, been discounted by the question of the possibility of consciously achieving art and by the rise to dominance of a whole school of writers who value spontaneity and experiment far higher than form and tradition. Now, though, we may have come to a turning point in verse, at any rate. A magazine, the *New York Quarterly*, has been founded to explore "the pure craft and technique of poetry writing." "We are not so much interested in schools or fashions or aesthetic theories or critical estimates," its editors say, "as we are in those principles of craft which cut across any and all schools of poetry. . . . We hope to involve the reader and the writer in a rediscovery of the pure craft of poetry." In wishing the editors and their new venture well, I might add that it is indeed time for a similar revival of interest in craft in the field of fiction.

This importance of craft becomes especially apparent when one reads a novel like Shirley Hazzard's "The Bay of Noon" (Atlantic-Little, Brown), in which the entire story moves on springs of technique, in which conscious wit, grace, and felicity have so much to do with illuminating character and place. I confess—because such a novel is a rarity these days—to a feeling of surprise and a pang of doubt ("But can she do that?") when I read a passage like this:

> Something else that inhibited me in talking of these matters with Gioconda was the scope and drama of her own tragedies. Whereas the excavations of Gioconda's past brought to light temples, palaces, and tombs, with ornate interiors worthy of grand gestures and heroic renunciations, my own archaeology seemed by comparison like a mere scouring of some minor site—a hilltop encampment of the Hittites, say, or some beehive village of the Picts—yielding nothing more than a heap of domestic utensils and a handful of weapons, few intact and none beautiful.

Throughout this book, Miss Hazzard thus applies her intelligence—exposes it, actually—to produce a shock of recognition in the reader, followed by a shock of wonder that she would dare to do this in these days of indirection and obliquity. In a clear, level voice, she has set out to tell a recognizable story, using all the arsenal of perception, sensibility, and diction she can command. And she has brilliantly succeeded, though I fear for the success—indeed, for the survival—of her unfashionable book in these trend-driven days. She sets her novel a dozen years ago in Naples, a city she obviously loves and understands. Naples is, in fact, a character in her book—perhaps its protagonist, in the sense that the city acts on all the other characters and, in its insistence on living and causing life, makes the events of their lives happen; "The Bay of Noon" is almost a study of the interpenetration between person and place, between actors and their setting. The city ensorcells her people and brings them to actions they might not otherwise perform. Upon its teeming stage, Miss Hazzard places Jenny, a young English girl who has become a NATO translator there in order to escape the pain of seeing her brother, whom she loves, effaced by a grasping wife and a stifling marriage; Gioconda, an Italian novelist in her early thirties, whom suffering has deepened and completed; Gianni, her film-director lover, an egocentric and flamboyant Roman whose flashy surface conceals a certain depth of understanding; and Justin, a Scottish biologist, who toys at a game of a love affair with Jenny and then abruptly runs away to Spain with Gioconda. This simple and straightforward story is fleshed out and made memorable by the constant, terrific presence of Naples in all its splendors and miseries and moods of weather; by a series of flashbacks—recollections, really—that trace the earlier lives of Jenny, Gioconda, and Gianni and prefigure their characters in the present; by the enlightening interrelation of Jenny, so new to life, and Gioconda, so much older for her few more years; and by cameos of the people of, or in, Naples ten years or so ago: servants, urchins, NATO officers—a cast of supporting players that becomes, by extension, the city's whole population.

Such is Miss Hazzard's art—an art of beauty, precision, and perception, which is in the long view fashionable, as all excellence should be fashionable. I hope she will win many readers to her way with places and people—a way that tells us more about how we live now than any number of experimental ventures into the new novel.

IN "The Stunt Man" (Atheneum), Paul Brodeur deals with the problem of identity in the modern world. Brodeur's hero, an A.W.O.L. soldier, loses himself in an attempt to drop his identity and elude his pursuers. Brodeur writes unobtrusively and well; his gift for narrative combines in one novel the threatening shifts and uncertainties of a Kafka theme with the growing suspense of an American thriller; his intricate plot devolves, with perfect timing, into the only imaginable ending for such a book. That plot turns upon the soldier's decision to escape from a broken-down bus that is taking his unit to a training camp. In his flight, he throws a stone through

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the window of a car because he thinks the driver, a movie stunt man, is trying to run him down, and the driver is killed. Arriving at a hotel in the nearest town—a honky-tonk New England seaside resort—he meets Gottschalk, the director of the film in which the stunt man was involved, and he is hired to replace the presumably missing man. Armed with a new name—Coleman instead of Cameron—and made up to resemble the star of the movie, the deserter is momentarily safe, so he thinks. But in assuming the considerable danger of the stunt man's duties, and in accepting the direction of the diabolic Gottschalk, who is constantly altering his films to mirror life (this one now becomes the story of an Army deserter trying to escape), Cameron is soon in even deeper waters. As the police, the M.P.s, the F.B.I., and Gottschalk all close in to strip away his disguise, he and Nina Mabry, a movie actress he has fallen in love with, plan a desperate escape that will begin with a routine movie stunt. Their gamble does not come off, but it leads to a dénouement that is apt, terrifying, and memorable. Thus "The Stunt Man" is a tour de force, marked by brilliance of plot and dialogue—especially the dialogues between Cameron and Gottschalk, in which the whole nature of identity and reality is explored—and by a deftly and constantly changing perception of the real and the unreal. Its serious fault—a fault perhaps inherent in the Kafkaesque novel of lost identities—is the relative thinness and undevelopment of the characters, who of necessity must be archetypal and diffuse. But this does not prevent the book from being a scary vision of the power of society against the individual—a power that is beautifully symbolized, and realized, in the final scene. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

REASON AWAKE, by René Dubos (Columbia). Professor Dubos is a distinguished biologist at the Rockefeller University. He is also a powerful and lucid writer, and a man with wide-ranging human concerns. In this book, he expresses the growing frustration that many scientists feel about the misuse of technology, and especially about the attempt to produce technological solutions, usually inept, to correct the abuses that are the result of previous technological innovation. One simply cannot correct gross degradations of

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our environment by a few inventions, he says. We must alter many of our accepted goals and standards, and this, he feels, may well not come about until we experience a couple of really major catastrophes. It may be that things have gone beyond the point where even strong books such as this one will do much good. But at least it is all worth the effort, and one can be grateful that Professor Dubos has made it.

Pocahontas and Her World, by Philip L. Barbour (Houghton Mifflin). A history of the sorry Jamestown adventure. Pocahontas, as the title indicates, is the main, unifying figure, but her role is essentially passive. The more active (because better-recorded) parts are played by her father, Powhatan; John Smith, who was her first white acquaintance; Samuel Argall, who kidnapped her for a hostage; and John Rolfe, who married her and took her to England, where she died, in 1617, at the age of twenty-one. Mr. Barbour disposes of the legend that Smith was saved from being clubbed to death by Pocahontas's compassionate intercession. Smith *thought* she had saved him, but "the ceremony of which Smith had been the object was almost certainly a combination of mock execution and salvation, in token of adoption into Powhatan's tribe." Mr. Barbour also disposes of any lingering glory that may attach to those first families of Virginia: the colonists of Jamestown (with the exception of Smith and one or two others) were lazy, credulous, dishonest, gunslinging, improvident, and ignorant, and their survival was simply a freak of luck. Contemporary illustrations and an endpaper map.

The Royal House, by Eric Linklater (Doubleday). A biography of the troubled Scottish family that entered history in the person of Flaald fitz Alan, Steward of Dol in Brittany (circa 1097), and, as Steward became Stewart, and Stewart was Frenchified to Stuart, reached its apogee in Queen Victoria. Much of the Scottish centuries is a bit repetitive—a succession of Jameses and a round of hair-trigger rebellions, slippery treaties, and lynch-law justice—and the English centuries of Mary and James I and the Charleses are a touch familiar. But Mr. Linklater has a taste for detail (the first English translation of Vergil's "Aeneid" was made in Scotland, the first medical school in Britain was founded at Aberdeen, in Scotland)

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and the Scottish gift of style ("The Duke of Vendome offered his daughter with a dowry of 100,000 crowns. James, having seen her portrait, asked for a pension as well"), and if our attention occasionally wanders he can bring it back with a jolt, as when he observes that the Duke of Rothesay was thought to have died in prison "of starvation so painful that, before his death, he had eaten his own hands."

NOTE: Simon & Schuster has published "The Wildest Dreams of Kew: A Profile of Nepal," by Jeremy Bernstein. Most of the book was first printed in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TWICE RETIRED, by Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). Mr. Lockridge makes a thoroughly New York City mystery out of the murder (by clubbing) of General Philip Armstrong, chairman of the board of trustees of Dyckman University. (Dyckman sounds and looks very like Columbia, but when Mr. Lockridge is in form and writing as well as he does here, anything goes, and is welcome.) General Armstrong, a rich, despotic, cruel man, is found smashed in the back seat of Professor Emeritus Walter Brinkley's new Pontiac, Dr. Brinkley having driven down from his peaceful upstate home to celebrate the publishing of his new book with a Martini and a chat with old friends at the University Faculty Club. The campus is wild with S.D.S. demonstrations, and the distinguished victim is wearing a pig mask. What a mess for Lieutenant John Stein and Assistant District Attorney Bernie Simmons to have to clear up! There can't have been a mistake. General Armstrong was a well-known figure on the campus and around the world. Among the witnesses are a handsome soldier-boy student (the General's nephew), a sexy, aspiring singer (the General's girl), and a collection of bearded young rebels who turn out to have an individual angry ceremoniousness that is as Shakespearean as it is disquieting. This is one of the high-scoring Mr. Lockridge's best.

•

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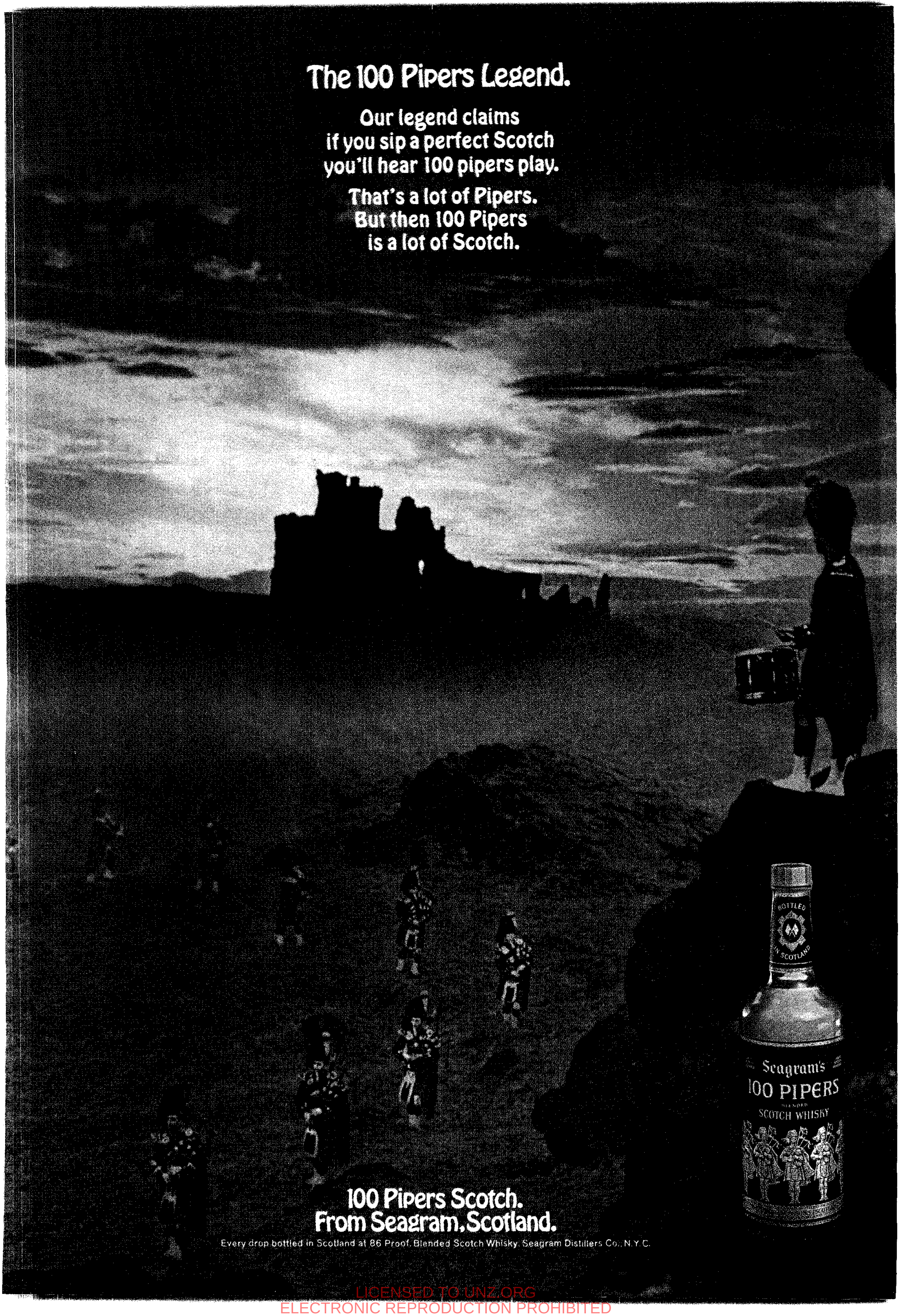
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